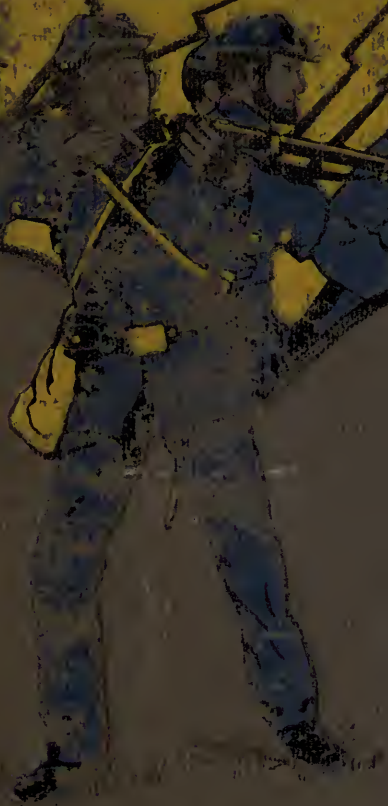




COUPON
BONDS
J.T. TROWBRIDGE



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



COUPON BONDS.

COUPON BONDS

AND OTHER STORIES

BY

J. T. TROWBRIDGE

AUTHOR OF "DRUMMER BOY," "THE THREE SCOUTS,"
"CUDJO'S CAVE," ETC., ETC.



NEW YORK
HURST & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

J. T. TROWBRIDGE SERIES

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE

Coupon Bonds.

Cudjo's Cave.

Drummer Boy, The.

Martin Merryvale, His X Mark.

Lucy Arlyn.

Father Bright Hopes.

Neighbor Jackwood.

Three Scouts, The.

*Price, postpaid, 50c. each, or any three
books for \$1.25*

HURST & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS,

NEW YORK

(1866)

PS
3097
C83

COUPON BONDS.

I.

WHAT MR. DUCKLOW BROUGHT HOME IN HIS BOOT-LEG.

ON a certain mild March evening, A. D. 1864, the Ducklow kitchen had a general air of waiting for somebody. Mrs. Ducklow sat knitting by the light of a kerosene lamp, but paused ever and anon, neglecting her stocking, and knitting her brows instead, with an aspect of anxious listening. The old gray cat, coiled up on a cushion at her side, purring in her sleep, purred and slept as if she knew perfectly well who was coming soon to occupy that chair, and meant to make the most of it. The old-fashioned clock, perched upon the high mantelpiece of the low-studded room, ticked away lonesomely, as clocks only tick when somebody is waited for who does not come. Even the tea-kettle on the stove seemed to be in the secret, for it simmered and sang after the manner of a wise old tea-kettle fully conscious of the importance of its mission. The side-table, which was simply a leaf on hinges fixed in the wall, and looked like an apron when it was down, giving to that side of the kitchen a curious resemblance to Mrs. Ducklow, and rested on one arm when it was up, in which position it reminded you more of Mr. Ducklow leaning his chin on his hand,—the side-table was set with a single plate, knife and fork, and cup and saucer, indicating that the person waited for was expected to partake of refreshments. Behind the stairway-door was a small boy kicking off a very small pair of trousers with a degree

743483⁵

of reluctance which showed that he also wished to sit up and wait for somebody.

"Say, ma, *need* I go to bed now!" he exclaimed rather than inquired, starting to pull on the trousers again after he had got one leg free. "He'll want me to hold the lantern for him to take care of the hoss."

"No, no, Taddy," for that was the boy's name, (short for Thaddeus,) "you'll only be in the way, if you set up. Besides, I want to mend your pants."

"You're always wantin' to mend my pants!" complained the youngster, who seemed to think that it was by no means to do him a favor, but rather to afford herself a gloating pleasure, that Mrs. Ducklow, who had a mania for patching, required the garment to be delivered up to her. "I wish there wasn't such a thing as pants in the world!"—utterly regardless of the plight the world would be in without them.

"Don't talk that way, after all the trouble and expense we've been to clothe ye!" said the good woman, reprovingly. "Where would you be now, if 't wasn't for me and yer Pa Ducklow?"

"I shouldn't be goin' to bed when I don't want to!" he muttered, just loud enough to be heard.

"You ungrateful child!" said Mrs. Ducklow, not without reason, for Taddy knew very well—at least he was reminded of the fact often enough—that he owed to them his home and all its comforts. "Wouldn't be going to bed when you don't want to! You wouldn't be going to bed when you do want to, more likely; for ten to one you wouldn't have a bed to go to. Think of the sitewation you was in when we adopted ye, and then talk that way."

As this was an unanswerable argument, Taddy contented himself with thrusting a hand into his trousers and recklessly increasing the area of the forthcoming patch. "If she likes to mend so well, let her!" thought he.

"Taddy, are you tearing them pants?" cried Mrs. Ducklow sharply, hearing a sound alarmingly suggestive of cracking threads.

"I was pullin' 'em off," said Taddy. "I never see such mean cloth! can't touch it but it has to tear. Say, ma, do ye think he'll bring me home a drum?"

"You'll know in the morning."

"I want to know to-night. He said mabby he would. Say, *can't* I set up?"

"I'll let ye know whether you can set up, after you've been told so many times."

So saying, Mrs. Ducklow rose from her chair, laid down her knitting-work, and started for the stairway-door with great energy and a rattan. But Taddy, who perceived retribution approaching, did not see fit to wait for it. He darted up the stairs and crept into his bunk with the lightness and agility of a squirrel.

"I'm a-bed! Say, ma, I'm a-bed!" he cried, eager to save the excellent lady the trouble of ascending the stairs. "I'm 'most asleep a'ready!"

"It's a good thing for you you be!" said Mrs. Ducklow, gathering up the garment he had left behind the door. "Why, Taddy, how you did tear it! I've a good notion to give ye a smart trouncing now!"

Taddy began to snore, and Mrs. Ducklow concluded that she would not wake him.

"It is mean cloth, as he says!" she exclaimed, examining it by the kerosene lamp. "For my part, I consider it a great misfortin' that shoddy was ever invented. Ye can't buy any sort of a ready-made garment for boys now-days but it comes to pieces at the least wear or strain, like so much brown paper."

She was shaping the necessary patch, when the sound of wheels coming into the yard told her that the person so long waited for had arrived.

"That you?" said she, opening the kitchen-door and looking out into the darkness.

"Yes," replied a man's voice.

"Ye want the lantern?"

"No: jest set the lamp in the winder, and I guess I can git along. Whoa!" And the man jumped to the ground.

"Had good luck?" the woman inquired in a low voice.

"I'll tell ye when I come in," was the evasive answer.

"Has he bought me a drum?" bawled Taddy from the chamber-stairs.

"Do you want me to come up there and 'tend to ye?" demanded Mrs. Ducklow.

The boy was not particularly ambitious of enjoying that honor.

"You be still and go to sleep, then, or you'll git *drummed!*"

And she latched the stairway-door, greatly to the dismay of Master Taddy, who felt that some vast and momentous secret was being kept from him. Overhearing whispered conferences between his adopted parents in the morning, noticing also the cautious glances they cast at him, and the persistency with which they repeatedly sent him away out of sight on slight and absurd pretenses, he had gathered a fact and drawn an inference, namely, that a great purchase was to be made by Mr. Ducklow that day in town, and that, on his return, he (Taddy) was to be surprised by the presentation of what he had long coveted and teased for,—a new drum.

To lie quietly in bed under such circumstances was an act that required more self-control than Master Taddy possessed. Accordingly he stole downstairs and listened, feeling sure that, if the drum should come in, Mrs. Ducklow, and perhaps Mr. Ducklow himself, would be unable to resist the temptation of thumping it softly to try its sound.

Mrs. Ducklow was busy taking her husband's supper out of the oven, where it had been keeping warm for him, pouring hot water into the teapot, and giving the last touches to the table. Then came the familiar grating noise of a boot on the scraper. Mrs. Ducklow stepped quickly to open the door for Mr. Ducklow. Taddy, well aware that he was committing an indiscretion, but inspired by the wild hope of seeing a new drum come into the kitchen, ventured to unlatch the stairway-door, open it a crack, and peep.

Mr. Ducklow entered, bringing a number of parcels containing purchases from the stores, but no drum visible to Taddy.

"Did you buy?" whispered Mrs. Ducklow, relieving him of his load.

Mr. Ducklow pointed mysteriously at the stairway-door, lifting his eyebrows interrogatively.

"Taddy?" said Mrs. Ducklow. "O, he's abed,—though I never in my life had such a time to git him off out of the way; for he'd somehow got possessed with the idee that you was to buy something, and he wanted to set up and see what it was."

"Strange how children will ketch things sometimes, best ye can do to prevent!" said Mr. Ducklow.

"But did ye buy?"

"You better jest take them matches and put 'em out o' the way, fust thing, 'fore ye forgit it. Matches are dangerous to have layin' around, and I never feel safe till *they're* safe."

And Mr. Ducklow hung up his hat, and laid his overcoat across a chair in the next room, with a carefulness and deliberation exhausting to the patience of good Mrs. Ducklow, and no less trying to that of Master Taddy, who was waiting to hear the important question answered.

"Come!" said she, after hastily disposing of the matches, "what's the use of keeping me in suspense? *Did* ye buy?"

"Where did ye put 'em?" asked Mr. Ducklow, taking down the bootjack.

"In the little tin pail, where we always keep 'em, of course! Where should I put 'em?"

"You needn't be cross. I asked, 'cause I didn't hear ye put the cover on. I don't believe ye *did* put the cover on, either; and I shan't be easy till ye do."

Mrs. Ducklow returned to the pantry; and her husband, pausing a moment, leaning over a chair, heard the cover go on the tin pail with a click and a clatter which betrayed, that, if ever there was an angry and impatient cover, that was.

"Anybody been here to-day?" Mr. Ducklow inquired, pressing the heel of his right boot in the jack, and steadying the toe under a round of the chair.

"No," replied Mrs. Ducklow.

"Ye been anywhere?"

"Yes."

"Where?" mildly inquired Mr. Ducklow.

"No matter," said Mrs. Ducklow, with decided ill-temper.

Mr. Ducklow drew a deep sigh, as he turned and looked upon her.

"Wal, you be about the most uncomf'table woman ever I see," he said, with a dark and dissatisfied countenance.

"If you can't answer my question, I don't see why I need take the trouble to answer yours,"—and Mrs. Ducklow returned with compressed lips to her patching. "Yer supper is ready; ye can eat it when ye please."

"I was answerin' your question as fast as I could," said her husband, in a tone of excessive mildness, full of sorrow and discouragement.

"I haven't seen any signs of your answerin' it."

And the housewife's fingers stitched away energetically at the patch.

"Wal, wal! ye don't see everything!"

Mr. Ducklow, having already removed one boot, drew gently at the other. As it came off, something fell out on the floor. He picked it up, and handed it with a triumphant smile to Mrs. Ducklow.

"O, indeed! is this the——"

She was radiant. Her hands dropped their work, and opened the package, which consisted of a large unsealed envelope and folded papers within. These she unfolded and examined with beaming satisfaction.

"But what made ye carry 'em in yer boot so?"

"To tell the truth," said Mr. Ducklow, in a suppressed voice, "I was afraid o' bein' robbed. I never was so afraid o' bein' robbed in my life! So, jest as I got clear o' the town, I took it out o' my pocket" (meaning, not the town, but the envelope containing the papers), "an' tucked it down my boot-leg. Then, all the way home, I was scaret when I was ridin' alone, an' still more scaret when I heard anybody comin' after me. You see, it's jest like so much money."

And he arranged the window-curtain in a manner to prevent the sharpest-eyed burglar from peeping in and catching a glimpse of the papers.

He neglected to secure the stairway-door, however. There, in his hiding-place behind it, stood Taddy, shivering in his shirt, but peeping and listening in a fever of

curiosity which nothing could chill. His position was such that he could not see Mr. Ducklow or the documents, and his mind was left free to revel in the most daring fancies regarding the wonderful purchase. He had not yet fully given up the idea of a new drum, although the image, which vaguely shaped itself in his mind, of Mr. Ducklow "tucking it down his boot-leg," presented difficulties.

"This is the bond, you see," Mr. Ducklow explained; "and all these little things that fill out the sheet are the cowpons. You have only to cut off one o' these, take it to the bank when it is due, and draw the interest on it in gold!"

"But suppose you lose the bonds?" queried Mrs. Ducklow, regarding, not without awe, the destructible paper representatives of so much property.

"That's what I've been thinkin' of; that's what's made me so narvous. I supposed 'twould be like so much railroad stock, good for nothin' to nobody but the owner, and somethin' that could be replaced, if I lost it. But the man to the bank said no,—'twas like so much currency, and I must look out for it. That's what filled all the bushes with robbers as I come along the road. And I tell ye, 'twas a relief to feel I'd got safe home at last; though I don't see how we're to keep the plaguy things so we shan't feel uneasy about 'em."

"Nor I neither!" exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow, turning pale. "Suppose the house should take fire! or burglars should break in! I don't wonder you was so particular about the matches! Dear me! I shall be frightened to death! I'd no idee 'twas to be such dangerous property! I shall be thinking of fires and burglars!—O-h-h-h!"

The terrified woman uttered a wild scream; for just then a door flew suddenly open, and there burst into the room a frightful object, making a headlong plunge at the precious papers. Mr. Ducklow sprang back against the table set for his supper with a force that made everything jar. Then he sprang forward again, instinctively reaching to grasp and save from plunder the coupon bonds. But by this time both he and his wife had become aware of the nature of the intrusion.

"Thaddeus!" ejaculated the lady. "How came you here? Get up! Give an account of yourself!"

Taddy, whose abrupt appearance in the room had been altogether involuntary, was quite innocent of any predatory designs. Leaning forward farther and farther, in the ardor of discovery, he had, when too late to save himself, experienced the phenomenon of losing his balance, and pitched from the stairway into the kitchen with a violence that threw the door back against the wall with a bang, and laid him out, a sprawling figure, in scanty, ghostly apparel, on the floor.

"What ye want? What ye here for?" sternly demanded Mr. Ducklow, snatching him up by one arm, and shaking him.

"Don't know," faltered the luckless youngster, speaking the truth for once in his life. "Fell."

"Fell! How did you come to fall? What are you out o' bed for?"

"Don't know,"—sniveling and rubbing his eyes. "Didn't know I was."

"Got up without knowing it! That's a likely story! How could that happen you, Sir?" said Mrs. Ducklow.

"Don't know, 'thout 'twas I got up in my sleep," said Taddy, who had on rare occasions been known to indulge in moderate somnambulism.

"In your sleep!" said Mr. Ducklow, incredulously.

"I guess so. I was dreamin' you brought me home a new drum,—tucked down yer—boot-leg," faltered Taddy.

"Strange!" said Mr. Ducklow, with a glance at his wife. "But how could I bring a drum in my boot-leg?"

"Don't know, 'thout it's a new kind, one that'll shet up."

Taddy looked eagerly round, but saw nothing new or interesting, except some curious-looking papers which Mrs. Ducklow was hastily tucking into an envelope.

"Say, did ye, pa?"

"Did I? Of course I didn't! What nonsense! But how came ye down here? Speak the truth!"

"I dreamt you was blowin' it up, and I sprung to ketch it, when, fust I knowed, I was on the floor, like a thousan' o' brick! 'Mos broke my knee-pans!" whim-

pered Taddy. "Say, didn't ye bring me home nothin'? What's them things?"

"Nothin' little boys know anything about. Now run back to bed again. I forgot to buy you a drum to-day, but I'll git ye somethin' next time I go to town,—if I think on 't."

"So ye always say, but ye never think on 't!" complained Taddy.

"There, there! Somebody's comin'! What a lookin' object you are, to be seen by visitors!"

There was a knock. Taddy disappeared. Mr. Ducklow turned anxiously to his wife, who was hastily hiding the bonds in her palpitating bosom.

"Who can it be this time o' night?"

"Sakes alive!" said Mrs. Ducklow, in whose mind burglars were uppermost, "I wish, whoever 'tis, they'd keep away! Go to the door," she whispered, resuming her work.

Mr. Ducklow complied; and, as the visitor entered, there she sat plying her needle as industriously and demurely as though neither bonds nor burglars had ever been heard of in that remote rural district.

II.

MISS BESWICK.

"Ah, Miss Beswick, walk in!" said Mr. Ducklow.

A tall, spare, somewhat prim-looking female of middle age, with a shawl over her head, entered, nodding a curt and precise good evening, first to Mr. Ducklow, then to his wife.

"What, that you?" said Mrs. Ducklow, with curiosity and surprise. "Where on 'arth did you come from? Set her a chair, why don't ye, father?"

Mr. Ducklow, who was busy slipping his feet into a pair of old shoes, hastened to comply with the hospitable suggestion.

"I've only jest got home," said he, apologetically, as if

fearful lest the fact of his being caught in his stocking-feet should create suspicions: so absurdly careful of appearances some people become, when they have anything to conceal. "Jest had time to kick my boots off, you see. Take a seat."

"Thank ye. I s'pose you'll think I'm wild, makin' calls at this hour!"

And Miss Beswick seated herself, with an angular movement, and held herself prim and erect in the chair.

"Why, no, I don't," said Mrs. Ducklow, civilly; while at the same time she did think it very extraordinary and unwarrantable conduct on the part of her neighbor to be walking the streets and entering the dwellings of honest people, alone, after eight o'clock, on a dark night.

"You're just in time to set up and take a cup o' tea with my husband:" an invitation she knew would not be accepted, and which she pressed accordingly. "Ye better, Miss Beswick, if only to keep him company. Take off yer things, won't ye?"

"No, I don't go a-visitin' to take off my things and drink tea, this time o' night!"

Miss Beswick condescended, however, to throw back the shawl from her head, exposing to view a long, sinewy neck, the strong lines of which ran up into her cheeks, and ramified into wrinkles, giving severity to her features. At the same time emerged from the fold of the garment, as it were, a knob, a high, bare poll, so lofty and narrow, and destitute of the usual ornament, natural or false, that you involuntarily looked twice, to assure yourself that it was really that lovely and adorable object, a female head.

"I've jest run over to tell you the news," said Miss Beswick.

"Nothing bad, I hope?" said Mrs. Ducklow. "No robbers in town? for massy sake!" And Mrs. Ducklow laid her hand on her bosom, to make sure that the bonds were still there.

"No, good news,—good for Sophrony, at any rate!"

"Ah! she has heard from Reuben?"

"No!" The severity of the features was modified by a grim smile. "No!" and the little, high knob of a head was shaken expressively.

"What then?" Ducklow inquired.

"Reuben has come home!" The words were spoken triumphantly, and the keen gray eyes of the elderly maiden twinkled.

"Come home! home!" echoed both Ducklows at once, in great astonishment.

Miss Beswick assured them of the fact.

"My! how you talk!" exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow. "I never dreamed of such a— When did he come?"

"About an hour 'n' a half ago. I happened to be in to Sophrony's. I had jest gone over to set a little while with her and keep her company,—as I've often done, she seemed so lonely, livin' there with her two children alone in the house, her husband away so. Her friends ha'n't been none too attentive to her in his absence, she thinks,—and so I think."

"I—I hope you don't mean that as a hint to us, Miss Beswick," said Mrs. Ducklow.

"You can take it as such, or not, jest as you please! I leave it to your own consciences. You know best whether you have done your duty to Sophrony and her family, whilst her husband has been off to the war; and I shan't set myself up for a judge. You never had any boys of your own, and so you adopted Reuben, jest as you have lately adopted Thaddeus; and I s'pose you think you've done well by him, jest as you think you will do by Thaddeus, if he's a good boy, and stays with you till he's twenty-one."

"I hope no one thinks or says the contrary, Miss Beswick!" said Mr. Ducklow, gravely, with flushed face.

"There may be two opinions on that subject!" said Miss Beswick, with a slight toss of the head, setting that small and irregular spheroid at a still loftier and more imposing altitude. "Reuben came to you when he was jest old enough to be of use about the house and on the farm; and if I recollect right, you didn't encourage idleness in him long. You didn't give his hands much chance to do 'some mischief still'! No, indeed! nobody can accuse you of that weakness!" And the skin of the wrinkled features tightened with a terrible grin.

"Nobody can say we ever overworked the boy, or ill-

used him in any way!" exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow, excitedly.

"No! *I* don't say it! But this I'll say, for I've had it in my mind ever since Sophrony was left alone,—I couldn't help seein' and feelin', and, now you've set me a-talkin', I may as well speak out. Reuben was always a good boy, and a willin' boy, as you yourselves must allow; and he paid his way from the first."

"I don't know about that!" interposed Mr. Ducklow, taking up his knife and fork, and dropping them again, in no little agitation. "He was a good and willin' boy, as you say; but the expense of clothin' him and keepin' him to school——"

"He paid his way from the first!" repeated Miss Beswick, sternly. "You kept him to school winters, when he did more work 'fore and after school than any other boy in town. He worked all the time summers; and soon he was as good as a hired man to you. He never went to school a day after he was fifteen; and from that time he was better'n any hired man, for he was faithful, and took an interest, and looked after and took care of things, as no hired man ever would or could do, as I've heard you yourself say, Mr. Ducklow!"

"Reuben was a good, faithful boy: I never denied that! I never denied that!"

"Well, he stayed with you till he was twenty-one,—did ye a man's service for the last five or six years; then you giv' him what you called a settin' out,—a new suit o' clothes, a yoke of oxen, some farmin'-tools, and a hundred dollars in money! You, with yer thousands, Mr. Ducklow, giv' him a hundred dollars in money!"

"That was only a beginnin', only a beginnin', I've always said!" declared the red-flushed farmer.

"I know it; and I s'pose you'll continner to say so till the day of yer death! Then may-be you'll remember Reuben in yer will. That's the way! Keep puttin' him off as long as you can possibly hold on to your property yourself,—then, when you see you've got to go and leave it, give him what you ought to've gi'n years before. There a'n't no merit in that kind o' justice, did ye know it, Mr. Ducklow! I tell ye, what belongs to Reuben belongs to

him *now*,—not ten or twenty years hence, when you've done with it, and he most likely won't need it. A few hundred dollars now'll be more useful to him than all your thousands will be by and by. After he left you, he took the Moseley farm; everybody respected him, everybody trusted him; he was doin' well, everybody said; then he married Sophrony, and a good and faithful wife she's been to him; and finally he concluded to buy the farm, which you yourself said was a good idee, and encouraged him in 't."

"So it was; Reuben used judgment in that, and he'd have got along well enough, if 't hadn't been for the war," said Mr. Ducklow; while his wife sat dumb, not daring to measure tongues with their vigorous-minded and plain-speaking neighbor.

"Jest so!" said Miss Beswick. "If it hadn't been for the war! He had made his first payments, and would have met the rest as they came due, no doubt of it. But the war broke out, and he left all to sarve his country. Says he, 'I'm an able-bodied man, and I ought to go,' says he. His business was as important, and his wife and children was as dear to him, as anybody's; but he felt it his duty to go, and he went. They didn't give no such big bounties to volunteers then as they do now, and it was a sacrifice to him every way when he enlisted. But says he, 'I'll jest do my duty,' says he, 'and trust to Providence for the rest.' You didn't *discourage* his goin',—and you didn't *incourage* him, neither, the way you'd ought to."

"My! what on 'arth, Miss Beswick!—Seems to me you're takin' it upon yourself to say things that are uncalled for, to say the least! I can't understand what should have sent you here, to tell me what's my business, and what a'n't, this fashion. As if I didn't know my own duty and intentions!" And Mr. Ducklow poured his tea into his plate, and buttered his bread with a teaspoon.

"I s'pose she's been talking with Sophrony, and she has sent her to interfere."

"Mrs. Ducklow, you don't s'pose no such thing! You know Sophrony wouldn't send anybody on such an arrant; and you know I a'n't a person to do such arrants, or be made a cat's-paw of by anybody. I a'n't handsome, not

partic'larly; and I a'n't wuth my thousands, like some folks I know; and I never got married, for the best reason in the world,—them that offered themselves I wouldn't have, and them I would have had didn't offer themselves; and I a'n't so good a Christian as I might be, I'm aware. I know my lacks as well as anybody; but bein' a spy and a cat's-paw a'n't one of 'em. I don't do things sly and under-hand. If I've anything to say to anybody, I go right to 'em, and say it to their face,—sometimes perty blunt, I allow. But I don't wait to be *sent* by other folks. I've a mind o' my own, and my own way o' doin' things,—that you know as well as anybody. So, when you say you s'pose Sophrony or anybody else sent me here to interfere, I say you s'pose what a'n't true, and what you know a'n't true, Mrs. Ducklow!"

Mrs. Ducklow was annihilated, and the visitor went on.

"As for you, Mr. Ducklow, I haven't said you *don't* know your own duty and intentions. I've no doubt you *think* you do, at any rate."

"Very well; then why can't you leave me to do what I think's my duty? Everybody ought to have that privilege."

"You think so?"

"Sartin, Miss Beswick; don't you?"

"Why, then, I ought to have the same."

"Of course; nobody in this house'll prevent your doin' what you're satisfied's your duty."

"Thank ye! much obleeged!" said Miss Beswick, with gleaming, gristly features. "That's all I ask. Now I'm satisfied it's my duty to tell ye what I've been tellin' ye, and what I'm goin' to tell ye: that's *my* duty. And then it'll be *your* duty to do what *you* think's right. That's plain, a'n't it?"

"Wal, wal!" said Mr. Ducklow, discomfited; "I can't hender yer talkin', I s'pose; though it seems a man ought to have a right to peace and quiet in his own house."

"Yes, and in his own conscience too!" said Miss Beswick. "And if you'll hearken to me now, I promise you'll have peace and quiet in your conscience, and in your house too, such as you never have had yit. I s'pose you know your great fault, don't ye? Graspin',—that's your fault, that's your besettin' sin, Mr. Ducklow. You used to give

it as an excuse for not helpin' Reuben more, that you had your daughter to provide for. Well, your daughter has got married; she married a rich man,—you looked out for that,—and she's provided for, fur as property can provide for any one. Now, without a child in the world to feel anxious about, you keep layin' up and layin' up, and 'il continner to lay up, I s'pose, till ye die, and leave a great fortin' to your daughter, that already has enough, and jest a pittance to Reuben and Thaddeus."

"No, no, Miss Beswick! you're wrong, you're wrong, Miss Beswick! I mean to do the handsome thing by both on 'em."

"Mean to! ye mean to! That's the way ye flatter yer conscience, and cheat yer own soul. Why don't ye do what ye *mean* to do to once, and make sure on 't? That's the way, to git the good of your property. I tell ye, the time's comin' when the recollection of havin' done a good action will be a greater comfort to ye than all the property in the world. Then you'll look back and say, 'Why *didn't* I do this and do that with my money, when 'twas in my power, 'stead of hoardin' up and hoardin' up for others to spend after me?' Now, as I was goin' to say, ye didn't *discourage* Reuben's enlistin', and ye didn't *incourage* him the way ye might. You ought to've said to him, 'Go, Reuben, if ye see it to be yer duty; and, as fur as money goes, ye shan't suffer for 't. I've got enough for all on us; and I'll pay yer debts, if need be, and see 't yer fam'ly's kep' comf'table while ye're away.' But that's jest what ye didn't say, and it's jest what ye didn't do. All the time Reuben's been sarvin' his country, he's had his debts and his family expenses to worry him; and you know it's been all Sophrony could do, by puttin' forth all her energies, and strainin' every narve, to keep herself and children from goin' hungry and ragged. You've helped 'em a little, now and then, in driblets, it's true; but, dear me!" exclaimed Miss Beswick; and she smote her hands, palms downwards, upon her lap, with a look and gesture which signified that words utterly failed to express her feelings on the subject.

Mrs. Ducklow, who, since her annihilation, had scarcely ventured to look up, sat biting her lips, drawing quick

breaths of suppressed anger and impatience, and sewing the patch to the trousers and to her own apron under them. There was an awful silence, broken only by the clock ticking, and Mr. Ducklow lifting his knife and fork, and letting them fall again. At last he forced himself to speak.

"Wal, you've read us a pretty smart lectur', Miss Beswick, I must say. I can't consaive what should make ye take such an interest in our affairs; but it's very kind in ye,—very kind, to be sure!"

"Take an interest! Haven't I seen Sophrony's struggles with them children? And haven't I seen Reuben come home this very night, a sick man, with a broken constitution, and no prospect before him but to give up his farm, lose all he has paid, and be thrown upon the charities of the world with his wife and children? And if the charities of friends are so cold, what can he expect of the charities of the world? Take an interest! I wish you took half as much. Here I've sot half an hour, and you haven't thought to ask how Reuben appeared, or anything about him."

"May be there's a good reason for that, Miss Beswick. 'Twas on my lips to ask half a dozen times; but you talked so fast, you wouldn't give me a chance."

"Well, I'm glad you've got some excuse, though a poor one," said Miss Beswick.

"How is Reuben?" Mrs. Ducklow meekly inquired.

"All broken to pieces,—a mere shadder of what he was. He's had his old wound troublin' him agin; then he's had the fever, that come within one of takin' him out o' the world. He was in the hospitals, ye know, for two months or more; but finally the doctors see 't his only chance was to be sent home, weak as he was. A sergeant that was comin' on brought him all the way, and took him straight home; and that's the reason he got along so sudden and unexpected, even to Sophrony. O, if you could seen their meetin', as I did! then you wouldn't sneer at my takin' an interest." And Miss Beswick, strong-minded as she was, found it necessary to make use of her handkerchief. "I didn't stop only to help put him to bed, and fix things a little; then I left 'em alone, and run over to tell ye.

It's a pity you didn't know he was in town when you was there to-day, so as to bring him home with ye. But I s'pose you had your investments to look after. Come, now, Mr. Ducklow, how many thousan' dollars have you invested, since Reuben's been off to the war, and his folks have been sufferin' to home? You may have been layin' up hundreds, or even thousands, that way, this very day, for aught I know. But let me tell ye, you won't git no good of such property,—it'll only be a cuss to ye,—till you do the right thing by Reuben. Mark my word!"

There was another long silence.

"Ye a'n't going, be ye, Miss Beswick?" said Mrs. Ducklow,—for the visitor had arisen. "What's yer hurry?"

"No hurry at all; but I've done my arrant and said my say, and may as well be goin'. Good-night. Good-night, Mr. Ducklow."

And Miss Beswick, pulling her shawl over her head, stalked out of the house like some tall, gaunt specter, leaving the Ducklows to recover as best they could from the consternation into which they had been thrown by her coming.

III.

A COMFORTABLE INVESTMENT.

"Did you ever?" said Mrs. Ducklow, gaining courage to speak after the visitor was out of hearing.

"She's got a tongue," said Mr. Ducklow.

"Strange she should speak of your investing money to-day! D'ye s'pose she knows?"

"I don't see how she *can* know." And Mr. Ducklow paced the room in deep trouble. "I've been careful not to give a hint on 't to anybody, for I knew jest what folks would say: 'If Ducklow has got so much money to dispose of, he'd better give Reuben a lift.' I know how folks talk."

"Coming here to browbeat us!" exclaimed Mrs. Duck-

low. "I wonder ye didn't be a little more plain with *her*, father! I wouldn't have sot and been dictated to as tamely as you did!"

"You wouldn't? Then why did ye? She dictated to you as much as she did to me; and you scurce opened your head; you didn't dars' to say yer soul was your own!"

"Yes, I did, I——"

"You ventur'd to speak once, and she shet ye up quicker'n lightnin'. Now tell about you wouldn't have sot and been dictated to like a tame noodle, as I did!"

"I didn't say a *tame noodle*."

"Yes, ye did. I might have answered back sharp enough, but I was expectin' *you* to speak. *Men* don't like to dispute with *women*."

"That's your git-off," said Mrs. Ducklow, trembling with vexation. "You was jest as much afraid of her as I was. I never see ye so cowed in all my life."

"Cowed! I wasn't cowed, neither. How unreasonable, now, for you to cast all the blame on to me."

And Mr. Ducklow, his features contracted into a black scowl, took his boots from the corner.

"Ye ha'n't got to go out, have ye?" said Mrs. Ducklow. "I shouldn't think you'd put on yer boots jest to step to the barn and see to the hoss."

"I'm goin' over to Reuben's."

"To Reuben's! Not to-night, father!"

"Yes, I think I better. He and Sophrony'll know we heard of his gittin' home, and they're enough inclined a'ready to feel we neglect 'em. Haven't ye got somethin' ye can send?"

"I don't know,"—curtly. "I've scurce ever been over to Sophrony's but I've carried her a pie or cake or something; and mighty little thanks I got for it, as it turns out."

"Why didn't ye say that to Miss Beswick, when she was runnin' us so hard about our never doin' anything for em?"

"'Twouldn't have done no good; I knew jest what she'd say. 'What's a pie or a cake now and then?'—that's jest the reply she'd have made. Dear me! what have I been doing?"

Mrs. Ducklow, rising, had but just discovered that she had stitched the patch and the trousers to her apron.

"So much for Miss Beswick!" she exclaimed, untying the apron-strings, and flinging the united garments spitefully down upon a chair. "I do wish such folks would mind their own business and stay to home!"

"You've got the bonds safe?" said Mr. Ducklow, putting on his overcoat.

"Yes; but I won't engage to keep 'em safe. They make me as narvous as can be. I'm afraid to be left alone in the house with 'em. Here, you take 'em."

"Don't be foolish. What harm can possibly happen to them or you while I'm away? You don't s'pose I want to lug them around with me wherever I go, do ye?"

"I'm sure it's no great lug. I s'pose you're afraid to go across the fields alone with 'em in yer pocket. What in the world we're going to do with 'em I don't see. If we go out we can't take 'em with us, for fear of losing 'em, or of being robbed; and we shan't dare to leave 'em to home, fear the house'll burn up or git broke into."

"We can hide 'em where no burglar can find 'em," said Mr. Ducklow.

"Yes, and where nobody else can find 'em, neither, provided the house burns and neighbors come in to save things. I don't know but it'll be about as Miss Beswick said: we shan't take no comfort with property we ought to make over to Reuben."

"Do *you* think it ought to be made over to Reuben? If you do, it's new to me."

"No, I don't!" replied Mrs. Ducklow, decidedly. "I guess we better put 'em in the clock-case for to-night, hadn't we?"

"Jest where they'd be discovered, if the house is robbed! No: I've an idee. Slip 'em under the settin'-room carpet. Let me take 'em: I can fix a place right here by the side of the door."

With great care and secrecy the bonds were deposited between the carpet and the floor, and a chair set over them.

"What noise was that?" said the farmer, starting.

"Thaddeus," cried Mrs. Ducklow, "is that you?"

It was Thaddeus, indeed, who, awaking from a real

dream of the drum this time, and, hearing conversation in the room below, had once more descended the stairs to listen. What were the old people hiding there under the carpet? It must be those curious things in the envelope. And what *were* those things, about which so much mystery seemed necessary? Taddy was peeping and considering, when he heard his name called. He would have glided back to bed again, but Mrs. Ducklow, who sprang to the stairway-door, was too quick for him.

"What do you want now?" she demanded.

"I—I want you to scratch my back," said Taddy.

As he had often come to her with this innocent request, after undressing for bed, he did not see why the excuse would not pass as readily as the previous one of somnambulism. But Mrs. Ducklow was in no mood to be trifled with.

"I'll scratch your back for ye!" And seizing her rattan, she laid it smartly on the troublesome part, to the terror and pain of poor Taddy, who concluded that too much of a good thing was decidedly worse than nothing. "There, you sir, that's a scratching that'll last ye for one while!"

And giving him two or three parting cuts, not confined to the region of the back, but falling upon the lower latitudes, which they marked like so many geographical parallels, she dismissed him with a sharp injunction not to let himself be seen or heard again that night.

Taddy obeyed, and, crying himself to sleep, dreamed that he was himself a drum, and that Mrs. Ducklow beat him.

"Father!" called Mrs. Ducklow to her husband, who was at the barn, "do you know what time it is? It's nine o'clock! I wouldn't think of going over there to-night; they'll be all locked up, and abed and asleep, like as not."

"Wal, I s'pose I must do as you say," replied Mr. Ducklow, glad of an excuse not to go,—Miss Beswick's visit having left him in extremely low spirits.

Accordingly, after bedding down the horse and fastening the barn, he returned to the kitchen; and soon the prosperous couple retired to rest.

"Why, how res'less you be!" exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow, in the middle of the night. "What's the reason ye can't sleep?"

"I don't know," groaned Mr. Ducklow. "I can't help thinkin' o' Miss Beswick. I never was so worked at any little thing."

"Well, well! forget it, father; and do go to sleep!"

"I feel I ought to have gone over to Reuben's! And I should have gone, if 't hadn't been for you."

"Now how unreasonable to blame me!" said Mrs. Ducklow. "Ye might have gone; I only reminded ye how late it was."

Mr. Ducklow groaned, and turned over. He tried to forget Miss Beswick, Reuben, and the bonds, and at last he fell asleep.

"Father!" whispered Mrs. Ducklow, awaking him.

"What's the matter?"

"I think—I'm pretty sure—hark! I heard something sounded like somebody gitting into the kitchen winder!"

"It's your narvousness." Yet Mr. Ducklow listened for further indications of burglary. "Why can't ye be quiet and go to sleep, as you said to me?"

"I'm sure I heard something! Anybody might have looked through the blinds and seen us putting—you know—under the carpet."

"Nonsense! 'ta'n't at all likely."

But Mr. Ducklow was more alarmed than he was willing to confess. He succeeded in quieting his wife's apprehensions; but at the same time the burden of solicitude and wakefulness seemed to pass from her mind only to rest upon his own. She soon after fell asleep; but he lay awake, hearing burglars in all parts of the house for an hour longer.

"What now?" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow, starting up in bed.

"I thought I might as well git up and satisfy myself," replied her husband, in a low, agitated voice.

He had risen, and was groping his way to the kitchen.

"Is there anything?" she inquired, after listening long with chilling blood, expecting at each moment to hear him knocked down or throttled.

He made no reply, but presently came gliding softly back again.

"I can't find nothin'. But I never in all my life heard the floors creak so! I could have sworn there was somebody walkin' over 'em!"

"I guess you're a little excited, a'n't ye?"

"No,—I got over that; but I *did* hear noises!"

Mr. Ducklow, returning to his pillow, dismissed his fears, and once more composed his mind for slumber. But the burden of which he had temporarily relieved his wife now returned with redoubled force to the bosom of that virtuous lady. It seemed as if there was only a certain amount of available sleep in the house, and that, when one had it, the other must go without; while at the same time a swarm of fears perpetually buzzed in and out of the mind, whose windows wakefulness left open.

"Father!" said Mrs. Ducklow, giving him a violent shake.

"Hey? what?"—arousing from his first sound sleep.

"Don't you smell something burning?"

Ducklow snuffed; Mrs. Ducklow snuffed; they sat up in bed, and snuffed vivaciously in concert.

"No, I can't say I do. Did you?"

"Jest as plain as ever I smelt anything in my life! But I don't so"—snuff, snuff—"not quite so distinct now."

"Seems to me I *do* smell something," said Mr. Ducklow, imagination coming to his aid. "It can't be the matches, can it?"

"I thought of the matches, but I certainly covered 'em up tight."

They snuffed again,—first one, then the other,—now a series of quick, short snuffs, then one long, deep snuff, then a snuff by both together, as if by uniting their energies, like two persons pulling at a rope, they might accomplish what neither was equal to singly.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Ducklow.

"Why, what, father?"

"It's Thaddeus! He's been walkin' in his sleep. That's what we heard. And now he's got the matches and set the house afire!"

He bounded out of bed; he went stumbling over the chairs in the kitchen, and clattering among the tins in the pantry, and rushing blindly and wildly up the kitchen stairs, only to find the matches all right, Taddy fast asleep, and no indications anywhere, either to eye or nostril, of anything burning.

"'Twas all your imagination, mother."

"*My* imagination! You was jest as frightened as I was. I'm sure I can't tell what it was I smelt; I can't smell it now. Did you feel for the—you know what?"

Mrs. Ducklow seemed to think there were evil ones listening, and it was dangerous to mention by name what was uppermost in the minds of both.

"I wish you *would* jest put your hand and see if they're all right; for I've thought several times I heard somebody taking on 'em out."

Mr. Ducklow had been troubled by similar fancies; so, getting down on his knees, he felt in the dark for the bonds.

"Good gracious!" he ejaculated.

"What now?" cried Mrs. Ducklow. "They a'n't gone, be they? You don't say they're gone!"

"Sure's the world!—No, here they be! I didn't feel in the right place.

"How you *did* frighten me! My heart almost hopped out of my mouth!" Indeed, the shock was sufficient to keep the good woman awake the rest of the night.

IV.

THE RETURNED SOLDIER.

DAYLIGHT the next morning dissipated their doubts, and made both feel that they had been the victims of unnecessary and foolish alarms.

"I hope ye won't go git so worked up another night," said Mr. Ducklow. "It's no use. We might live in the house a hundred years, and never hear of a robber or a fire. Ye only excite yourself, and keep me awake."

"I should like to know if you didn't git excited, and rob me of my sleep jest as much as I did you!" retorted the indignant housewife.

"You began it; you fust put it into my head. But never mind; it can't be helped now. Le's have breakfast as soon as ye can; then I'll run over and see Reuben."

"Why not harness up, and let me ride over with ye?"

"Very well; mabby that'll be the best way. Come, Taddy, ye must wake up. Fly round. You'll have lots o' chores to do this mornin'."

"What's the matter 'th my breeches?" snarled Taddy. "Some plaguy thing's stuck to 'em!"

It was Mrs. Ducklow's apron, trailing behind him at half-mast,—at sight of which, and of Taddy turning round and round to look at it, like a kitten in pursuit of her own tail, Ducklow burst into a loud laugh.

"Wal, wal, mother! you've done it! You're dressed for meetin' now, Taddy!"

"I do declare!" said Mrs. Ducklow, mortified. "I can't, for the life of me, see what there is so very funny about it!" And she hastened to cut short Taddy's trail and her husband's laughter with a pair of scissors.

After breakfast the Ducklows set off in the one-horse wagon, leaving Taddy to take care of the house during their absence. That each felt secretly uneasy about the coupon bonds cannot be denied; but, after the experiences of the night and the recriminations of the morning, they were unwilling to acknowledge their fears even to themselves, and much less to each other; so the precious papers were left hidden under the carpet.

"Safe enough, in all conscience!" said Mr. Ducklow.

"Taddy! Taddy! now mind!" Mrs. Ducklow repeated for the twentieth time. "Don't you leave the house, and don't you touch the matches nor the fire, and don't go to ransacking the rooms neither. You won't, will ye?"

"No'm," answered Taddy, also for the twentieth time, —secretly resolved, all the while, to take advantage of their absence, and discover, if possible, what Mr. Ducklow brought home last night in his boot-leg.

The Ducklows had intended to show their zeal and affection by making Reuben an early visit. They were

somewhat chagrined, therefore, to find several neighbors already arrived to pay their respects to the returned soldier. The fact that Miss Beswick was among the number did not serve greatly to heighten their spirits.

"I've as good a notion to turn round and go straight home again as ever I had to eat!" muttered Mrs. Ducklow.

"It's too late now," said her husband, advancing with a show of confidence and cordiality he did not feel. "Wal, Reuben! glad to see ye! glad to see ye! This is a joyful day I sounce ever expected to see! Why, ye don't look so sick as I thought ye would! Does he, mother?"

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Ducklow, her woman's nature, and perhaps her old motherly feelings for their adopted son, deeply moved by the sight of his changed and wasted aspect. "I'd no idee he could be so very, so very pale and thin! Had you, Sophrony?"

"I don't know what I thought," said the young wife, standing by, watching her returned volunteer with features surcharged with emotion,—deep suffering and sympathy, suffused and lighted up by love and joy. "I only know I have him now! He has come home! He shall never leave me again,—never!"

"But wasn't it terrible to see him brought home so?" whispered Mrs. Ducklow.

"Yes, it was! But, oh, I was so thankful! I felt the worst was over; and I had him again! I can nurse him now. He is no longer hundreds of miles away, among strangers, where I cannot go to him,—though I should have gone long ago, as you know, if I could have raised the means, and if it hadn't bean for the children."

"I—I—Mr. Ducklow would have tried to help you to the means, and I would have taken the children, if we had thought it best for you to go," said Mrs. Ducklow. "But you see now it wasn't best, don't you?"

"Whether it was or not, I don't complain. I am too happy to-day to complain of anything. To see him home again! But I have dreamt so often that he came home, and woke up to find it was only a dream, I'm half afraid now to be as happy as I might be."

"Be as happy as you please, Sophrony!" spoke up

Reuben, who had seemed to be listening to Mr. Ducklow's apologies for not coming over the night before, while he was in reality straining his ear to catch every word his wife was saying. He was dressed in his uniform and lying on a lounge, supported by pillows. "I'm just where I want to be, of all places in this world,—or the next world either, I may say; for I can't conceive of any greater heaven than I'm in now. I'm going to get well, too, spite of the doctors. Coming home is the best medicine for a fellow in my condition. Not bad to take, either! Stand here, Ruby, my boy, and let yer daddy look at ye again! To think that's *my* Ruby, Pa Ducklow! Why, he was a mere baby when I went away!"

"Reuben! Reuben!" entreated the young wife, leaning over him, "you are talking too much. You promised me you wouldn't, you know."

"Well, well, I won't. But when a fellow's heart is chockfull, it's hard to shut down on it sometimes. Don't look so, friends, as if ye pitied me! I ain't to be pitied. I'll bet there isn't one of ye half as happy as I am at this minute!"

"Here's Miss Beswick, Mother Ducklow," said Sophronia. "Haven't you noticed her?"

"Oh! how do you do, Miss Beswick?" said Mrs. Ducklow, appearing surprised.

"Tryin' to keep out o' the way, and make myself useful," replied Miss Beswick, stiffly.

"I don't know what I should do without her," said Sophronia, as the tall spinster disappeared. "She took right hold and helped me last night; then she came in again the first thing this morning. 'Go to your husband,' says she to me; 'don't leave him a minute. I know he don't want ye out of his sight,—and you don't want to be out of his sight, either; so you 'tend right to him, and I'll do the work. There'll be enough folks comin' in to hender, but I've come in to help,' says she. And here she's been ever since, hard at work; for when Miss Beswick says a thing, there's no use opposing her,—that *you* know, Mother Ducklow."

"Yes, she likes to have her own way," said Mrs. Ducklow, with a peculiar pucker.

"It seems she called at the door last night to tell you Reuben had come."

"Called at the door! Didn't she tell you she came in and made us a visit?"

"No, indeed! Did she?"

Mrs. Ducklow concluded, that, if nothing had been said on that subject, she might as well remain silent; so she merely remarked,—

"O yes, a visit,—*for her*. She a'n't no great hand to make long stops, ye know."

"Only when she's needed," said Sophronia; "then she never thinks of going as long as she sees anything to do. Reuben! you mustn't talk, Reuben!"

"I was saying," remarked Neighbor Jepworth, "it'll be too bad now, if you have to give up this place; but he——"

Sophronia, unseen by her husband, made anxious signs to the speaker to avoid so distressing a topic in the invalid's presence.

"We are not going to worry about that," she hastened to say. "After we have been favored by Providence so far, and in such extraordinary ways, we think we can afford to trust still further. We have all we can think of and attend to to-day; and the future will take care of itself."

"That's right; that's the way to talk!" said Mr. Ducklow. "Providence'll take care of ye, you may be sure!"

"I should think you might get Ditson to renew the mortgage," observed Neighbor Ferring. "He can't be hard on you, under such circumstances. And he can't be so foolish as to want the money. There's no security like real estate. If I had money to invest, I wouldn't put it into anything else."

"Nor I," said Mr. Ducklow; "nothin' like real estate!" —with an expression of profound conviction.

"What do you think of Gov'ment bonds?" asked Neighbor Jepworth.

"I don't know." Mr. Ducklow scratched his cheek and wrinkled his brow with an expression of thoughtfulness and candor. "I haven't given much attention to the sub-

ject. It may be a patriotic duty to lend to Gov'ment, if one has the funds to spare."

"Yes," said Jepworth, warming. "When we consider that every dollar we lend to Government goes to carry on the war, and put down this cursed Rebellion——"

"And to pay off the soldiers," put in Reuben, raising himself on his elbow. "Nobody knows the sufferings of soldiers and soldiers' families on account of the Government's inability to pay them off. If that subject was felt and understood as some I know feel and understand it, I'm sure every right-minded man with fifty dollars to spare would make haste to lend it to Uncle Sam. I tell ye, I got a little excited on this subject, coming on in the cars. I heard a gentleman complaining of the Government for not paying off its creditors; he didn't say so much about the soldiers, but he thought contractors ought to have their claims settled at once. At the same time he said he had had twenty thousand dollars lying idle for two months, not knowing what to do with it, but had finally concluded to invest it in railroad stock. 'Have ye any Government stock?' said his friend. 'Not a dollar's worth,' said he; 'I'm afraid of it.' Sick as I was, I couldn't lie and hear that. 'And do you know the reason,' said I, 'why Government cannot pay off its creditors?' I'll tell ye," said I. "It is because it hasn't the money. And it hasn't the money, because such men as you, who have your thousands lying idle, refuse to lend to your country, because you are afraid. That's the extent of your patriotism: you are afraid! What do you think of us who have gone into the war, and been willing to risk everything,—not only our business and our property, but life and limb? I've ruined myself personally," said I, "lost my property and my health, to be of service to my country. I don't regret it,—though I should never recover, I shall not regret it. I'm a tolerably patient, philosophical sort of fellow; but I haven't patience nor philosophy enough to hear such men as you abuse the Government for not doing what it's your duty to assist it in doing."

"Good for you, Reuben!" exclaimed Mr. Ducklow, who really felt obliged to the young soldier for placing the

previous day's investment in such a strong patriotic light. ("I've only done *my* duty to Gov'ment, let Miss Beswick say what she will," thought he.) "You wound him up, I guess. Fact, you state the case so well, Reuben, I believe, if I had any funds to spare, I shouldn't hesitate a minute, but go right off and invest in Gov'ment bonds."

"That might be well enough, if you did it from a sense of duty, said Neighbor Ferring, who was something of a croaker, and not much of a patriot. "But as an investment 'twould be the wust ye could make."

"Ye think so?" said Mr. Ducklow, with quick alarm.

"Certainly," said Ferring. "Government'll repudiate. It'll *have* to repudiate. This enormous debt never can be paid. Your interest in gold is a temptation, jest now; but that won't be paid much longer, and then yer bonds won't be wuth any more'n so much brown paper."

"I—I don't think so," said Mr. Ducklow, who nevertheless turned pale,—Ferring gave his opinion in such a positive, oracular way. "I don't believe I should be frightened, even if I *had* Gov'ment securities in my hands. I wish I had; I really wish I had a good lot o' them bonds! Don't you, Jepworth."

"They're mighty resky things to have in the house, that's one objection to 'em," replied Jepworth, thus adding breath to Ducklow's already kindled alarm.

"That's so!" said Ferring, emphatically. "I read in the papers almost every day about somebody's having his cowpon bonds stole."

"I should be more afraid of fires," observed Jepworth.

"But there's this to be considered in favor of fires," said Reuben: "If the bonds burn up, they won't have to be paid. So what is your loss is the country's gain."

"But isn't there any—isn't there any remedy?" inquired Ducklow, scarce able to sit in his chair.

"There's no risk at all, if a man subscribes for registered bonds," said Reuben. "They're like railroad stock. But if you have the coupons, you must look out for them."

"Why didn't I buy registered bonds?" said Ducklow to himself. His chair was becoming like a keg of gunpowder

with a lighted fuse inserted. The familiar style of expression,—“*Your bonds,*” “*your loss,*” “*you must look out,*”—used by Ferring and Reuben, was not calculated to relieve his embarrassment. He fancied that he was suspected of owning Government securities, and that these careless phrases were based upon that surmise! He could keep his seat no longer.

“Wal, Reuben! I must be drivin’ home, I s’pose. Left everything at loose ends. I was in such a hurry to see ye, and find out if there’s anything I can do for ye.”

“As for that,” said Reuben, “I’ve got a trunk over in town which couldn’t be brought last night. If you will have that sent for, I’ll be obliged to ye.”

“Sartin! sartin!” And Mr. Ducklow drove away, greatly to the relief of Mrs. Ducklow, who, listening to the alarming conversation, and remembering the bonds under the carpet, and the matches in the pantry, and Taddy’s propensity to mischief, felt herself (as she afterwards confessed) “jest ready to fly.”

V.

MR. DUCKLOW’S ADVENTURES.

MR. DUCKLOW had scarcely turned the corner of the street, when, looking anxiously in the direction of his homestead, he saw a column of smoke. It was directly over the spot where he knew his house to be situated. He guessed at a glance what had happened. The frightful catastrophe he foreboded had befallen. Taddy had set the house afire.

“Them bonds! them bonds!” he exclaimed, distractedly. He did not think so much of the house: house and furniture were insured; if they were burned, the inconvenience would be great indeed, and at any other time the thought of such an event would have been sufficient cause for trepidation,—but now his chief, his only anxiety was the bonds. They were not insured. They would be a

dead loss. And what added sharpness to his pangs, they would be a loss which he must keep a secret, as he had kept their existence a secret,—a loss which he could not confess, and of which he could not complain. Had he not just given his neighbors to understand that he held no such property? And his wife,—was she not at that very moment, if not serving up a lie on the subject, at least paring the truth very thin indeed?

“A man would think,” observed Ferring, “that Ducklow had some o’ them bonds on his hands, and got scaret, he took such a sudden start. He has, hasn’t he, Mrs. Ducklow?”

“Has what?” said Mrs. Ducklow, pretending ignorance.

“Some o’ them cowpon bonds. I ruther guess he’s got some.”

“You mean Gov’mment bonds? Ducklow got some? ‘Ta’n’t at all likely he’d spec’late in them, without saying something to *me* about it! No, he couldn’t have anv without my knowing it, I’m sure!”

How demure, how innocent she looked, plying her knitting-needles, and stopping to take up a stitch! How little at that moment she knew of Ducklow’s trouble, and its terrible cause!

Ducklow’s first impulse was to drive on and endeavor at all hazards to snatch the bonds from the flames. His next was, to return and alarm his neighbors, and obtain their assistance. But a minute’s delay might be fatal; so he drove on, screaming “Fire! fire!” at the top of his voice.

But the old mare was a slow-footed animal; and Ducklow had no whip. He reached forward and struck her with the reins.

“Git up! git up!—Fire! fire!” screamed Ducklow. “Oh, them bonds! them bonds! Why didn’t I give the money to Reuben? Fire! fire! fire!”

By dint of screaming and slapping, he urged her from a trot into a gallop, which was scarcely an improvement as to speed, and certainly not as to grace. It was like the gallop of an old cow. “Why don’t ye go ‘long!” he cried despairingly.

Slap, slap! He knocked his own hat off with the loose ends of the reins. It fell under the wheels. He cast

one look behind, to satisfy himself that it had been very thoroughly run over and crushed into the dirt, and left it to its fate.

Slap, slap! "Fire, fire!" Canter, canter, canter! Neighbors looked out of their windows, and, recognizing Ducklow's wagon and old mare in such an astonishing plight, and Ducklow himself, without his hat, rising from his seat, and reaching forward in wild attitudes, brandishing the reins, at the same time rending the azure with yells, thought he must be insane.

He drove to the top of the hill, and looking beyond, in expectation of seeing his house wrapped in flames, discovered that the smoke proceeded from a brush-heap which his neighbor Atkins was burning in a field nearby.

The revulsion of feeling that ensued was almost too much for the excitable Ducklow. His strength went out of him. For a little while there seemed to be nothing left of him but tremor and cold sweat. Difficult as it had been to get the old mare in motion, it was now even more difficult to stop her.

"Why! what has got into Ducklow's old mare? She's running away with him! Whoever heard of such a thing!" And Atkins, watching the ludicrous spectacle from his field, became almost as weak from laughter as Ducklow was from the effects of fear.

At length Ducklow succeeded in checking the old mare's speed, and in turning her about. It was necessary to drive back for his hat. By this time he could hear a chorus of shouts, "Fire! fire! fire!" over the hill. He had aroused the neighbors as he passed, and now they were flocking to extinguish the flames.

"A false alarm! a false alarm!" said Ducklow, looking marvelously sheepish as he met them. "Nothing but Atkins's brush-heap!"

"Seems to me you ought to have found that out 'fore you raised all creation with your yells!" said one hyperbolic fellow. "You looked like the Flying Dutchman! This your hat? I thought 'twas a dead cat in the road. No fire, no fire!"—turning back to his comrades,—“only one of Ducklow's jokes.”

Nevertheless, two or three boys there were who would

not be convinced, but continued to leap up, swing their caps, and scream "Fire!" against all remonstrance. Ducklow did not wait to enter into explanations, but, turning the old mare about again, drove home amid the laughter of the bystanders and the screams of the misguided youngsters. As he approached the house, he met Taddy rushing wildly up the street.

"Thaddeus! Thaddeus! where ye goin', Thaddeus?"

"Goin' to the fire!" cried Taddy.

"There isn't any fire, boy!"

"Yes, there is! Didn't ye hear 'em? They've been yellin' like fury."

"It's nothin' but Atkins's brush."

"That all?" And Taddy appeared very much disappointed. "I thought there was goin' to be some fun. I wonder who was such a fool as to yell jest for a darned old brush-heap!"

Ducklow did not inform him.

"I've got to drive over to town and git Reuben's trunk. You stand by the mare while I step in and brush my hat."

Instead of applying himself at once to the restoration of his beaver, he hastened to the sitting-room, to see that the bonds were safe.

"Heavens and 'arth!" said Ducklow.

The chair, which had been carefully planted in the spot where they were concealed, had been removed. Three or four tacks had been taken out, and the carpet pushed from the wall. There was straw scattered about. Evidently Taddy had been interrupted, in the midst of his ransacking, by the alarm of fire. Indeed, he was even now creeping into the house to see what notice Ducklow would take of these evidences of his mischief.

In great trepidation the farmer thrust in his hand here and there, and groped, until he found the envelope precisely where it had been placed the night before, with the tape tied around it, which his wife had put on to prevent its contents from slipping out and losing themselves. Great was the joy of Ducklow. Great also was the wrath of him, when he turned and discovered Taddy.

"Didn't I tell you to stand by the old mare?"

"She won't stir," said Taddy, shrinking away again.

"Come here!" And Ducklow grasped him by the collar. "What have you been doin'? Look at that!"

"'Twa'n't me!"—beginning to whimper, and ram his fists into his eyes.

"Don't tell me 'twa'n't you!" Ducklow shook him till his teeth chattered. "What was you pullin' up the carpet for?"

"Lost a marble!" sniveled Taddy.

"Lost a marble! Ye didn't lose it under the carpet, did ye? Look at all that straw pulled out!"—shaking him again.

"Didn't know but it might 'a' got under the carpet, marbles roll so," explained Taddy, as soon as he could get his breath.

"Wal sir!" Ducklow administered a resounding box on his ear. "Don't you do such a thing again, if you lose a million marbles!"

"Ha'n't got a million!" Taddy wept, rubbing his cheek. "Ha'n't got but four! Won't ye buy me some to-day?"

"Go to that mare, and don't you leave her again till I come, or I'll *marble* ye in a way you won't like!"

Understanding, by this somewhat equivocal form of expression, that flagellation was threatened, Taddy obeyed, still feeling his smarting and burning ear.

Ducklow was in trouble. What should he do with the bonds? The floor was no place for them, after what had happened; and he remembered too well the experience of yesterday to think for a moment of carrying them about his person. With unreasonable impatience, his mind reverted to Mrs. Ducklow.

"Why a'n't she to home? These woman are forever agaddin'! I wish Reuben's trunk was in Jericho!"

Thinking of the trunk reminded him of one in the garret, filled with old papers of all sorts,—newspapers, letters, bills of sale, children's writing-books,—accumulations of the past quarter of a century. Neither fire nor burglar nor ransacking youngster had ever molested those ancient records during all those five-and-twenty years. A bright thought struck him.

"I'll slip the bonds down into that wuthless heap o'

rubbish, where no one 'u'd ever think o' lookin' for 'em, and resk 'em."

Having assured himself that Taddy was standing by the wagon, he paid a hasty visit to the trunk in the garret, and concealed the envelope, still bound in its band of tape, among the papers. He then drove away, giving Taddy a final charge to beware of setting anything afire.

He had driven about half a mile when he met a pedler. There was nothing unusual or alarming in such a circumstance, surely; but as Ducklow kept on, it troubled him.

"He'll stop to the house now, most likely, and want to trade. Findin' nobody but Taddy, there's no knowin' what he'll be tempted to do. But I a'n't a-goin' to worry. I'll defy anybody to find them bonds. Besides, she may be home by this time. I guess she'll hear of the fire-alarm, and hurry home: it'll be jest like her. She'll be there, and—trade with the pedler?" thought Ducklow, uneasily. Then a frightful fancy possessed him. "She has threatened two or three times to sell that old trunkful of papers. He'll offer a big price for 'em, and ten to one she'll let him have 'em. Why *didn't* I consider on 't? What a stupid blunderbuss I be!"

As Ducklow thought of it he felt almost certain that Mrs. Ducklow had returned home, and that she was bargaining with the pedler at that moment. He fancied her smilingly receiving bright tin-ware for the old papers; and he could see the tape-tied envelope going into the bag with the rest. The result was, that he turned about and whipped the old mare home again in terrific haste, to catch the departing pedler.

Arriving, he found the house as he had left it, and Taddy occupied in making a kite-frame.

"Did that pedler stop here?"

"I ha'n't seen no pedler."

"And ha'n't yer Ma Ducklow been home, neither?"

"No."

And with a guilty look, Taddy put the kite-frame behind him.

Ducklow considered. The pedler had turned up a cross-street: he would probably turn down again and stop

at the house after all: Mrs. Ducklow might by that time be at home: then the sale of old papers would be very likely to take place. Ducklow thought of leaving word that he did not wish any old papers in the house to be sold, but feared lest the request might excite Taddy's suspicions.

"I don't see no way but for me to take the bonds with me," thought he, with an inward groan.

He accordingly went to the garret, took the envelope out of the trunk, and placed it in the breast-pocket of his overcoat, to which he pinned it, to prevent it by any chance from getting out. He used six large, strong pins for the purpose, and was afterwards sorry he did not use seven.

"There's suthin' losin' out of yer pocket!" bawled Taddy, as he was once more mounting the wagon.

Quick as lightning, Ducklow clapped his hand to his breast. In doing so, he loosed his hold of the wagon-box and fell, raking his shin badly on the wheel.

"Yer side-pocket! it's one o' yer mittens!" said Taddy.

"You rascal! how you scaret me!"

Seating himself in the wagon, Ducklow gently pulled up his trousers-leg to look at the bruised part.

"Got anything in yer boot-leg to-day, Pa Ducklow?" asked Taddy, innocently.

"Yes, a barked shin!—all on your account, too! Go and put that straw back, and fix the carpet; and don't ye let me hear ye speak of my boot-leg again or I'll *boot-leg* ye!"

So saying, Ducklow departed.

Instead of repairing the mischief he had done in the sitting-room, Taddy devoted his time and talents to the more interesting occupation of constructing his kite-frame. He worked at that, until Mr. Grantley, the minister, driving by, stopped to inquire how the folks were.

"A'n't to home may I ride?" cried Taddy, all in a breath.

Mr. Grantley was an indulgent old gentleman, fond of children; so he said, "Jump in"; and in a minute Taddy had scrambled to a seat by his side.

VI.

MRS. DUCKLOW'S ADVENTURES.

AND now occurred a circumstance which Ducklow had foreseen. The alarm of fire had reached Reuben's; and although the report of its falseness followed immediately, Mrs. Ducklow's inflammable fancy was so kindled by it that she could find no comfort in prolonging her visit.

"Mr. Ducklow'll be going for the trunk, and I *must* go home and see to things, Taddy's *such* a fellow for mischief! I can foot it; I sha'n't mind it."

And off she started, walking herself out of breath in her anxiety.

She reached the brow of the hill just in time to see a chaise drive away from her own door.

"Who *can* that be? I wonder if Taddy's there to guard the house! If anything should happen to them bonds!"

Out of breath as she was, she quickened her pace, and trudged on, flushed, perspiring, panting, until she reached the house.

"Thaddeus!" she called.

No Taddy answered. She went in. The house was deserted. And lo! the carpet torn up, and the bonds abstracted.

Mr. Ducklow never would have made such work, removing the bonds. Then somebody else must have taken them, she reasoned.

"The man in the chaise!" she exclaimed, or rather made an effort to exclaim, succeeding only in bringing forth a hoarse, gasping sound. Fear dried up articulation. *Vox faucibus hæsit.*

And Taddy? He had disappeared; been murdered, perhaps,—or gagged and carried away by the man in the chaise.

Mrs. Ducklow flew hither and thither, (to use a favorite phrase of her own,) "like a hen with her head cut off";

then rushed out of the house, and up the street, screaming after the chaise,—

“Murder! murder! Stop thief! stop thief!”

She waved her hands aloft in the air frantically. If she had trudged before, now she trotted, now she cantered: but if the cantering of the old mare was fitly likened to that of a cow, to what thing, to what manner of motion under the sun, shall we liken the cantering of Mrs. Ducklow? It was original; it was unique; it was prodigious. Now, with her frantically waving hands, and all her undulating and flapping skirts, she seemed a species of huge, unwieldy bird attempting to fly. Then she sank down into a heavy, dragging walk,—breath and strength all gone,—no voice left even to scream murder. Then the awful realization of the loss of the bonds once more rushing over her, she started up again. “Half running, half flying, what progress she made!” Then Atkins’s dog saw her, and, naturally mistaking her for a prodigy, came out at her, bristling up and bounding and barking terrifically.

“Come here!” cried Atkins, following the dog. “What’s the matter? What’s to pay, Mrs. Ducklow?”

Attempting to speak, the good woman could only pant and wheeze.

“Robbed!” she at last managed to whisper, amid the yelpings of the cur that refused to be silenced.

“Robbed? How? Who?”

“The chaise. Ketch it.”

Her gestures expressed more than her words; and Atkins’s horse and wagon, with which he had been drawing out brush, being in the yard nearby, he ran to them, leaped to the seat, drove into the road, took Mrs. Ducklow aboard, and set out in vigorous pursuit of the slow two-wheeled vehicle.

“Stop, you, sir! Stop, you, sir!” shrieked Mrs. Ducklow, having recovered her breath by the time they came up with the chaise.

It stopped, and Mr. Grantley the minister put out his good-natured, surprised face.

“You’ve robbed my house! You’ve took——”

Mrs. Ducklow was going on in wild, accusatory accents, when she recognized the benign countenance.

"What do you say? I have robbed you?" he exclaimed, very much astonished.

"No, no! not you! You wouldn't do such a thing!" she stammered forth, while Atkins, who had laughed himself weak at Mr. Ducklow's plight earlier in the morning, now laughed himself into a side-ache at Mrs. Ducklow's ludicrous mistake. "But did you—did you stop at my house? Have you seen our Thaddeus?"

"Here I be, Ma Ducklow!" piped a small voice; and Taddy, who had till then remained hidden, fearing punishment, peeped out of the chaise from behind the broad back of the minister.

"Taddy! Taddy! how came the carpet——"

"I pulled it up, huntin' for a marble," said Taddy, as she paused, overmastered by her emotions.

"And the—the thing tied up in a yaller wrapper?"

"Pa Ducklow took it."

"Ye sure?"

"Yes, I seen him!"

"O dear!" said Mrs. Ducklow, "I never was so beat! Mr. Grantley, I hope—excuse me—I didn't know what I was about! Taddy, you notty boy, what did you leave the house for? Be ye quite sure yer Pa Ducklow——"

Taddy repeated that he was quite sure, as he climbed from the chaise into Atkins's wagon. The minister smilingly remarked that he hoped she would find no robbery had been committed, and went his way. Atkins, driving back, and setting her and Taddy down at the Ducklow gate, answered her embarrassed "Much obleeged to ye," with a sincere "Not at all," considering the fun he had had a sufficient compensation for his trouble. And thus ended the morning's adventures, with the exception of an unimportant episode, in which Taddy, Mrs. Ducklow, and Mrs. Ducklow's rattan were the principal actors.

VII.

THE JOURNEY.

AT noon Mr. Ducklow returned.

"Did ye take the bonds?" was his wife's first question.

"Of course I did! Ye don't suppose I'd go away and leave 'em in the house, not knowin' when you'd be comin' home?"

"Wal, I didn't know. And I didn't know whuther to believe Taddy or not. Oh, I've had such a fright!"

And she related the story of her pursuit of the minister.

"How could ye make such a fool of yerself? It'll git all over town, and I shall be mortified to death. Jest like a woman, to get frightened!"

If *you* hadn't got frightened, and made a fool of *yourself*, yelling fire, 't wouldn't have happened!" retorted Mrs. Ducklow.

"Wal! wal! say no more about it! The bonds are safe."

"I was in hopes you'd change 'em for them registered bonds Reuben spoke of."

"I did try to, but they told me to the bank it couldn't be did. Then I asked 'em if they would keep 'em for me, and they said they wouldn't object to lockin' on 'em up in their safe; but they wouldn't give me no receipt, nor hold themselves responsible for 'em. I didn't know what else to do, so I handed 'em the bonds to keep."

"I want to know if you did now!" exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow, disapprovingly.

"Why not? What else could I do? I didn't want to lug 'em around with me forever. And as for keepin' 'em hid in the house, we've tried that!" and Ducklow unfolded his weekly newspaper.

Mrs. Ducklow was placing the dinner on the table, with a look which seemed to say, "*I* wouldn't have left the bonds in the bank; *my* judgment would have been better than all that. If they are lost, *I* sha'n't be to blame!" when suddenly Ducklow started and uttered a cry of consternation over his newspaper.

"Why, what have ye found?"

"Bank robbery!"

"Not *your* bank? Not the bank where *your* bonds——"

"Of course not; but in the very next town! The safe blown open with gunpowder! Five thousand dollars in Gov'ment bonds stole!"

"How strange!" said Mrs. Ducklow. "Now what did I tell ye?"

"I believe you're right," cried Ducklow, starting to his feet. "They'll be safer in my own house, or even in my own pocket!"

"If you was going to put 'em in any safe, why not put 'em in Josiah's? He's got a safe, ye know."

"So he has! We might drive over there and make a visit Monday, and ask him to lock up—yes, we might tell him and Laury all about it, and leave 'em in their charge."

"So we might!" said Mrs. Ducklow.

Laura was their daughter, and Josiah her husband, in whose honor and sagacity they placed unlimited confidence. The plan was resolved upon at once.

"To-morrow's Sunday," said Ducklow, pacing the floor. "If we leave the bonds in the bank over night, they must stay there till Monday."

"And Sunday is jest the day for burglars to operate!" added Mrs. Ducklow.

"I've a good notion—let me see!" said Ducklow, looking at the clock. "Twenty minutes after twelve! Bank closes at two! An hour and a half,—I believe I could git there in an hour and a half. I will. I'll take a bite and drive right back."

Which he accordingly did, and brought the tape-tied envelope home with him again. That night he slept with it under his pillow. The next day was Sunday; and although Mr. Ducklow did not like to have the bonds on his mind during sermon-time, and Mrs. Ducklow "dreaded dreadfully," as she said, "to look the minister in the face," they concluded that it was best, on the whole, to go to meeting, and carry the bonds. With the envelope once more in his breast-pocket, (stitched in this time by Mrs. Ducklow's own hand,) the farmer sat under the droppings of the sanctuary, and stared up at the good minister, but

without hearing a word of the discourse, his mind was so engrossed by worldly cares, until the preacher exclaimed vehemently, looking straight at Ducklow's pew,—

"What said Paul? 'I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, *except these bonds*.' '*Except these bonds*!' " he repeated, striking the Bible. "Can you, my hearers,—can you say, with Paul, 'Would that all were as I am, *except these bonds*?' "

A point which seemed for a moment so personal to himself, that Ducklow was filled with confusion, and would certainly have stammered out some foolish answer, had not the preacher passed on to other themes. As it was, Ducklow contented himself with glancing around to see if the congregation was looking at him, and carelessly passing his hand across his breast-pocket to make sure the bonds were still there.

Early the next morning, the old mare was harnessed, and Taddy's adopted parents set out to visit their daughter,—Mrs. Ducklow having postponed her washing for the purpose. It was afternoon when they arrived at their journey's end. Laura received them joyfully, but Josiah was not expected home until evening. Mr. Ducklow put the old mare in the barn, and fed her, and then went in to dinner, feeling very comfortable indeed.

"Josiah's got a nice place here. That's about as slick a little barn as ever I see. Always does me good to come over here and see you gettin' along so nicely, Laury."

"I wish you'd come oftener, then," said Laura.

"Wal, it's hard leavin' home, ye know. Have to git one of the Atkins boys to come and sleep with Taddy the night we're away."

"We shouldn't have come to-day, if it hadn't been for me," remarked Mrs. Ducklow. "Says I to your father, says I, 'I feel as if I wanted to go over and see Laury; it seems an age since I've seen her,' says I. 'Wal,' says he, 's'pos'n' we go!' says he. That was only last Saturday; and this morning we started."

"And it's no fool of a job to make the journey with the old mare!" said Ducklow.

"Why don't you drive a better horse?" said Laura,

whose pride was always touched when her parents came to visit her with the old mare and the one-horse wagon.

"O, she answers my purpose. Hoss-flesh is high, Laury. Have to economize, these times."

"I'm sure there's no need of your economizing!" exclaimed Laura, leading the way to the dining-room. "Why don't you use your money, and have the good of it?"

"So I tell him," said Mrs. Ducklow, faintly.—"Why, Laury! I didn't want you to be to so much trouble to git dinner jest for us! A bite would have answered. Do see, father!"

VIII.

WHAT MR. DUCKLOW CARRIED IN THE ENVELOPE.

AT evening Josiah came home; and it was not until then that Ducklow mentioned the subject which was foremost in his thoughts.

"What do ye think o' Government bonds, Josiah?" he incidentally inquired, after supper.

"First-rate!" said Josiah.

"About as safe as anything, a'n't they?" said Ducklow, encouraged.

"Safe?" cried Josiah. "Just look at the resources of this country! Nobody has begun yet to appreciate the power and undeveloped wealth of these United States. It's a big rebellion, I know; but we're going to put it down. It'll leave us a big debt, very sure; but we handle it now easy as that child lifts that stool. It makes him grunt and stagger a little, not because he isn't strong enough for it, but because he don't understand his own strength, or how to use it: he'll have twice the strength, and know just how to apply it, in a little while. Just so with this country. It makes me laugh to hear folks talk about repudiation and bankruptcy."

"But s'pos'n' we do put down the rebellion, and the States come back: then what's to hender the South, and

Secesh sympathizers in the North, from j'inin' hands and votin' that the debt sha'n't be paid?"

"Don't you worry about that! Do ye suppose we're going to be such fools as to give the rebels, after we've whipped 'em, the same political power they had before the war? Not by a long chalk! Sooner than that, we'll put the ballot into the hands of the freedmen. They're our friends. They've fought on the right side, and they'll vote on the right side. I tell ye, spite of all the prejudice there is against black skins, we a'n't such a nation of ninnies as to give up all we're fighting for, and leave our best friends and allies, not to speak of our own interests, in the hands of our enemies."

"You consider Gov'ments a good investment, then, do ye?" said Ducklow, growing radiant.

"I do, decidedly,—the very best. Besides, you help the Government; and that's no small consideration."

"So I thought. But how is it about the cowpon bonds? A'n't they ruther ticklish property to have in the house?"

"Well, I don't know. Think how many years you'll keep old bills and documents and never dream of such a thing as losing them! There's not a bit more danger with the bonds. I shouldn't want to carry 'em around with me, to any great amount,—though I did once carry three thousand-dollar bonds in my pocket for a week. I didn't mind it."

"Curi's!" said Ducklow: "I've got three thousan'-dollar bonds in my pocket this minute!"

"Well, it's so much good property," said Josiah, appearing not at all surprised at the circumstance.

"Seems to me, though, if I had a safe, as you have, I should lock 'em up in it."

"I was traveling that week. I locked 'em up pretty soon after I got home, though."

"Suppose," said Ducklow, as if the thought had but just occurred to him,—“suppose you put my bonds into your safe: I shall feel easier.”

"Of course," replied Josiah. "I'll keep 'em for you, if you like."

"It will be an accommodation. They'll be safe, will they?"

"Safe as mine are; safe as anybody's: I'll insure 'em for twenty-five cents."

Ducklow was happy. Mrs. Ducklow was happy. She took her husband's coat, and with a pair of scissors cut the threads that stitched the envelope to the pocket.

"Have you torn off the May coupons?" asked Josiah.

"No."

"Well, you'd better. They'll be payable now soon; and if you take them, you won't have to touch the bonds again till the interest on the November coupons is due."

"A good idee!" said Ducklow.

He took the envelope, untied the tape, and removed its contents. Suddenly the glow of comfort, the gleam of satisfaction, faded from his countenance.

"Hello! What ye got there?" cried Josiah.

"Why, father! massy sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow.

As for Ducklow himself, he could not utter a word; but, dumb with consternation, he looked again in the envelope, and opened and turned inside out, and shook, with trembling hands, its astonishing contents. The bonds were not there: they had been stolen, and three copies of the "Sunday Visitor" had been inserted in their place.

IX.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

VERY early on the following morning a dismal-faced middle-aged couple might have been seen riding away from Josiah's house. It was the Ducklows returning home, after their fruitless, their worse than fruitless, journey. No entreaties could prevail upon them to prolong their visit. It was with difficulty even that they had been prevented from setting off immediately on the discovery of their loss, and traveling all night, in their impatience to get upon the track of the missing bonds.

"There'll be not the least use in going to-night," Josiah had said. "If they were stolen at the bank, you can't do anything about it till to-morrow. And even if they were

taken from your own house, I don't see what's to be gained now by hurrying back. It isn't probable you'll ever see 'em again, and you may just as well take it easy,—go to bed and sleep on 't, and get a fresh start in the morning."

So, much against their inclination, the unfortunate owners of the abstracted bonds retired to the luxurious chamber Laura gave them, and lay awake all night, groaning and sighing, wondering and surmising, and (I regret to add) blaming each other. So true it is, that "modern conveniences," hot and cold water all over the house, a pier-glass, and the most magnificently canopied couch, avail nothing to give tranquillity to the harassed mind. Hitherto the Ducklows had felt great satisfaction in the style their daughter, by her marriage, was enabled to support. To brag of her nice house and furniture and two servants was almost as good as possessing them. Remembering her rich dining-room and silver service and porcelain, they were proud. Such things were enough for the honor of the family; and, asking nothing for themselves, they slept well in their humblest of bed-chambers, and sipped their tea contentedly out of clumsy earthen. But that night the boasted style in which their "darter" lived was less appreciated than formerly: fashion and splendor were no longer a consolation.

"If we had only given the three thousan' dollars to Reuben!" said Ducklow, driving homewards with a countenance as long as his whip-lash. "'Twould have jest set him up, and been some compensation for his sufferin's and losses goin' to the war."

"Wal, I had no objections," replied Mrs. Ducklow. "I always thought he ought to have the money eventooally. And, as Miss Beswick said, no doubt it would a' been ten times the comfort to him now it would be a number o' years from now. But you didn't seem willing."

"I don't know! 'twas you that wasn't willin'!"

And they expatiated on Reuben's merits, and their benevolent intentions towards him, and, in imagination, endowed him with the price of the bonds over and over again: so easy is it to be generous with lost money!

"But it's no use talkin'!" said Ducklow. "I ha'n't the least idee we shall ever see the color o' them bonds

again. If they was stole to the bank, I can't prove anything."

"It does seem strange to me," Mrs. Ducklow replied, "that you should have had no more gumption than to trust the bonds with strangers, when they told you in so many words they wouldn't be responsible."

"If you have flung that in my teeth once, you have fifty times!" And Ducklow lashed the old mare, as if she, and not Mrs. Ducklow, had exasperated him.

"Wal," said the lady, "I don't see how we're going to work to find 'em, now they're lost, without making inquiries; and we can't make inquiries without letting it be known we had bought."

"I been thinkin' about that," said her husband. "O dear!" with a groan; "I wish the pesky cowpon bonds had never been invented!"

They drove first to the bank, where they were of course told that the envelope had not been untied there. "Besides, it was sealed, wasn't it?" said the cashier. "Indeed!" He expressed great surprise, when informed that it was not. "It should have been: I supposed any child would know enough to look out for that!"

And this was all the consolation Ducklow could obtain.

"Just as I expected," said Mrs. Ducklow, as they resumed their journey. "I just as much believe that man stole your bonds as that you trusted 'em in his hands in an unsealed wrapper! Beats all how you could be so careless!"

"Wal, wal! I s'pose I never shall hear the last on 't!"

And again the poor old mare had to suffer for Mrs. Ducklow's offences.

They had but one hope now,—that perhaps Taddy had tampered with the envelope, and that the bonds might be found somewhere about the house. But this hope was quickly extinguished on their arrival. Taddy, being accused, protested his innocence with a vehemence which convinced even Mr. Ducklow that the cashier was probably the guilty party.

"Unless," said he, brandishing the rattan, "somebody got into the house that morning when the little scamp run off to ride with the minister!"

"Oh, don't lick me for that! I've been licked for that once! ha'n't I, Ma Ducklow?" shrieked Taddy.

The house was searched in vain. No clew to the purloined securities could be obtained,—the copies of the "Sunday Visitor," which had been substituted for them, affording not the least; for that valuable little paper was found in almost every household, except Ducklow's.

"I don't see any way left but to advertise, as Josiah said," remarked the farmer, with a deep sigh of despondency.

"And that'll bring it all out!" exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow. "If you only hadn't been so imprudent!"

"Wal, wal!" said Ducklow, cutting her short.

X.

REUBEN'S MISFORTUNE.

BEFORE resorting to public measures for the recovery of the stolen property, it was deemed expedient to acquaint their friends with their loss in a private way. The next day, accordingly, they went to pay Reuben a visit. It was a very different meeting from that which took place a few mornings before. The returned soldier had gained in health, but not in spirits. The rapture of reaching home once more, the flush of hope and happiness, had passed away with the visitors who had flocked to offer their congratulations. He had had time to reflect: he had reached home, indeed; but now every moment reminded him how soon that home was to be taken from him. He looked at his wife and children, and clenched his teeth hard to stifle the emotions that arose at the thought of their future. The sweet serenity, the faith and patience and cheerfulness, which never ceased to illumine Sophronia's face as she moved about the house, pursuing her daily tasks, and tenderly waiting upon him, deepened at once his love and his solicitude. He was watching her thus when the Ducklows entered with countenances mournful as the grave.

"How are you gittin' along, Reuben?" said Ducklow,

while his wife murmured a solemn "good morning" to Sophronia.

"I am doing well enough. Don't be at all concerned about me! It a'n't pleasant to lie here, and feel it may be months, months, before I'm able to be about my business; but I wouldn't mind it,—I could stand it first-rate,—I could stand anything, anything, but to see her working her life out for me and the children! To no purpose, either; that's the worst of it. We shall have to lose this place, spite of fate!"

"Oh, Reuben!" said Sophronia, hastening to him, and laying her soothing hands upon his hot forehead; "why won't you stop thinking about that? Do try to have more faith! We shall be taken care of, I'm sure!"

"If I had three thousand dollars,—yes, or even two,—then I'd have faith!" said Reuben. "Miss Beswick has proposed to send a subscription-paper around town for us; but I'd rather die than have it done. Besides, nothing near that amount could be raised, I'm confident. You needn't groan so, Pa Ducklow, for I a'n't hinting at you. I don't expect you to help me out of my trouble. If you had felt called upon to do it, you'd have done it before now; and I don't ask, I don't beg of any man!" added the soldier, proudly.

"That's right; I like yer sperit!" said the miserable Ducklow. "But I was sighin' to think of something,—something you haven't known anything about, Reuben."

"Yes, Reuben, we should have helped you," said Mrs. Ducklow, "and did, did take steps towards it——"

"In fact," resumed Ducklow, "you've met with a great misfortin', Reuben. Unbeknown to yourself, you've met with a great misfortin'! Yer Ma Ducklow knows."

"Yes, Reuben, the very day you come home, your Pa Ducklow made an investment for your benefit. We didn't mention it,—you know I wouldn't own up to it, though I didn't exactly say the contrary, the morning we was over here——"

"Because," said Ducklow, as she faltered, "we wanted to surprise you; we was keepin' it a secret till the right time, then we was goin' to make it a pleasant surprise to ye."

"What in the name of common-sense are you talking about?" cried Reuben, looking from one to the other of the wretched, prevaricating pair.

"Cowpon bonds!" groaned Ducklow. "Three thousand-dollar cowpon bonds! The money had been lent, but I wanted to make a good investment for you, and I thought there was nothin' so good as Gov'ments——"

"That's all right," said Reuben. "Only, if you had money to invest for my benefit, I should have preferred to pay off the mortgage the first thing."

"Sartin! sartin!" said Ducklow; "and you could have turned the bonds right in, if you had so chosen, like so much cash. Or you could have drawn your interest on the bonds in gold, and paid the interest on your mortgage in currency, and made so much, as I rather thought you would."

"But the bonds?" eagerly demanded Reuben, with trembling hopes, just as Miss Beswick, with her shawl over her head, entered the room.

"We was just telling about our loss, Reuben's loss," said Mrs. Ducklow, in a manner which betrayed no little anxiety to conciliate that terrible woman.

"Very well! don't let me interrupt." And Miss Beswick, slipping the shawl from her head, sat down.

Her presence, stiff and prim and sarcastic, did not tend in the least to relieve Mr. Ducklow from the natural embarrassment he felt in giving his version of Reuben's loss. However, assisted occasionally by a judicious remark thrown in by Mrs. Ducklow, he succeeded in telling a sufficiently plausible and candid-seeming story.

"I see! I see!" said Reuben, who had listened with astonishment and pain to the narrative. "You had kinder intentions towards me than I gave you credit for. Forgive me, if I wronged you!" He pressed the hand of his adopted father, and thanked him from a heart filled with gratitude and trouble. "But don't feel so bad about it. You did what you thought best. I can only say, the fates are against me."

XI.

TADDY'S FINANCIAL OPERATIONS.

"HEM!" coughing, Miss Beswick stretched up her long neck and cleared her throat. "So them bonds you had bought for Reuben was in the house the very night I called!"

"Yes, Miss Beswick," replied Mrs. Ducklow; "and that's what made it so uncomfortable to us to have you talk the way you did."

"Hem!" The neck was stretched up still farther than before, and the redoubtable throat cleared again. "'Twas too bad! Ye ought to have told me. You'd actooally bought the bonds,—bought 'em for Reuben, had ye?"

"Sartin! sartin!" said Ducklow.

"To be sure!" said Mrs. Ducklow.

"We designed 'em for his benefit, a surprise, when the right time come," said both together.

"Hem! well!" (It was evident that the Beswick was clearing her decks for action.) "When the right time come! yes! That right time wasn't somethin' indefinite, in the fur futur', of course! Yer losin' the bonds didn't hurry up yer benevolence the least grain, I s'pose! Hem! let in them boys, Sophrony!"

Sophronia opened the door, and in walked Master Dick Atkins, (son of the brush-burner,) followed, not without reluctance and concern, by Master Taddy.

"Thaddeus! what you here for?" demanded the adopted parents.

"Because I said so," remarked Miss Beswick, arbitrarily. "Step along, boys, step along. Hold up yer head, Taddy, for ye a'n't goin' to be hurt while I'm around. Take yer fists out o' yer eyes, and stop blubberin'. Mr. Ducklow, that boy knows somethin' about Reuben's cowpon bonds."

"Thaddeus!" ejaculated both Ducklows at once, "did you touch them bonds?"

"Didn't know what they was!" whimpered Taddy.

"Did you take them?" And the female Ducklow grasped his shoulder.

"Hands off, if you please!" remarked Miss Beswick, with frightfully gleaming courtesy. "I told him, if he'd be a good boy, and come along with Richard, and tell the truth, he shouldn't be hurt. *If* you please," she repeated, with a majestic nod; and Mrs. Ducklow took her hands off.

"Where are they now? where are they?" cried Ducklow, rushing headlong to the main question.

"Don't know," said Taddy.

"Don't know? you villain!" And Ducklow was rising in wrath. But Miss Beswick put up her hand deprecatingly.

"If *you* please!" she said, with grim civility; and Ducklow sank down again.

"What did you do with 'em? what did you want of 'em?" said Mrs. Ducklow, with difficulty restraining an impulse to wring his neck.

"To cover my kite," confessed the miserable Taddy.

"Cover your kite! your kite!" A chorus of groans from the Ducklows. "Didn't you know no better?"

"Didn't think you'd care," said Taddy. "I had some newspapers Dick give me to cover it; but I thought them things 'u'd be pootier. So I took 'em, and put the newspapers in the wrapper."

"Did ye cover yer kite?"

"No. When I found you cared so much about 'em, I dars'n't; I was afraid you'd see 'em."

"Then what *did* you do with 'em?"

"When you was away, Dick come over to sleep with me, and I—I sold 'em to him!"

"Sold 'em to Dick!"

"Yes," spoke up Dick, stoutly, "for six marbles, and one was a bull's-eye, and one agate, and two alleles. Then, when you come home and made such a fuss, he wanted 'em ag'in. But he wouldn't give me back but four, and I wa'n't going to agree to no such nonsense as that."

"I'd lost the bull's-eye and one common," whined Taddy.

"But the bonds! did you destroy 'em?"

"Likely I'd destroy 'em, after I'd paid six marbles for 'em!" said Dick. "I wanted 'em to cover *my* kite with."

"Cover *your*—oh! then *you've* made a kite of 'em?" said Ducklow.

"Well, I was going to, when Aunt Beswick ketched me at it. She made me tell where I got 'em, and took me over to your house jest now; and Taddy said you was over here, and so she put ahead, and made us foller her."

Again, in an agony of impatience, Ducklow demanded to know where the bonds were at that moment.

"If Taddy'll give me back the marbles," began Master Dick.

"That'll do!" said Miss Beswick, silencing him with a gesture. "Reuben will give you twenty marbles; for I believe you said they was Reuben's bonds, Mr. Ducklow?"

"Yes, that is—" stammered the adopted father.

"Eventooally," struck in the adopted mother.

"Now look here! What am I to understand? Be they Reuben's bonds, or be they not? That's the question!" And there was that in Miss Beswick's look which said, "If they are not Reuben's, then your eyes shall never behold them more!"

"Of course they're Reuben's!" "We intended all the while—" "His benefit—" "To do jest what he pleases with 'em," chorused Pa and Ma Ducklow.

"Wal! now it's understood! Here, Reuben, are your cowpon bonds!"

And Miss Beswick, drawing them from her bosom, placed the precious documents, with formal politeness, in the glad soldier's agitated hands.

"Glory!" cried Reuben, assuring himself that they were genuine and real. "Sophrony, you've got a home!" Ruby, Carrie, you've got a home! Miss Beswick! you angel from the skies! order a bushel and a half of marbles for Dick, and have the bill sent to me! Oh, Pa Ducklow! you never did a nobler or more generous thing in your life. These will lift the mortgage, and leave me a nest-egg besides. Then when I get my back pay, and my pension, and my health again, we shall be independent."

And the soldier, overcome by his feelings, sank back in the arms of his wife.

"We always told you we'd do well by ye, you remember?" said the Ducklows, triumphantly.

The news went abroad. Again congratulations poured in upon the returned volunteer. Everybody rejoiced in his good fortune,—especially certain rich ones, who had been dreading to see Miss Beswick come round with her proposed subscription paper.

Among the rest, the Ducklows rejoiced not the least; for selfishness was with them, as it is with many, rather a thing of habit than a fault of the heart. The catastrophe of the bonds broke up that life-long habit, and revealed good hearts underneath. The consciousness of having done an act of justice, although by accident, proved very sweet to them: it was really a fresh sensation; and Reuben and his dear little family, saved from ruin and distress, happy, thankful, glad, was a sight to their old eyes such as they had never witnessed before. Not gold itself, in any quantity, at the highest premium, could have given them so much satisfaction; and as for coupon bonds, they are not to be mentioned in the comparison.

"Won't you do well by me some time, too?" teased little Taddy, who overheard his adopted parents congratulating themselves on having acted so generously by Reuben. "I don't care for no cowpen bonds, but I do want a new drum!"

"Yes, yes, my son!" said Ducklow, patting the boy's shoulder.

And the drum was bought.

Taddy was delighted. But he did not know what made the Ducklows so much happier, so much gentler and kinder, than formerly. Do you?

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE FIRST VISIT TO WASHINGTON.....	63
THE WILDERNESS	83
THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.....	99
MADAM WALDOBOROUGH'S CARRIAGE	121
PENDLAM: A MODERN REFORMER	157
ANDY'S ADVENTURES.....	195
THE TURNING OF THE LEAF.....	221
A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.....	229

THE FIRST VISIT TO WASHINGTON.

THE FIRST VISIT TO WASHINGTON.

ONE chill morning in the autumn of 1826, in the town of Keene, New Hampshire, lights might have been seen at an unusually early hour in the windows of a yellow one-story-and-a-half house, that stood—and still stands, perhaps—on the corner of the main street and the Swanzey road.

There was living in that house a blind widow, the mother of a large family of children, now mostly scattered; and the occasion of the unseasonable lights was the departure from home of a son yet left to her, upon a long and uncertain adventure.

He was a young man, eighteen years old, just out of college. Graduating at Darmouth, he had brought away from that institution something better than book-learning, —a deep religious experience, which was to be his support through trials now quickly to come, and through a subsequent prosperity more dangerous to the soul than trials. He had been bred a farmer's boy. He was poor, and had his living to get. And he was now going out into the world, he scarcely knew whither, to see what prizes were to be won. In person he was tall, slender, slightly bent; shy and diffident in his manners; in his appearance a little green and awkward. He had an impediment in his speech also. His name—it is an odd one, but you may perhaps have heard it—was Salmon.

He had been up long before day, making preparations for the journey. His mother was up also, busily assisting him, though blind,—her intelligent hands placing together the linen that was to remind him affectingly of her, when unpacked in a distant city.

A singular hush was upon the little household, though all were so active. The sisters moved about noiselessly by candle-light, their pale cheeks and constrained lips betraying the repressed emotion. The early breakfast was eaten

in silence,—anxious eyes looking up now and then at the clock. It was only when the hour for the starting of the stage struck that all seemed suddenly to remember that there were a thousand things to be said; and so the last moments were crowded with last words.

“Your blessing, mother!” said Salmon, (for we shall call the youth by the youth’s name,) bending before her with his heart chokingly full.

She rose up from her chair. Her right hand held his; the other was laid lovingly over his neck. Her blind eyes were turned upward prayerfully, and tears streamed from them as she spoke and blessed him. Then a last embrace; and he hurried forth from the house, his cheeks still wet,—not with his own tears.

The stage took him up. He climbed to the driver’s seat. Then again the dull clank of the lumbering coach-wheels was heard,—a heavy sound to the mother’s ears. In the dim, still light of the frosty morning he turned and waved back his farewell to her who could not see, took his last look at the faces at the door, and so departed from that home forever. The past was left behind him, with all its dear associations; and before him rose the future, chill, uncertain, yet not without gleams of rosy brightness, like the dawn then breaking upon Monadnock’s misty head.

Thus went forth the young man into the world, seeking his fortune. Conscious of power, courageous, shrinking from no hardship, palpitating with young dreams, he felt that he had his place off yonder somewhere, beneath that brightening sky, beyond those purple hills,—but where?

In due time he arrived in New York; but something within assured him that here was not the field of his fortunes. So he went on to Philadelphia. There he made a longer stop. He had a letter of introduction to the Rev. Mr.—, who received him with hospitality, and used his influence to assist him in gaining a position. But the door of Providence did not open yet: Philadelphia was not that door: his path led farther.

So he kept on, still drawn by that magnet which we call Destiny. He went to Frederick: still the invisible finger pointed on. At last there was but one more step.

He secured a seat in the stage going down the Frederick road to Washington.

Years after he was to approach the capital of the nation with far different prospects! But this was his first visit. It was at the close of a bleak day, late in November, that he came in sight of the city. The last tint of daylight was fading from a sullen sky. The dreary twilight was setting in. Cold blew the wind from over the Maryland hills. The trees were leafless; they shook and whistled in the blast. Gloom was shutting down upon the capital. The city wore a dismal and forbidding aspect; and the whole landscape was desolate and discouraging in the extreme. Here was mud, in which the stage-coach lurched and rolled as it descended the hills. Yonder was the watery spread of the Potomac, gray, cold, dimly seen under the shadow of coming night. Between this mud and that water what was there for him? Yet here was his destination.

Years after there dwelt in Washington a man high in position, wielding a power that was felt not only throughout this nation, but in Europe also,—his hand dispensing benefits, his door thronged by troops of friends. But now it was a city of strangers he was entering, a youth. Of all the dwellers there he knew not a living soul. There was no one to dispense favors to *him*,—to receive *him* with cheerful look and cordial grasp of the hand. A heavy foreboding settled upon his spirit, as the darkness settled upon the bills. Here he was, alone and unknown,—a bashful boy as yet, utterly wanting in that ready audacity by means of which persons of extreme shallowness often push themselves into notice. Well might he foresee days of gloom, long days of waiting and struggle, stretching like the landscape before him!

But he was not disheartened. From the depths of his spirit arose a hope, like a bubble from a deep spring. That spring was FAITH. There, in that dull, bleak November twilight, he seemed to feel the hand of Providence take hold of his. And a prayer rose to his lips,—a prayer of earnest supplication for guidance and support. Was that prayer answered?

The stage rumbled through the naked suburbs and along the unlighted streets.

"Where do you stop?" asked the driver.

"Set me down at a boarding-house, if you know of a good one." For Salmon could not afford to go to a hotel.

"What sort of a boarding-house? I know of a good many. Some's right smart,—'ristocratic, and 'ristocratic prices. Then there's some good enough in every way, only not quite so smart,—and with this advantage, you don't have the smartness to pay for."

"I prefer to go to a good house, where there are nice people, without too much smartness to be put into the bill."

"I know jest the kind of place, I reckon!"—and the driver whipped up his jaded horses.

He drew up before a respectable-looking wooden tenement on Pennsylvania Avenue, the windows of which, just lighted up, looked warm and inviting to the chilled and weary traveler.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Markham!" said the driver to a kindly-looking lady who came to the door at his knock. "Got room for a boarder?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I'm afraid not," said the lady, loud enough for Salmon to hear and be discouraged. "There's only half a room unoccupied,—if he would be content with that, and if he's the right sort of person——"

Here she said something in a whisper to the driver, who apparently pointed out Salmon to her inspection.

But it was too dark for her to decide whether he would do to put into the room with Williams; so Salmon had to get down and show himself. She examined him, and he inquired her terms. They appeared mutually satisfied. Accordingly the driver received directions to deposit Salmon's baggage in the entry; and the hungry and benumbed young traveler had the comfort of feeling that he had reached a home.

Grateful at finding a kind woman's face to welcome him,—glad of the opportunity to economize his slender means by sharing a room with another person, strongly recommended as "very quiet" by Mrs. Markham,—Salmon washed his face, combed his hair, and ate his first supper in Washington. He has eaten better suppers there since, no doubt,—but not many, I fancy, that have been

sweetened by a more devout sense of reliance upon Providence.

Williams was a companionable person, who had a place in the Treasury Department, and talked freely about the kind of work he had to do, and the salary.

"Eight hundred a year!" thought Salmon, deeming that man enviable who had constant employment, an assured position, and eight hundred a year. *His* ambition was to get a living simply,—to place his foot upon some certainty, however humble, with freedom from this present gnawing anxiety, and with a prospect of rising, he cared not how slowly, to the place which he felt belonged to him in the future. Little did he dream what that place was, when he questioned Williams so curiously as to what sort of thing the Treasury Department might be.

"If I could be sure of half that salary,—or even of three, or two hundred, just enough to pay my expenses, the first year,—I should be perfectly happy!"

"Haven't you any idea what you are going to do?"

"None whatever."

"What *can* you do?"

"For one thing, I can teach. I think I shall try that."

"You'll find it a mighty hard place to get pupils!" said Williams, with a dubious smile.

Which rather gloomy prediction Salmon had to think of before going to bed.

But soon another subject, which he deemed of far greater importance, occupied his mind. He had of late been seriously considering whether it was his duty to continue his private devotions openly, or in secret,—and had concluded, that, when occasion seemed to require it, he ought to make an open manifestation of his faith. Here now was a test for his conscience. His roommate showed no signs of going out again that night: he had pulled off his boots, put on his slippers, and lighted his pipe. Salmon had already inferred, from the tone of his conversation, that he was not a person who could sympathize with him in his religious sentiments. Yet he must kneel there in his presence, if he knelt at all. It was not the fear of ridicule, but a certain sensitiveness of spirit, which caused him to shrink from the act. He did not hesitate long,

68 The First Visit to Washington.

however. He turned, and knelt by his chair. Williams took the pipe out of his mouth, and looked at him over his shoulder with curious amazement. Not a word was spoken. Salmon, feeling that he had no right to intrude his devotions upon the ear of another, prayed silently; and Williams, compelled to respect the courageous, yet quiet manner in which he performed what he regarded as a solemn duty, kept his astonishment to himself.

Then Salmon arose, and went to bed for that first time in Washington under Mrs. Markham's roof.

On the twenty-third of December, 1826, the following advertisement appeared in the columns of the "National Intelligencer:—"

"SELECT CLASSICAL SCHOOL.

"The Subscriber intends opening a Select Classical School, in the Western part of the City, to commence on the second Monday in January. His number of pupils will be limited to twenty, which will enable him to devote a much larger portion of his time and attention than ordinary to each individual student. Instruction will be given in all the studies preparatory to entering College, or, if desired, in any of the higher branches of a classical education. The subscriber pledges himself that no effort shall be wanting on his part to promote both the moral and intellectual improvement of those who may be confided to his care. He may be found at his room, three doors west of Brown's Hotel. Reference may be made to the Hon. Henry Clay; Hon. D. Chase and Hon. H. Seymour, of the Senate; Hon. I. Bartlett and Hon. William C. Bradley, of the House of Representatives; Rev. Wm. Hawley and Rev. E. Allen.

"SALMON——.

"Dec. 23—3td & eotJ8."

The "Hon. Henry Clay" was then Secretary of State. The "Hon. D. Chase" referred to was Salmon's uncle Dudley, then United States Senator from Vermont. Congress was now in session, and he had arrived in town. He

was a man of great practical sagacity, and kept a true heart beating under an exterior which appeared sometimes austere and eccentric. He had the year before been a second time elected to the Senate; and when he was on his way to Washington, Salmon had gone over from Hanover to Woodstock to meet him. They occupied the same room at the tavern, and the uncle had given the nephew some very good advice. What he said of the human passions was characteristic of the man; and it made a strong impression upon the mind of the youth:—

“A man’s passions are given him for good, and not evil. They are not to be destroyed, but controlled. If they get the mastery, they destroy the man; but kept in their place, they are sources of power and happiness.”

And he used this illustration, which, though the same thing has been said by others, remains, nevertheless, fresh as truth itself:—

“The passions are the winds that fill our sails; but the helmsman must be faithful, if we would avoid shipwreck, and reach the happy port at last.”

Salmon had remembered well these words of his uncle, and the night spent with him at the Woodstock inn. Hearing of his arrival in Washington, he had called on him at his boarding-house. The Senator received him kindly, listened to his plans, approved them, and helped him to procure the references named in the advertisement.

Day after day the advertisement appeared; and day after day Salmon waited for pupils. But his room, “three doors west of Brown’s Hotel,” remained unvisited. Sometimes, at first, when there came a knock at Mrs. Markham’s door, his heart gave a bound of expectation; but it was never a knock for him.

So went out the old year, drearily enough for Salmon. He had made the acquaintance of several people; but friends he had none. There was nobody to whom he could open his heart,—for he was not one of those persons “of so loose soul” that they hasten to pour out their troubles and appeal for sympathy to the first chance-comer. In the meantime the advertisement was to be paid for, barren of benefit though it had been to him. There was also his board-bill to be settled at the end of each week; and

Salmon saw his slender purse grow lank and lanker than ever, with no means within his reach of replenishing it.

The new year came; but it brought no brightening skies to him. Lonely enough those days were! When tired of waiting in his room, he would go out and walk,—always alone. He strolled up and down the Potomac, and sometimes crossed over to the Virginia shore, and climbed the brown, wooded banks there, and listened to the clamor of the crows in the leafless oak-trees. There was something in their wild cawing, in the desolateness of the fields, in the rush of the cold river, that suited his mood. It was winter in his spirit too, just then.

Sometimes he visited the halls of Congress, and saw the great legislators of those days. There was something here that fed his heart. Wintry as his prospects were, the sun still shone overhead; his courage never failed him; he never gave way to weak repining; and when he entered those halls,—when he saw the deep fire in the eyes of Webster, and heard the superb thunder of his voice,—when he listened to the witty and terrible invectives of Randolph, that “meteor of Congress,” as Benton calls him, and watched the electric effect of the “long and skinny forefinger” pointed and shaken,—when charmed by this speaker, or convinced by that, or roused to indignation by another,—there was kindled a sense of power within his own breast, a fire prophetic of his future.

On returning home, he would look on his table for communications, or he would ask, “Has anybody called for me to-day?” But there was never any letter; and Mrs. Markham’s gentle response always was, “No one, Sir.”

The thirteenth of January passed,—his birthday. He was now nineteen. When the world is bright before us, birthdays are not unpleasant. But to feel that your time is slipping away from you, with nothing accomplishing,—to see no rainbow of promise in the clouds,—to walk the streets of a lonely city, and think of home,—these things make a birthday sad and solitary.

At last his money was all gone. The prospect was more than dismal,—it was appalling. What was he to do?

Should he borrow of his uncle? "Not unless it be to keep me from starvation!" was his proud resolve.

Should he apply to his mother? The remembrance of what she had already done for him was as much as his heart could bear. Her image, venerable, patient, blind, was before him: he recalled the sacrifices she had made for his sake, postponing her own comfort, and accepting pain and privation, in order that her boy might have an education; and he was filled with remorse at the thought that he had never before fully appreciated all that love and devotion. For so it is: seldom, until too late, comes any true recognition of such sacrifices. But when she who made them is no longer with us,—too often, alas, when she has passed forever beyond the reach of filial gratitude and affection,—we awake at once to a realization of her worth and of our loss.

What Salmon did was to make a confidant of Mrs. Markham; for he felt that she at least ought to know his resources.

"This is all I have for the present," he said to her one day, when paying his week's bill. "I thought you ought to know. I do not wish to appear a swindler,"—with a gloomy smile.

"You a swindler!" exclaimed the good woman, with glistening eyes. "I would trust you as far as I would trust myself. If you haven't any money, never mind. You shall stay, and pay me when you can. Don't worry yourself at all. It will turn out right, I am sure. You'll have pupils yet."

"I trust so," said Salmon, touched by her kindness. "At all events, if my life is spared, you shall be paid some day. Now you know how I am situated; and if you choose to keep me longer on an uncertainty, I shall be greatly obliged to you."

His voice shook a little as he spoke.

"As long as you please," she replied.

Just then there was a knock.

"Maybe that is for you!"

And she hastened away, rather to conceal her emotion, I suspect, than in the hope of admitting a patron for her boarder.

She returned in a minute with shining countenance.

"A gentleman and his little boy, to see Mr.——! I have shown them into the parlor."

Salmon was amazed. Could it be true? A pupil at last! He gave a hurried glance at himself in the mirror, straightened his shirt-collar, gave his hair a touch, and descended, with beating heart, to meet his visitor.

He was dignified enough, however, on entering the parlor, and so cool you would never have suspected that he almost felt his fate depending upon this gentleman's business.

He was a Frenchman,—polite, affable, and of a manner so gracious, you would have said he had come to beg a favor, rather than to grant one.

"This is Mr.——? My name is Bonfils. This is my little boy. We have come to entreat of you the kindness to take him into your school."

"I will do so most gladly!" said Salmon, shaking the boy's hand.

"You are very good. We shall be greatly indebted to you. When does your school commence?"

"As soon, Sir, as I shall have engaged a sufficient number of pupils."

"Ah! you have not a great number, then?"

"I have none," Salmon was obliged to confess.

"None? You surprise me! I have seen your advertisement, I hear good things said of you,—why, then, no pupils?"

"I am hardly known yet. Allow me to count your son here my first, and I have no doubt but others will soon come in."

"Assuredly! Make your compliments to Mr.——, my son. I shall interest myself. I think I shall send you some pupils. In meantime, my son will wait."

And with many expressions of goodwill the cheerful Monsieur Bonfils withdrew.

This was a gleam of hope. The door of Providence had opened just a crack.

It opened no farther, however. No more pupils came. Salmon waited. Day after glided by like sand under his feet. He could not afford even to advertise now. He

was getting fearfully in debt; and debt is always a nightmare to a generous and upright mind.

"Any pupils yet?" asked Monsieur Bonfils, meeting him, one day, in the street.

"Not one!" said Salmon, with gloomy emphasis.

"Ah, that is unfortunate!"

He expected nothing less than that the Frenchman would add,—“Then I must place my son elsewhere.” But no; he was polite as ever; he was charming.

“You should have many before now. I have spoken for you to my friends. But patience, my dear Sir. You will succeed. In meantime we will wait.”

And with a cordial hand-shake, and a Parisian flourish, he smilingly passed on, leaving a gleam of sunshine on the young man's path.

Now Salmon was one who would never, if he could help it, abandon an undertaking in which he had once embarked. But when convinced that persistence was hopeless, then, however reluctantly, he would give it up. On the present occasion, he was not only spending his time and exhausting his energies in a pursuit which grew each day more and more dubious, but his conscience was stung with the thought that he was wronging others. Kind as Mrs. Markham was to him, he did not like to look her in the face and feel that he owed her a debt which was always increasing, and which he knew not how he should ever pay.

“Why don't you get a place in the Department?” said Williams, that enviable fellow, who had light duties, several hours each day to himself, and eight hundred a year!

“That's more easily said than done!” And Salmon shook his head.

“No, it isn't!” The fortunate Williams sat with his legs upon the table, one foot on the other, a pipe in his mouth, and a book in his hand, enjoying himself. “You have an uncle in the Senate. Ask him to use his influence for you. He can get you a place.” And puffing a fragrant cloud complacently into the air, he returned to his pleasant reading.

Salmon walked the room. He went out and walked the street. A sore struggle was taking place in his breast.

Should he give up the school? Should he go and ask this thing of his uncle? Oh, for somebody to whom he could go for counsel and sympathy!

"Williams is perhaps right. I may wait a year, and not get another pupil. Meanwhile I am growing shabby. I need a new pair of boots. My washerwoman must be paid. Why not get a clerkship as a temporary thing, if nothing more? My uncle can get it for me, without any trouble to himself. It is not like asking him for money."

Yet he dreaded to trouble the Senator even thus much. Proud and sensitive natures do not like to beg favors, anyway.

"I'll wait one day longer. Then, if not a pupil applies, I'll go to my uncle."

He waited twenty-four hours. Not a pupil. Then, desperate and discouraged at last, Salmon buttoned his coat, and walked fast through the streets to his uncle's boarding-house.

It was evening. The Senator was at home.

"Well, Salmon?" inquiringly. "How do you get on?"

"Poorly," said Salmon, sitting down, with his hat on his knee.

"You must have patience, boy!" said the Senator, laying down a pamphlet open at the page where he was reading when his nephew came in. "Pluck and patience,—those are the two oars that pull the boat."

"I have patience enough, and I don't think I'm lacking in pluck," replied Salmon, coldly. "But one thing I lack, and am likely to lack,—pupils. I've only one, and I expect every day to lose him."

"Well, what can I do for you?" said the Senator, perceiving that his nephew had come for something.

"I would like to have you get me a place in the Treasury Department."

It was a minute before Dudley Chase replied. He took up the pamphlet, rolled it together, then threw it abruptly upon the table.

"Salmon," said he, "listen. I once got an appointment for a nephew of mine, and it ruined him. If you want

half-a-dollar with which to buy a spade, and go out and dig for your living, I'll give it to you cheerfully. But I will not get you a place under Government."

Salmon felt a choking sensation in his throat. He knew his uncle did not mean it for unkindness; but the sentence seemed hard. He arose, speechless for a moment, mechanically brushing his hat.

"Thank you. I will not trouble you for the half-dollar. I shall try to get along without the appointment. Good-night, uncle."

"Good-night, Salmon." Dudley accompanied him to the door. He must have seen what a blow he had given him. "You think me harsh," he added; "but the time will come when you will see that this is the best advice I could give you."

"Perhaps," said Salmon, stiffly; and he walked away, filled with disappointment and bitterness.

"Well, did he promise it?" asked Williams, who sat up awaiting his return.

He had been thinking he would like to have Salmon in his own room at the Department; but now, seeing how serious he looked, his own countenance fell.

"What! didn't he give you any encouragement?"

"On the other hand," said Salmon, "he advised me to buy a spade and go to digging for my living! And I shall do it before I ask again for an appointment."

Williams was astonished. He thought the Senator from Vermont must be insane.

But, after the lapse of a few years, perhaps he, too, saw that the uncle had given his nephew good advice indeed. Williams remained a clerk in the Department, and was never anything else. Perhaps, if Salmon had got the appointment he sought, he would have become a clerk like him, and would never have been anything else.

In a little more than twenty years Salmon was himself a Senator, and had the making of such clerks. And what happened a dozen years later? This: he who had once sought in vain a petty appointment was called to administer the finances of the nation. Instead of a clerk grown gray in the Department, to whom the irreverent youngsters might be saying to-day, "———, do this," or,

"——, do that," and he doeth it, he is himself the supreme ruler there. He could never have got *that* place by promotion in the Department itself. I mention this, not to speak slightly of clerkships,—for he who does his duty faithfully in any calling, however humble, is worthy of honor,—but to show that the ways of Providence are not our ways, and that often we are disappointed for our own good. Had a clerkship been what was in store for Salmon, he would have obtained it; but since, had he got it, he would probably have never been ready to give it up, how fortunate that he received instead the offer of fifty cents wherewith to purchase a spade!

It may be, when the new Secretary entered upon his duties, Williams was there still; for there were men in the Treasury who had been there a much longer term than from 1826 to 1861. I should like to know. I can fancy him, gray now, slightly bald, and rather round-shouldered, but cheerful as a cricket, introducing himself to the chief.

"My name is Williams. Don't you remember Williams,—boarded at Mrs. Markham's in '26 and '27, when you did?"

"What! David Williams? Are you here yet?"

"Yes, your Honor." (These old clerks all say, "Your Honor," in addressing the Secretary. The younger ones are not so respectful.) "I was never so lucky as to be turned out, and I was never quite prepared to leave. You have got in at last, I see! But it was necessary for you to make a wide circuit first, in order to come in at the top!"

Did such an interview ever take place, I wonder?

But we are talking of that evening so long ago, when Williams seemed the lucky one, and things looked so black to Salmon, after he had asked of his uncle bread, and received (as he then thought) a stone.

"Well, then I don't know what the deuce you *will* do!" said Williams, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

You would have said that his hopes of Salmon were like-wise ashes: he had entertained himself with them a little while; now they were burnt out; and he seemed to knock them out of his pipe, too, into the fire. He got up, yawned,

said he pitied——, and went to bed. In a little while his breathing denoted that he was fast asleep.

Salmon went to bed, too; but did he sleep?

Do not think, after all this, that he gave way to weak despondency. Something within him seemed to say, "What you have you must obtain through earnest struggle and endeavor. It is only commonplace people and weaklings who find the hinges of life all smoothly oiled. Great doors do not open so easily. Be brave, be strong, be great." It was the voice of Faith speaking within him.

The next morning he arose, more a man than he had ever felt before. This long and severe trial had been necessary to develop what was in him. His self-reliance, his strength of character, his faith in God's providence, —these were tried, and not found wanting.

Still the veil of the future remained impenetrable. Not a gleam of light shone through its sable folds. He could only watch for its uplifting, and sit still.

"A bad beginning makes a good ending," said Williams, one evening, to comfort him.

"Yes,—and a good beginning sometimes makes a bad ending. I had a lesson on that subject once. When I was about eleven years old, I started from Keene, with one of my sisters, to go and visit another sister, who was married and living at Hookset Falls, over on the Merrimac. It was in winter, and we set out in a sleigh with one horse. I was driver. My idea of sleighing was bells and fast driving; and I put the poor beast up to all he knew. We intended to reach a friend's house, at Peterborough, before night; but I found I had used up our horse-power before we had made much more than half the journey. Then came on a violent snow-squall, which obliterated the track. It grew dark; we were blinded by the storm; we got into drifts, and finally quite lost our way. Not a house was in sight, and the horse was tired out. The prospect of a night in the storm, and only a winding-sheet of snow to cover us, made me bitterly regret the foolish ambition with which I had set out. At last my sister, whose eyes were better than mine, saw a light. We went wallowing through the drifts towards it, and discovered a house. Here we got a boy to guide us; and so at last reached our friend's,

in as sad a plight as ever two such mortals were in. Since which time," added Salmon, "I have rather inclined to the opinion that slow beginnings, with steady progress, are best."

"That's first-rate philosophy!" said Williams, secretly congratulating himself, however, on having made what he considered a brisk start in life.

One day Salmon passed a store where some spades were exposed for sale. He stopped to look at them. There was a strange smile on his face.

"Perhaps, after all, digging is my vocation! Well, it is an honorable one. I only wish to know what God would have me to do. If to dig, then I will undertake it cheerfully."

However, there was one great objection to his lifting a spade. It would first have been necessary to apply to his uncle for the once-rejected half-dollar. He was determined never to do that.

He walked home, very thoughtful. He could not see how it was possible that any good fortune should ever happen to him in Washington. The sights of the city had become exceedingly distasteful to him, associated as they were with his hopes deferred and his heart-sickness. He reached his door. Mrs. Markham met him with beaming countenance.

"There is a gentleman waiting for you! I reckon it's another pupil!"

His face brightened for an instant. But it was clouded again quickly, as he reflected,—

"*One* more pupil! Very likely! That makes two! At this rate, I shall have four in the course of a year!"

He was inclined to be sarcastic with himself. But he checked the ungrateful thoughts at once.

"What Providence sends me, that let me cheerfully and thankfully accept!"

He entered the parlor. A gentlemanly person, with an air of culture, advanced to meet him.

"This is Mr.——?"

"That is my name, Sir."

"Mrs. Markham said you would be in in a minute, so I have waited."

"You are very kind to do so, Sir. Sit down."

"I have seen your advertisement in the 'Intelligencer.' You still think of establishing a school?"

"That is my intention."

"May I ask if you have been successful in obtaining pupils?"

"Not very. I have one engaged. I would like a dozen more, to begin with."

The gentleman took his hat. "Of course he will go, now he knows what my prospects are!" But Salmon was mistaken. The visitor seemed to have taken his hat merely for the sake of having something in his hands, to occupy them.

"Then perhaps you will be pleased to listen to my proposition?"

"Certainly, Sir."

"My name is Plumley. I have established a successful classical school, as you may be aware. It is in G Street.

"I have heard of you, Sir." And Salmon might have added, "I have envied you!"

"Well, Mrs. Plumley has recently opened a young ladies' school, which has succeeded beyond all our expectations."

"I congratulate you sincerely!"

"But it is found that the two schools are more than we can attend to. I propose to give up one. Now, if you choose to take the boys' school off my hands, I will make over my entire interest in it to you. Perhaps you may know the character the school sustains. We have, as pupils, sons of the Honorable Henry Clay, William Wirt, Southard, and other eminent men. The income amounts to something like eight hundred a year. You can go in next Monday, if you like."

Thus suddenly the door, so long mysteriously closed, flew open wide, "on golden hinges turning." What Salmon saw within was heaven. He was dazzled. He was almost stunned with happiness. His lips quivered, his voice failed him as he spoke.

"Mr. Plumley, this is—you are—too kind!"

"You accept?"

"Most gratefully!"

The young man was regaining possession of himself. He grasped the other's hand.

"You do not know what this is to me, Sir! You cannot know from what you have saved me! Providence has surely sent you to me! I cannot thank you now; but some day—perhaps—it may be in my power to do you a service."

He was not the only one happy. Mr. Plumley felt the sweetness of doing a kind action for one who was truly worthy and grateful. From that moment they were friends. Salmon engaged to see him again, and make arrangements for entering the school the next Monday; and they parted.

His benefactor gone, Salmon hastened to tell the good news to Mrs. Markham. But he could not remain in the house. His joy was too great to be thus confined. Again he went out,—but how different now the world looked to his eyes! He had not observed before that it was such a lovely spring day. The sky overhead was of heaven's deepest hue. The pure, sweet air was like the elixir of life. The hills were wondrously beautiful, all about the city; and it seemed, that, whichever way he turned, there were birds singing in sympathy with his joy. The Potomac, stretching away with soft and misty glimmer between its hazy banks, was like the river of some exquisite dream.

It was no selfish happiness he felt. He thought of his mother and sisters at home,—of all those to whom he was indebted; and in the lightness of his spirit, after its heavy burden had been taken away, he lifted up his heart in thanksgiving to the Giver of all blessings.

The school, transferred to his charge, continued successful; and it opened the way to successes of greater magnitude. Through all his subsequent career he looked back to this as the beginning; and he ever retained for Mr. Plumley the feeling we cherish for one whom we regard as a Heaven-appointed agent of some great benefaction. Were it not for trenching upon ground too private and personal, we might here complete the romance, by relating how the young man's vaguely uttered presentiment, that he might some day render him a service, was, long afterwards, touchingly realized. But enough. All we promised ourselves at the start was a glance at the Secretary's first visit to Washington.

THE WILDERNESS.

THE WILDERNESS.

IN conversation with a young Rebel on the field of Fredericksburg, I learned that a certain Elijah of his acquaintance sometimes conveyed travelers over the more distant battle-fields. Him, therefore, I sent to engage, with his horse and buggy, for the following day.

Breakfast was scarcely over the next morning, when, as I chanced to look from my hotel window, I saw a thin-faced countryman drive up to the door in an old one-horse wagon with two seats and a box half filled with corn-stalks. I was admiring the anatomy of the horse, every prominent bone of which could be counted through his skin, when I heard the man inquiring for me. It was Elijah, with his "horse and buggy."

I was inclined to criticise the establishment, which was not altogether what I had been led to expect.

"I allow he a'n't a fust-class hoss," said Elijah. "Only give three dollars for him. Feed is skurce and high. But let him rest this winter, and git some meal in him, and he'll make a plow crack next spring."

"What are you going to do with those corn-stalks?"

"Fodder for the hoss. They're all the fodder he'll git till night; for we're go'n' into a country whar thar's noth'n' mo' for an animal to eat than thar is on the palm of my hand."

I took a seat beside him, and made use of the stalks by placing a couple of bundles between my back and the sharp board which travelers were expected to lean against. Elijah cracked his whip, the horse frisked his tail, and struck into a cow-trot which pleased him.

"You see, he'll snake us over the ground right peart!"

He proceeded to tantalize me by telling what a mule he had, and what a little mare he had, at home.

"She certainly goes over the ground! I believe she can

run ekal to anything in this country for about a mile. But she's got a set of legs under her jest like a sheep's legs."

He could not say enough in praise of the mule.

"Paid eight hundred dollars for him in Confederate money. He earned a living for the whole family last winter. I used to go reg'lar up to Chancellorsville and the Wilderness, buy up a box of clothing, and go down in Essex and trade it off for corn."

"What sort of clothing,"

"Soldiers' clothes, from the battle-fields. Some was flung away, and some, I suppose, was stripped off the dead. Any number of families jest lived on what they got from the Union armies in that way. They'd pick up what garments they could lay hands on, wash 'em up, and sell 'em. I'd take a blanket, and git half a bushel of meal for it down in Essex. Then I'd bring the meal back, and git maybe two blankets, or a blanket and a coat, for it. All with that little mule. He'll haul a load for ye! He'll stick to the ground go'n' up hill jest like a dry-land tar-rapin! But I take the mare when I'm in a hurry; she makes them feet rattle ag'in the ground!"

We took the plank road to Chancellorsville, passing through a waste country of weeds or undergrowth, like every other part of Virginia which I had yet seen.

"All this region through yer," said Elijah, "used to be grow'd up to corn and as beautiful clover as ever you see. But since the wa', it's all turned out to bushes and briers and hog-weeds. It's gittin' a start ag'in now. I'll show 'em how to do it. If we git in a crap o' wheat this fall, which I don't know if we shan't, we kin start three big teams, and whirl up twenty acres of land directly. That mule," etc.

Elijah praised the small farmers.

"People in ordinary sarcumstances along yer are a mighty industrious people. It's the rich that keep this country down. The way it generally is, a few own too much and the rest own noth'n'. I know hundreds of thousands of acres of land put to no uset, which, if it was cut up into little farms, would make the country look thrifty. This is mighty good land; clay bottom; holds manure jest like a chany bowl does water. But the rich

ones jest scratched over a little on 't with their slave labor, and let the rest go. They wouldn't sell: let a young man go to 'em to buy, and they'd say they didn't want no poo' whites round 'em; they wouldn't have one, if they could keep shet of 'em. And what was the result? Young men would go off to the West, if they was enterpris'n', and leave them that wa'n't enterpris'n' hyer to home. Then as the old heads died off, the farms would run down. The young women would marry the lazy young men, and raise up families of lazy children.

The country all about Fredericksburg was very unhealthy. Elijah, on making inquiries, could hear of scarcely a family on the road exempt from sickness.

"It was never so till since the wa'. Now we have chills and fever, jest like they do in a new country. It's owin' to the land all comin' up to weeds; the dew settles in 'em, and they rot, and that fills the air with the agur. I've had the agur myself till about a fortnight ago; then, soon as I got shet of that, the colic took me. Eat too much on a big appetite, I suppose. I like to live well; like to see plenty of everything on the table, and then I like to see every man eat a heap."

I commended Elijah's practical sense; upon which he replied,—

"The old man is right ignorant; can't read the fust letter; never went to school a day; but the old man is right sharp!"

He was fond of speaking of himself in this way. He thought education a good thing, but allowed that all the education in the world could not give a man sense. He was fifty years old, and had got along thus far in life very well.

"I reckon thar's go'n' to be a better chance for the poo' man after this. The Union bein' held together was the greatest thing that could have happened for us."

"And yet you fought against it."

"I was in the Confederate army two year and a half. I was opposed to Secession; but I got my head a little turned after the State went out, and I enlisted. Then, when I had time to reconsider it all over, I diskivered we was wrong. I told the boys so.

“‘Boys,’ says I, ‘when my time’s up, I’m go’n’ out of the army, and you won’t see me in ag’in.’

“‘You can’t help that, old man,’ says they; ‘fo’ by that time the conscript law’ll be changed so’s to go over the heads of older men than you.’

“‘Then,’ says I, ‘the fust chance presents itself, I fling down my musket and go spang No’t’h.’

“They had me put under arrest for that, and kep’ me in the guard-house seven months. I liked that well enough. I was saved a deal of hard march’n’ and lay’n’ out in the cold, that winter.

“‘Why don’t ye come in, boys,’ says I, ‘and have a warm?’

“I knowed what I was about! The old man was right ignorant, but the old man was right sharp!”

We passed the line of Sedgwick’s retreat a few miles from Fredericksburg.

“Shedrick’s men was in line acrost the road hyer, extendin’ into the woods on both sides; they had jest butchered their meat, and was ishyin’ rations and beginnin’ to cook their suppers, when Magruder struck ’em on the left flank.” (Elijah was wrong; it was not Magruder, but McLaws. These local guides make many such mistakes, and it is necessary to be on one’s guard against them.) “They jest got right up and skedaddled! The whole line jest faced to the right, and put for Banks’s Ford. Thar’s the road they went. They left it piled so full of wagons, Magruder couldn’t follah; but his artillery jest run around by another road I’ll show ye, hard as ever they could lay their feet to the ground, wheeled their guns in position on the bluffs by the time Shedrick got cleverly to crossin’, and played away. The way they heaped up Shedrick’s men was awful!”

Every mile or two we came to a small farm-house, commonly of logs, near which there was usually a small crop of corn growing.

“Every man after he got home, after the fall of Richmond put in to raise a little somethin’ to eat. Some o’ the corn looks poo’ly, but it beats no corn at all, all to pieces.”

We came to one field which Elijah pronounced a “monstrous fine crap.” But he added,—

"I've got thirty acres to home not a bit sorrier'n that. Ye see, that mule of mine," etc.

I noticed—what I never saw in the latitude of New England—that the fodder had been pulled below the ears and tied in little bundles on the stalks to cure. Ingenious shifts for fences had been resorted to by the farmers. In some places the planks of the worn-out plank road had been staked and lashed together to form a temporary inclosure. But the most common fence was what Elijah called "bresh wattlin'." Stakes were first driven into the ground, then pine or cedar brush bent in between them and beaten down with a maul.

"Ye kin build a wattlin' fence that way so tight a rabbit can't git through."

On making inquiries, I found that farms of fine land could be had all through this region for ten dollars an acre.

Elijah hoped that men from the North would come in and settle.

"But," said he, "'twould be dangerous for anyone to take possession of a confiscated farm. He wouldn't live a month."

The larger land-owners are now more willing to sell.

"Right smart o' their property was in niggers; they're pore now, and have to raise money.

"The emancipation of slavery," added Elijah, "is wo'kin' right for the country mo'e ways 'an one. The' a'n't two men in twenty, in middlin' sarcumstances, but that's beginnin' to see it. I'm no friend to the niggers, though. They ought all to be druv out of the country. They won't wo'k as long as they can steal. I have mv little crap o' corn, and wheat, and po'k; when night comes, I must sleep; then the niggers come and steal all I've got."

I pressed him to give an instance of the negroes' stealing his property. He could not say that they had taken anything from him lately, but they "used to" rob his corn-fields and hen-roosts, and "they would again." Had he ever caught them at it? No, he could not say that he ever had. Then how did he know that the thieves were negroes? He knew it, because "niggers would steal."

"Won't white folks steal, too, sometimes?"

"Yes," said Elijah, "some o' the poo' whites are a durned sight wussn the niggers!"

"Then why not drive them out of the country too? You see," said I, "your charges against the negroes are vague, and amount to nothing."

"I own," he replied, "thar's now and then one that's ekal to any white man. Thar's one a-comin' thar."

A load of wood was approaching, drawn by two horses abreast and a mule for leader. A white-haired old negro was riding the mule.

"He's the greatest man!" said Elijah, after we had passed. "He's been the support of his master's family for twenty year and over. He kin manage a heap better'n his master kin. The' a'n't a farmer in the country kin beat him. He keeps right on jest the same now he's free; though I suppose he gits wages."

"You acknowledge, then, that some of the negroes are superior men?"

"Yes, thar's about ten in a hundred honest and smart as anybody."

"That," said I, "is a good many. Do you suppose you could say more of the white race, if it had just come out of slavery?"

"I don't believe," said Elijah, "that ye could say as much!"

We passed the remains of the house "whar Harrow was shot." It had been burned to the ground.

"You've heerd about Harrow; he was Confederate commissary; he stole mo'e hosses from the people, and po'ed the money down his own throat, than would have paid fo' fo'ty men like him, if he was black."

A mile or two farther on, we came to another house.

"Hyer's whar the man lives that killed Harrow. He was in the army, and because he objected to some of Harrow's doin's, Harrow had him arrested, and treated him very much amiss. That oround into his conscience and feelin's, and he deserted fo' no other puppose than to shoot him. He's a mighty smart fellah! He'll strike a man side the head, and soon's his fist leaves it, his foot's thar. He shot Harrow in that house you see burnt to the

ground, and then went spang to Washington. Oh, he was sharp!"

On our return we met the slayer of Harrow riding home from Fredericksburg on a mule,—a fine-looking young fellow, of blonde complexion, a pleasant countenance, finely chiseled nose and lips, and an eye full of sunshine. "Jest the best-hearted, nicest young fellah in the wo'ld, till ye git him mad; then look out!" I think it is often the most attractive persons, of fine temperaments, who are capable of the most terrible wrath when roused.

The plank road was in such a ruined condition that nobody thought of driving on it; although the dirt road beside it was in places scarcely better. The back of the seat was cruel, notwithstanding the corn-stalks. But by means of much persuasion, enforced by a good whip, Elijah kept the old horse jogging on. Oak-trees, loaded with acorns, grew beside the road. Black walnuts, already beginning to lose their leaves, hung their delicate balls in the clear light over our heads. Poke-weeds dark with ripening berries, wild grapes festooning bush and tree, sumachs thrusting up through the foliage their sanguinary spears, persimmon-trees, gum-trees, red cedars with their bluish-green clusters, chestnut-oaks, and chincapins, adorned the wild wayside.

So we approached Chancellorsville, twelve miles from Fredericksburg. Elijah was raised in that region, and knew everybody.

"Many a frolic have I had runnin' the deer through these woods! Soon as the dogs started one, he'd put fo' the river, cross, take a turn on t' other side, and it wouldn't be an hour 'fo'e he'd be back ag'in. Man I lived with used to have a mare that was trained to hunt; if she was in the field and heard the dogs, she'd whirl her tail up on her back, lope the fences, and go spang to the United States Ford, git thar 'fo'e the dogs would, and hunt as well without a rider as with one."

But since then a far different kind of hunting, a richer blood than the deer's, and other sounds than the exciting yelp of the dogs, had rendered that region famous.

"Hyer we come to the Chancellorsville farm. Many a poo' soldier's knapsack was emptied of his clothes, after

the battle, along this road!" said Elijah, remembering last winter's business with his mule.

The road runs through a large open field bounded by woods. The marks of hard fighting were visible from afar off. A growth of saplings edging the woods on the south had been killed by volleys of musketry: it looked like thickets of bean-poles. The ground everywhere, in the field and in the woods, was strewn with mementoes of the battle,—rotting knapsacks and haversacks, battered canteens and tin cups, and fragments of clothing which Elijah's customers had not deemed it worth the while to pick up. On each side of the road were breastworks and rifle-pits extending into the woods. The clearing, once a well-fenced farm of grain-fields and clover-lots, was now a dreary and deserted common. Of the Chancellorsville House, formerly a large brick tavern, only the half-fallen walls and chimney-stacks remained. Here General Hooker had his headquarters until the wave of battle on Sunday morning rolled so hot and so near that he was compelled to withdraw. The house was soon after fired by a Rebel shell, when full of wounded men, and burned.

"Every place ye see these big bunches of weeds, that's whar the' was hosses or men buried," said Elijah. "These holes are whar the bones have been dug up for the bone-factory at Fredericksburg."

It was easy for the bone-seekers to determine where to dig. The common was comparatively barren, except where grew those gigantic clumps of weeds. I asked Elijah if he thought many human bones went to the factory.

"Not unless by mistake. But people a'n't always very partic'lar about mistakes thar's money to be made by."

Seeing a small inclosure midway between the road and the woods on the south, we walked to it, and found it a burying-ground ridged with unknown graves. Not a head-board, not an inscription, indicated who were the tenants of that little lonely field. And Elijah knew nothing of its history; it had been set apart, and the scattered dead had been gathered together and buried there, since he passed that way.

We found breastworks thrown up all along by the plank road west of the farm,—the old worn planks having been

put to good service in their construction. The tree-trunks pierced by balls, the boughs lopped off by shells, the strips of timber cut to pieces by artillery and musketry fire, showed how desperate the struggle on that side had been. The endeavors of the Confederates to follow up with an overwhelming victory Jackson's swift and telling blows on our right, and the equally determined efforts of our men to retrieve that disaster, rendered this the scene of a furious encounter.

Elijah thought, that, if Jackson had not been killed by his own men after delivering that thunderstroke, Hooker would have been annihilated. "Stonewall" was undoubtedly the enemy's best fighting general. His death was to them equal to the loss of many brigades. With regard to the manner of his death there can be no longer any doubt. I have conversed with Confederate officers who were in the battle, all of whom agree as to the main fact. General Jackson, after shattering our right wing, posted his pickets at night with directions to fire upon any man or body of men that might approach. He afterwards rode forward to reconnoiter, returned inadvertently by the same road, and was shot by his own orders.

The Battle of Bull Run in 1861, Pope's campaign, and Burnside's defeat at Fredericksburg in 1862, and, lastly, Hooker's unsuccessful attempt at Chancellorsville in the spring of 1863, had shown how hard a road to Richmond this was to travel. Repeatedly, as we tried it and failed, the hopes of the Confederacy rose exultant; the heart of the North sank as often heavy with despair. McClellan's Peninsular route had resulted still more fatally. We all remember the anguish and anxiety of those days. But the heart of the North shook off its despair, listened to no timid counsels; it was growing fierce and obdurate. We no longer received the news of defeat with cries of dismay, but with teeth close-set, a smile upon the quivering lips, and a burning fire within. Had the Rebels triumphed again? Then so much the worse for them! Had we been once more repulsed with slaughter from their strong line of defences? Was the precious blood poured out before them all in vain? At last it should not be in vain! Though it should cost a new thirty years' war and a genera-

tion of lives, the red work we had begun must be completed; ultimate failure was impossible, ultimate triumph certain.

This inflexible spirit found its embodiment in the leader of the final campaigns against the Rebel capital. It was the deep spirit of humanity itself, ready to make the richest sacrifices, calm, determined, inexorable, moving steadily towards the great object to be achieved. It has been said that General Grant did not consider the lives of his men. Then the people did not consider them. But the truth lies here: precious as were those lives, something lay beyond far more precious, and they were the needful price paid for it. We had learned the dread price, we had duly weighed the worth of the object to be purchased: what, then, was the use of hesitating and higgling?

We were approaching the scene of Grant's first great blow aimed at the gates of the Rebel capital. On the field of Chancellorsville you already tread the borders of the field of the Wilderness,—if that can be called a field which is a mere interminable forest, slashed here and there with roads.

Passing straight along the plank road, we came to a large farm-house, which had been gutted by soldiers, and but recently reoccupied. It was still in a scarcely habitable condition. However, we managed to obtain, what we stood greatly in need of, a cup of cold water. I observed that it tasted strongly of iron.

"The reason of that is, we took twelve camp-kettles out of the well," said the man of the house, "and nobody knows how many more there are down there."

The place is known as Locust Grove. In the edge of the forest, but a little farther on, is the Wilderness Church,—a square framed building, which showed marks of such usage as every uninhabited house receives at the hands of a wild soldiery. Red Mars has little respect for the temples of the Prince of Peace.

"Many a time have I been to meet'n' in that shell, and sot on hard benches, and heard long sermons!" said Elijah. "But I reckon it'll be a long while befo'e them doo's are darkened by a congregation ag'in. Thar a'n't the population through hyer thar used to be. Oncet we'd have

met a hundred wagons on this road go'n' to market; but I count we ha'n't met mo'e'n a dozen to-day."

Not far beyond the church we approached two tall guide-posts erected where the road forks. The one on the right pointed the way to the "Wilderness National Cemetery, No. 1, 4 miles," by the Orange Court-House turnpike. The other indicated the "Wilderness National Cemetery, No. 2," by the plank road.

"All this has been done since I was this way," said Elijah.

We kept the plank road,—or rather the clay road beside it, which stretched before us dim in the hollows, and red as brick on the hillsides. We passed some old fields, and entered the great Wilderness,—a high and dry country, thickly overgrown with dwarfish timber, chiefly scrub oaks, pines, and cedars. Poles lashed to trees for tent-supporters indicated where our regiments had encamped; and soon we came upon abundant evidences of a great battle. Heavy breastworks thrown up on Brock's cross-road, planks from the plank road piled up and lashed against trees in the woods, to form a shelter for our pickets, knapsacks, haversacks, pieces of clothing, fragments of harness, tin plates, canteens, some pierced with balls, fragments of shells, with here and there a round-shot, or a shell unexploded, straps, buckles, cartridge-boxes, socks, old shoes, rotting letters, desolate tracts of perforated and broken trees,—all these signs, and others sadder still, remained to tell their silent story of the great fight of the Wilderness.

A cloud passed over the sun: all the scene became somber, and hushed with a strange brooding stillness, broken only by the noise of twigs crackling under my feet, and distant growls of thunder. A shadow fell upon my heart also, as from the wing of the Death-Angel, as I wandered through the woods, meditating upon what I saw. Where were the feet that wore those empty shoes? Where was he whose proud waist was buckled in that belt? Some soldier's heart was made happy by that poor, soiled, tattered, illegible letter, which rain and mildew have not spared; some mother's, sister's, wife's, or sweetheart's hand, doubtless, penned it; it is the broken end of a thread which unwinds a whole life-history, could we but follow it rightly.

Where is that soldier now? Did he fall in the fight, and does his home know him no more? Has the poor wife or stricken mother waited long for the answer to that letter, which never came, and will never come? And this cap, cut in two by a shot, and stiff with a strange incrustation,—a small cap, a mere boy's, it seems,—where now the fair head and wavy hair that wore it? O mother and sisters at home, do you still mourn for your drummer-boy? Has the story reached you,—how he went into the fight to carry off his wounded comrades, and so lost his life for their sakes?—for so I imagine the tale which will never be told.

And what more appalling spectacle is this? In the cover of thick woods, the unburied remains of two soldiers, —two skeletons side by side, two skulls almost touching each other, like the cheeks of sleepers! I came upon them unawares as I picked my way among the scrub oaks. I knew that scores of such sights could be seen here a few weeks before; but the United States Government had sent to have its unburied dead collected together in the two national cemeteries of the Wilderness; and I had hoped the work was faithfully done.

"They was No'th-Carolinians; that's why they didn't bury 'em," said Elijah, after a careful examination of the buttons fallen from the rotted clothing.

The ground where they lay had been fought over repeatedly, and the dead of both sides had fallen there. The buttons may, therefore, have told a true story: North-Carolinians they may have been: yet I could not believe that the true reason why they had not been decently interred. It must have been that these bodies, and others we found afterwards, were overlooked by the party sent to construct the cemeteries. It was shameful negligence, to say the least.

The cemetery was near by,—a little clearing in the woods by the roadside, thirty yards square, surrounded by a picket-fence, and comprising seventy trenches, each containing the remains of I know not how many dead. Each trench was marked with a headboard, inscribed with the invariable words,—

— "Unknown United States soldiers, killed May, 1864."

Elijah, to whom I read the inscription, said, pertinently, that the words, *United States soldiers* indicated plainly that it had not been the intention to bury Rebels there. No doubt: but these might at least have been buried in the woods where they fell.

As a grim sarcasm on this neglect, somebody had flung three human skulls, picked up in the woods, over the paling, into the cemetery, where they lay blanching among the graves.

Close by the southeast corner of the fence were three or four Rebel graves, with old headboards. Elijah called my attention to them, and wished me to read what the headboards said. The main fact indicated was, that those buried there were North-Carolinians. Elijah considered this somehow corroborative of his theory derived from the buttons. The graves were shallow, and the settling of the earth over the bodies had left the feet of one of the poor fellows sticking out.

The shadows which darkened the woods, and the ominous thunder-growls, culminated in a shower. Elijah crawled under his wagon; I sought the shelter of a tree: the horse champed his fodder, and we ate our luncheon. How quietly upon the leaves, how softly upon the graves of the cemetery, fell the perpendicular rain! The clouds parted, and a burst of sunlight smote the Wilderness; the rain still poured, but every drop was illumined, and I seemed standing in a shower of silver meteors.

The rain over and luncheon finished, I looked about for some solace to my palate after the dry sandwiches, moistened only by the drippings from the tree,—seeking a dessert in the Wilderness. Summer grapes hung their just ripened clusters from the vine-laden saplings, and the chincapin bushes were starred with opening burrs. I followed a woodland path, embowered with the glistening boughs, and plucked, and ate, and mused. The ground was level, and singularly free from the accumulations of twigs, branches, and old leaves, with which forests usually abound. I noticed, however, many charred sticks and half-burnt roots and logs. Then the terrible recollection overtook me: these were the woods that were on fire during the battle. I called Elijah.

“Yes, all this was a flame of fire while the fight was go’n’ on. It was full of dead and wounded men. Cook and Stevens, farmers over hyer, men I know, heard the screams of the poor fellahs burnin’ up, and come and dragged many a one out of the fire, and laid ’em in the road.”

The woods were full of Rebel graves, with here and there a heap of half-covered bones, where several of the dead had been hurriedly buried together.

I had seen enough. We returned to the cemetery. Elijah hitched up his horse, and we drove back along the plank road, cheered by a rainbow which spanned the Wilderness and moved its bright arch onward over Chancellorsville towards Fredericksburg, brightening and fading, and brightening still again, like the hope which gladdened the nation’s eye after Grant’s victory.

THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

IN the month of August, 1865, I set out to visit some of the scenes of the great conflict through which the country has lately passed.

On the twelfth, I reached Harrisburg,—a plain, prosaic town of brick and wood, with nothing especially attractive about it, except its broad-sheeted, shining river, flowing down from the Blue Ridge, around wooded islands, and between pleasant shores.

It is in this region that the traveler from the North first meets with indications of recent actual war. The Susquehanna, on the eastern shore of which the city stands, forms the northern limit of Rebel military operations. The “highwater mark of the Rebellion” is here: along these banks its uttermost ripples died. The bluffs opposite the town are crested with the hastily constructed breastworks, on which the citizens worked night and day in the pleasant month of June, 1863, throwing up, as it were, a dike against the tide of invasion. These defences were of no practical value. They were unfinished when the Rebels appeared in force in the vicinity. Harrisburg might easily have been taken, and a way opened into the heart of the North. But a power greater than man’s ruled the event. The Power that lifted these azure hills, and spread out the green valleys, and hollowed a passage for the stream, appointed to treason also a limit and a term. “Thus far, and no farther.”

The surrounding country is full of lively reminiscences of those terrible times. Panic-stricken populations fly—

ing at the approach of the enemy; whole families fugitive from homes none thought of defending; flocks and herds, horses, wagon-loads of promiscuously heaped household stuffs and farm produce; men, women, children, riding, walking, running, driving or leading their bewildered four-footed chattels,—all rushing forward with clamor and alarm under clouds of dust, crowding every road to the river, and thundering across the long bridges regardless of the “five-dollars-fine” notice (though it is to be hoped that the toll-takers did their duty:—such were the scenes which occurred to render the Rebel invasion memorable. The thrifty German farmers of the lower counties did not gain much credit either for courage or patriotism at that time. It was a panic, however, to which almost any community would have been liable. Stuart’s famous raid of the previous year was well remembered. If a small cavalry force had swept from their track through a circuit of about sixty miles over two thousand horses, what was to be expected from Lee’s whole army? Resistance to the formidable advance of one hundred thousand disciplined troops was of course out of the question. The slowness, however, with which the people responded to the State’s almost frantic calls for volunteers was in singular contrast with the alacrity each man showed to run off his horses and get his goods out of Rebel reach.

From Harrisburg, I went, by the way of York and Hanover, to Gettysburg. Having hastily secured a room at a hotel in the Square, (the citizens call it the “Di’mond,”) I inquired the way to the battle-ground.

“You are on it now,” said the landlord, with proud satisfaction,—for it is not every man that lives, much less keeps a tavern, on the field of a world-famous fight. “I tell you the truth,” said he; and, in proof of his words, (as if the fact were too wonderful to be believed without

proof,) he showed me a Rebel shell imbedded in the brick wall of a house close by. (N. B. The battle-field was put into the bill.)

Gettysburg is the capital of Adams County: a town of about three thousand souls,—or fifteen hundred, according to John Burns, who assured me that half the population were Copperheads, and that they had no souls. It is pleasantly situated on the swells of a fine undulating country, drained by the headwaters of the Monocacy. It has no special natural advantages,—owing its existence, probably, to the mere fact that several important roads found it convenient to meet at this point, to which accident also is due its historical renown. The circumstance which made it a burg made it likewise a battle-field.

About the town itself there is nothing very interesting. It consists chiefly of two-story houses of wood and brick, in dull rows, with thresholds but little elevated above the street. Rarely a front yard or blooming garden-plot relieves the dreary monotony. Occasionally there is a three-story house, comfortable, no doubt, and sufficiently expensive, about which the one thing remarkable is the total absence of taste in its construction. In this respect Gettysburg is but a fair sample of a large class of American towns, the builders of which seem never once to have been conscious that there exists such a thing as beauty.

John Burns, known as “the hero of Gettysburg,” was almost the first person whose acquaintance I made. He was sitting under the thick shade of an English elm in front of the tavern. The landlord introduced him as “the old man who took his gun and went into the first day’s fight.” He rose to his feet and received me with sturdy politeness,—his evident delight in the celebrity he enjoys twinkling though the veil of a naturally modest demeanor.

“John will go with you and show you the different

parts of the battle-ground," said the landlord. "Will you, John?"

"Oh, yes, I'll go," said John, quite readily; and we set out at once.

A mile south of the town is Cemetery Hill, the head and front of an important ridge, running two miles farther south to Round Top,—the ridge held by General Meade's army during the great battles. The Rebels attacked on three sides,—on the west, on the north, and on the east; breaking their forces in vain upon this tremendous wedge, of which Cemetery Hill may be considered the point. A portion of Ewell's Corps had passed through the town several days before, and neglected to secure that very commanding position. Was it mere accident, or something more, which thus gave the key to the country into our hands, and led the invaders, alarmed by Meade's vigorous pursuit, to fall back and fight the decisive battle here?

With the old "hero" at my side pointing out the various points of interest, I ascended Cemetery Hill. The view from the top is beautiful and striking. On the north and east is spread a finely variegated farm country; on the west, with woods and valleys and sunny slopes between, rise the summits of the Blue Ridge.

It was a soft and peaceful summer day. There was scarce a sound to break the stillness, save the shrill note of the locust, and the perpetual click-click of the stone-cutters, at work upon the granite headstones of the soldiers' cemetery. There was nothing to indicate to a stranger that so tranquil a spot had ever been a scene of strife. We were walking in the time-hallowed place of the dead, by whose side the martyr-soldiers, who fought so bravely and so well on those terrible first days of July, slept as sweetly and securely as they.

"It don't look here as it did after the battle," said John

Burns. "Sad work was made with the tombstones. The ground was all covered with dead horses, and broken wagons, and pieces of shells, and battered muskets, and everything of that kind, not to speak of the heaps of dead." But now the tombstones have been replaced, the neat iron fences have been mostly repaired, and scarcely a vestige of the fight remains. Only the burial-places of the slain are there. *Thirty-five hundred and sixty slaughtered Union soldiers lie on the field of Gettysburg.* This number does not include those whose bodies have been claimed by friends and removed.

The new cemetery, devoted to the patriot slain, and dedicated with fitting ceremonies on the 19th of November, 1863, adjoins the old one. In the center is the spot reserved for the monument, the corner-stone of which was laid on the 4th of July, 1865. The cemetery is semicircular, in the form of an amphitheater, except that the slope is reversed, the monument occupying the highest place. The granite headstones resemble rows of semicircular seats. Side by side, with two feet of ground allotted to each, and with their heads towards the monument, rest the three thousand five hundred and sixty. The name of each, when it could be ascertained, together with the number of the company and regiment in which he served, is lettered on the granite at his head. But the barbarous practice of stripping such of our dead as fell into their hands, in which the Rebels indulged here as elsewhere, rendered it impossible to identify large numbers. The headstones of these are lettered, "Unknown." At the time when I visited the cemetery, the sections containing most of the unknown had not yet received their headstones, and their resting-places were indicated by a forest of stakes. I have seen few sadder sights.

The spectacle of so large a field crowded with the graves

of the slain brings home to the heart an overpowering sense of the horror and wickedness of war. Yet, as I have said, not all our dead are here. None of the Rebel dead are here. Not one of those who fell on other fields, or died in hospitals and prisons in those States where the war was chiefly waged,—not one out of those innumerable martyred hosts lies on this pleasant hill. The bodies of once living and brave men, slowly mouldering to dust in this sanctified soil, form but a small, a single sheaf from that great recent harvest reaped by Death with the sickle of war.

Once living and brave! How full of life, how full of unflinching courage and fiery zeal, they marched up hither to fight the great fight, and to give their lives! And each man had his history; each soldier resting here had his interests, his loves, his darling hopes, the same as you or I. All were laid down with his life. It was no trifle to him, it was as great a thing to him as it would be to you, thus to be cut off from all things dear in this world, and to drop at once into a vague eternity. Grown accustomed to the waste of life through years of war, we learn to think too lightly of such sacrifices. "So many killed,"—with that brief sentence we glide over the unimaginably fearful fact, and pass on to other details. We indulge in pious commonplaces,—“They have gone to a better world, they have their reward,” and the like. No doubt this is true; if not, then life is a mockery, and hope a lie. But the future, with all our faith, is vague and uncertain. It lies before us like one of those unidentified heroes, hidden from sight, deep-buried, mysterious, its headstone lettered “Unknown.” Will it ever rise? Through trouble, toils, and privations,—not insensible to danger, but braving it,—these men—and not these only, but the uncounted thousands represented by these—con-

fronted, for their country's sake, that awful uncertainty. Did they believe in your better world? Whether they did or not, this world was a reality, and dear to them.

I looked into one of the trenches in which workmen were laying foundations for the headstones, and saw the ends of the coffins protruding. It was silent and dark down there. Side by side the soldiers slept, as side by side they fought. I chose out one coffin from among the rest, and thought of him whose dust it contained,—your brother and mine, although we never knew him. I thought of him as a child, tenderly reared—for this. I thought of his home, his heart-life:—

“ Had he a father ?
Had he a mother ?
Had he a sister ?
Had he a brother ?
Or was there a nearer one
Still, and a dearer one
Yet, than all other ? ”

I could not know: in this world, none will ever know. He sleeps with the undistinguishable multitude, and his headstone is lettered, “ Unknown.”

Eighteen loyal States are represented by the tenants of these graves. New York has the greatest number,—upwards of eight hundred; Pennsylvania comes next in order, having upwards of five hundred. Tall men from Maine, young braves from Wisconsin, heroes from every State between, met here to defend their country and their homes. Sons of Massachusetts fought for Massachusetts on Pennsylvania soil. If they had not fought, or if our armies had been annihilated there, the whole North would have been at the mercy of Lee's victorious legions. As Cemetery Hill was the pivot on which turned the fortunes

of the battle, so Gettysburg itself was the pivot on which turned the destiny of the nation. Here the power of aggressive treason culminated; and from that memorable Fourth of July, when the Rebel invaders, beaten in the three days' previous fight, stole away down the valleys and behind the mountains on their ignominious retreat,—from that day, signalized also by the fall of Vicksburg in the West, it waned and waned, until it was swept from the earth.

Cemetery Hill should be first visited by the tourist of the battle-ground. Here a view of the entire field, and a clear understanding of the military operations of the three days, are best obtained. Looking north, away on your left lies Seminary Ridge, the scene of the first day's fight, in which the gallant Reynolds fell, and from which our troops were driven back in confusion through the town by overwhelming numbers, in the afternoon. Farther south spread the beautiful woods and vales that swarmed with Rebels on the second and third day, and from which they made such desperate charges upon our lines. On the right as you stand is Culp's Hill, the scene of Ewell's furious, but futile, attempts to flank us there. You are in the focus of a half-circle, from all points of which was poured in upon this now silent hill such an artillery fire as has seldom been concentrated upon one point of an open field in any of the great battles upon this planet. From this spot extend your observations as you please.

Guided by the sturdy old man, I proceeded first to Culp's Hill, following a line of breastworks into the woods. Here are seen some of the soldiers' devices hastily adopted for defense. A rude embankment of stakes and logs and stones, covered with earth, forms the principal work; aside from which you meet with little private breastworks, as it were, consisting of rocks heaped up by the trunk of a

tree, or beside a larger rock, or across a cleft in the rocks, where some sharpshooter stood and exercised his skill at his ease.

The woods are of oak chiefly, but with a liberal sprinkling of chestnut, black-walnut, hickory, and other common forest-trees. Very beautiful they were that day, with their great, silent trunks, all so friendly, their clear vistas and sun-spotted spaces. Beneath reposed huge, sleepy ledges and bowlders, their broad backs covered with lichens and old moss. A more fitting spot for a picnic, one would say, than for a battle.

Yet here remain more astonishing evidences of fierce fighting than anywhere else about Gettysburg. The trees in certain localities are all seamed, disfigured, and literally dying or dead from their wounds. The marks of balls in some of the trunks are countless. Here are limbs, and yonder are whole tree-tops, cut off by shells. Many of these trees have been hacked for lead, and chips containing bullets have been carried away for relics.

Past the foot of the hill runs Rock Creek, a muddy, sluggish stream, "great for eels," said John Burns. Big bowlders and blocks of stone lie scattered along its bed. Its low shores are covered with thin grass, shaded by the forest-trees. Plenty of Rebel knapsacks and haversacks lie rotting upon the ground; and there are Rebel graves in the woods nearby. By these I was inclined to pause longer than John Burns thought it worth the while. I felt a pity for these unhappy men which he could not understand. To him they were dead Rebels, and nothing more; and he spoke with great disgust of an effort which had been made by certain "Copperheads" of the town to have all the buried Rebels, now scattered about in the woods and fields, gathered together in a cemetery near that dedicated to our own dead.

"Yet consider, my friend," I said, "though they were altogether in the wrong, and their cause was infernal, these, too, were brave men; and under different circumstances, with no better hearts than they had, they might have been lying in honored graves up yonder, instead of being buried in heaps, like dead cattle, down here."

Is there not a better future for these men also? The time will come when we shall at last cease to hate them.

The cicada was singing, insects were humming in the air, crows were cawing in the tree-tops, the sunshine slept on the boughs or nestled in the beds of brown leaves on the ground,—all so pleasant and so pensive, I could have passed the day there. But John reminded me that night was approaching, and we returned to Gettysburg.

That evening I walked alone to Cemetery Hill to see the sun set behind the Blue Ridge. A quiet prevailed there still more profound than during the day. The stone-cutters had finished their day's work and gone home. The katydids were singing, and the shrill, sad chirp of the crickets welcome the cool shades. The sun went down, and the stars came out and shone upon the graves,—the same stars which were no doubt shining even then upon many a vacant home and mourning heart left lonely by the husbands, the fathers, the dear brothers and sons, who fell at Gettysburg.

The next morning, according to agreement, I went to call on the old hero. I found him living in the upper part of a little whitewashed two-story house, on the corner of two streets, west of the town. A flight of wooden steps outside took me to his door. He was there to welcome me. John Burns is a stoutish, slightly bent, hale old man, with a light blue eye, a long, aggressive nose, a firm-set mouth, expressive of determination of character, and a choleric temperament. His hair, originally dark brown, is con-

siderably bleached with age; and his beard, once sandy, covers his face (shaved once or twice a week) with a fine crop of silver stubble. A short, massy kind of man; about five feet four or five inches in height, I should judge. He was never measured but once in his life. That was when he enlisted in the War of 1812. He was then nineteen years old, and stood five feet in his shoes. "But I've growed a heap since," said the old hero.

He introduced me to his wife, a slow, somewhat melancholy old lady, in ill health. "She has been poorly now for a good many years." They have no children.

At my request he told me his story. He is of Scotch parentage; and who knows but he may be akin to the plowman-poet whose "arrowy songs still ring in our morning air"? He was born and bred in Burlington, New Jersey. A shoemaker by trade, he became a soldier by choice, and fought the British in what used to be the "last war." I am afraid he contracted bad habits in the army. For some years after the war he led a wandering and dissipated life. Forty years ago he chanced to find himself in Gettysburg, where he married and settled down. But his unfortunate habits still adhered to him, and he was long looked upon as a man of little worth. At last, however, when there seemed to be no hope of his ever being anything but a despised old man, he took a sudden resolution to reform. The fact that he kept that resolution, and still keeps it so strictly that it is impossible to prevail upon him to taste a drop of intoxicating liquor, attests a truly heroic will. He was afterwards a constable in Gettysburg, in which capacity he served some six years.

On the morning of the first day' fight he sent his wife away, telling her that he would take care of the house. The firing was nearby, over Seminary Ridge. Soon a wounded soldier came into the town and stopped at an

old house on the opposite corner. Burns saw the poor fellow lay down his musket, and the inspiration to go into the battle seems then first to have seized him. He went over and demanded the gun.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked the soldier.

"I'm going to shoot some of the damned Rebels!" replied John.

He is not a swearing man, and the strong adjective is to be taken in a strictly literal, not a profane, sense.

Having obtained the gun, he pushed out on the Chambersburg Pike, and was soon in the thick of the skirmish.

"I wore a high-crowned hat, and a long-tailed blue; and I was seventy years old."

The sight of so old a man, in such costume, rushing fearlessly forward to get a shot in the very front of the battle, of course attracted attention. He fought with the Seventh Wisconsin Regiment, the Colonel of which ordered him back, and questioned him, and finally, seeing the old man's patriotic determination, gave him a good rifle in place of the musket he had brought with him.

"Are you a good shot?"

"Tolerable good," said John, who is an old fox-hunter.

"Do you see that Rebel riding yonder?"

"I do."

"Can you fetch him?"

"I can try."

The old man took deliberate aim and fired. He does not say he killed the Rebel, but simply that his shot was cheered by the Wisconsin boys, and that afterwards the horse the Rebel rode was seen galloping with an empty saddle. "That's all I know about it."

He fought until our forces were driven back in the afternoon. He had already received two slight wounds,

and a third one through the arm, to which he paid little attention: "only the blood running down my hand bothered me a heap." Then, as he was slowly falling back with the rest, he received a final shot through the leg. "Down I went, and the whole Rebel army ran over me." Helpless, nearly bleeding to death from his wounds, he lay upon the field all night. "About sun-up, next morning, I crawled to a neighbor's house, and found it full of wounded Rebels." The neighbor afterwards took him to his own house, which had also been turned into a Rebel hospital. A Rebel surgeon dressed his wounds; and he says he received decent treatment at the hands of the enemy, until a Copperhead woman living opposite "told on him."

"That's the old man who said he was going out to shoot some of the damned Rebels!"

Some officers came and questioned him, endeavoring to convict him of "bushwhacking"; but the old man gave them little satisfaction. This was on Friday, the third day of the battle; and he was alone with his wife in the upper part of the house. The Rebels left, and soon after two shots were fired. One bullet entered the window, passed over Burns's head, and struck the wall behind the lounge on which he was lying. The other shot fell lower, passing through a door. Burns is certain that the design was to assassinate him. That the shots were fired by the Rebels there can be no doubt; and as they were fired from their own side, towards the town, of which they held possession at the time, John's theory was plainly the true one. The hole in the window, and the bullet-marks in the door and wall remain.

Burns went with me over the ground where the first day's fight took place. He showed me the scene of his hot day's work,—pointed out two trees, behind which he

and one of the Wisconsin boys stood and "picked off every Rebel that showed his head," and the spot where he fell and lay all night under the stars and dew.

This act of daring on the part of so aged a citizen, and his subsequent sufferings from wounds, naturally called out a great deal of sympathy, and caused him to be looked upon as a hero. But a hero, like a prophet, has not all honor in his own country. There's a wide-spread, violent prejudice against Burns among that class of the townspeople termed "Copperheads." The young men, especially, who did *not* take their guns and go into the fight as this old man did, but who ran, when running was possible, in the opposite direction, dislike Burns. Some aver that he did not have a gun in his hand that day, and that he was wounded by accident, happening to get between the two lines. Others admit the fact of his carrying a gun into the fight, but tell you, with a sardonic smile, that his "motives were questionable." Some, who are eager enough to make money on his picture, sold against his will, and without profit to him, will tell you in confidence, after you have purchased it, that "Burns is a perfect humbug."

After studying the old man's character, conversing both with his friends and enemies, and sifting evidence, during four days spent in Gettysburg, I formed my conclusions. Of his going into the fight, and *fighting*, there is no doubt whatever. Of his bravery, amounting even to rashness, there can be no reasonable question. He is a patriot of the most zealous sort; a hot, impulsive man, who meant what he said, when he started with the gun to go and shoot some of the Rebels qualified with the strong adjective. A thoroughly honest man, too, I think; although some of his remarks are to be taken with considerable allowance. His temper causes him to form immoderate

opinions and to make strong statements. "*He always goes beyant,*" said my landlord, a firm friend of his, speaking of this tendency to overstep the bounds of calm judgment.

Burns is a sagacious observer of men and things, and makes occasionally such shrewd remarks as this:—

"Whenever you see the marks of shells and bullets on a house all covered up, and painted and plastered over, that's the house of a Rebel sympathizer; but when you see them all preserved and kept in sight, as something to be proud of, that's the house of a true Union man."

Well, whatever is said or thought of the old hero, he is *what he is*, and has satisfaction in that, and not in other people's opinions; for so it must finally be with all. *Character* is the one thing valuable. *Reputation*, which is a mere shadow of the man, what his character is *reputed* to be, is, in the long run, of infinitely less importance.

I am happy to add that the old man has been awarded a pension.

The next day I mounted a hard-trotting horse and rode to Round Top. On the way I stopped at the historical peach-orchard, known as Sherfy's, where Sickles's Corps was repulsed, after a terrific conflict, on Thursday, the second day of the battle. The peaches were green on the trees then; but they were ripe now, and the trees were breaking down with them. One of Mr. Sherfy's girls--the youngest, she told me--was in the orchard. She had in her basket rareripes to sell. They were large and juicy and sweet,—all the redder, no doubt, for the blood of the brave that had drenched the sod. So calm and impassive is Nature, silently turning all things to use! The carcass of a mule, or the godlike shape of a warrior cut down in the hour of glory,—she knows no difference between them, but straightway proceeds to convert both alike into new forms of life and beauty.

Between fields made memorable by hard fighting I rode eastward, and, entering a pleasant wood, ascended Little Round Top. The eastern slope of this rugged knob is covered with timber. The western side is steep, and wild with rocks and bushes. Nearby is the Devil's Den, a dark cavity in the rocks, interesting henceforth on account of the fight that took place here for the possession of these heights. A photographic view, taken the Sunday morning after the battle, shows eight dead Rebels tumbled headlong, with their guns, among the rocks below the Den.

A little farther on is Round Top itself, a craggy tusk of the rock-jawed earth pushed up there towards the azure. It is covered all over with broken ledges, bowlders, and fields of stones. Among these the forest-trees have taken root,—thrifty Nature making the most of things even here. The serene leafy tops of ancient oaks tower aloft in the bluish-golden air. It is a natural fortress, which our boys strengthened still further by throwing up the loose stones into handy breastworks.

Returning, I rode the whole length of the ridge held by our troops, realizing more and more the importance of that extraordinary position. It is like a shoe, of which Round Top represents the heel, and Cemetery Hill the toe. Here all our forces were concentrated on Thursday and Friday, within a space of three miles. Movements from one part to another of this compact field could be made with celerity. Lee's forces, on the other hand, extended over a circle of seven miles or more around, in a country where all their movements could be watched by us and anticipated.

At a point well forward on the foot of this shoe, Meade had his head-quarters. I tied my horse at the gate, and entered the little square box of a house which enjoys that

historical celebrity. It is scarcely more than a hut, having but two little rooms on the ground-floor, and I know not what narrow, low-roofed chambers above. Two small girls, with brown, German faces, were paring wormy apples under the porch; and a round-shouldered, bareheaded, and barefooted woman, also with a German face and a strong German accent, was drawing water at the well. I asked her for a drink, which she kindly gave me, and invited me into the house.

The little box was whitewashed outside and in, except the floor and ceilings and inside doors, which were neatly scoured. The woman sat down to some mending, and entered freely into conversation. She was a widow, and the mother of six children. The two girls cutting wormy apples at the door were the youngest, and the only ones that were left to her. A son in the army was expected home in a few days. She did not know how old her children were,—she did not know how old she herself was, “she was so forgetful.”

She ran away at the time of the fight, but was sorry afterwards she did not stay at home. “She lost a heap.” The house was robbed of almost everything; “coverlids and sheets and some of our own clo’es, all carried away. They got about two ton of hay from me. I owed a little on my land yit, and thought I’d put in two lots of wheat that year, and it was all trampled down, and I didn’t get nothing from it. I had seven pieces of meat yit, and them was all took. All I had when I got back was jest a little bit of flour yit. The fences was all tore down, so that there wa’n’t one standing, and the rails was burnt up. One shell come into the house and knocked a bedstead all to pieces for me. One come in under the roof and knocked out a rafter for me. The porch was all knocked down. There was seventeen dead horses on my land. They burnt

five of 'em around my best peach-tree, and killed it; so I ha'n't no peaches this year. They broke down all my young apple-trees for me. The dead horses sp'iled my spring, so I had to have my well dug."

I inquired if she had ever got anything for the damage.

"Not much. I jest sold the bones of the dead horses. I couldn't do it till this year, for the meat hadn't rotted off yit. I got fifty cents a hundred. There was seven hundred and fifty pounds. You can reckon up what they come to. That's all I got."

Not much, indeed!

This poor woman's entire interest in the great battle was, I found, centered in her own losses. That the country lost or gained she did not know nor care, never having once thought of that side of the question.

The town is full of similar reminiscences; and it is a subject which everybody except the "Copperheads" likes to talk with you about. There were heroic women here, too. On the evening of Wednesday, as our forces were retreating, an exhausted Union soldier came to Mr. Culp's house, near Culp's Hill, and said, as he sank down,—

"If I can't have a drink of water, I must die."

Mrs. Culp, who had taken refuge in the cellar,—for the house was now between the two fires,—said,—

"I will go to the spring and get you some water."

It was then nearly dark. As she was returning with the water, a bullet whizzed past her. It was fired by a sharpshooter on our own side, who had mistaken her for one of the advancing Rebels. Greatly frightened, she hurried home, bringing the water safely. One poor soldier was made eternally grateful by this courageous womanly deed. A few days later the sharpshooter came to the house and learned that it was a ministering angel in the guise of a woman he had shot at. Great, also, must have been his

gratitude for the veil of darkness which caused him to miss his aim.

Shortly after the battle, sad tales were told of the cruel inhospitality shown to the wounded Union troops by the people of Gettysburg. Many of these stories were doubtless true; but they were true only of the more brutal of the Rebel sympathizers. The Union men threw open their hearts and their houses to the wounded.

One day I met a soldier on Cemetery Hill, who was in the battle, and who, being at Harrisburg for a few days, had taken advantage of an excursion-train to come over and revisit the scene of that terrible experience. Getting into conversation, we walked down the hill together. As we were approaching a double house with high wooden steps, he pointed out the farther one, and said,—

“Saturday morning, after the fight, I got a piece of bread at that house. A man stood on the steps and gave each of our fellows a piece. We were hungry as bears, and it was a godsend. I should like to see that man and thank him.”

Just then the man himself appeared at the door. We went over, and I introduced the soldier, who, with tears in his eyes, expressed his gratitude for that act of Christian charity.

“Yes,” said the man, when reminded of the circumstance, “we did what we could. We baked bread here night and day to give to every hungry soldier who wanted it. We sent away our own children, to make room for the wounded soldiers, and for days our house was a hospital.”

Instances of this kind are not few. Let them be remembered to the honor of Gettysburg.

Of the magnitude of a battle fought so desperately during three days by armies numbering not far from two hundred thousand men no adequate conception can be

formed. One or two facts may help to give a faint idea of it. Mr. Culp's meadow, below Cemetery Hill,—a lot of near twenty acres,—was so thickly strown with Rebel dead, that Mr. Culp declared he "could have walked across it without putting foot upon the ground." Upwards of three hundred Confederates were buried in that fair field in one hole. On Mr. Gwynn's farm, below Round Top, near five hundred sons of the South lie promiscuously heaped in one huge sepulcher. Of the quantities of iron, of the wagon-loads of arms, knapsacks, haversacks, and clothing, which strewed the country, no estimate can be made. Government set a guard over these, and for weeks officials were busy in gathering together all the more valuable spoils. The harvest of bullets was left for the citizens to glean. Many of the poorer people did a thriving business, picking up these missiles of death, and selling them to dealers; two of whom alone sent to Baltimore fifty tons of lead collected in this way from this battle-field.

MADAM WALDOBOROUGH'S CARRIAGE

MADAM WALDOBOROUGH'S CARRIAGE.

ON a bright particular afternoon, in the month of November, 1855, I met on the Avenue des Champs Elysées, in Paris, my young friend Herbert J——.

After many desolate days of wind and rain and falling leaves, the city had thrown off her wet rags, so to speak, and arrayed herself in the gorgeous apparel of one of the most golden and perfect Sundays of the season. "All the world" was out of doors. The Boulevards, the Bois de Boulogne, the bridges over the Seine, all the public promenades and gardens, swarmed with joyous multitudes. The Champs Elysées, and the long avenue leading up to the Barrière de l'Etoile, appeared one mighty river, an Amazon of many-colored human life. The finest July weather had not produced such a superb display; for now the people of fashion, who had passed the summer at their country-seats, or in Switzerland, or among the Pyrenees, reappeared in their showy equipages. The tide, which had been flowing to the Bois de Boulogne ever since two o'clock, had turned, and was pouring back into Paris. For miles, up and down, on either side of the city-wall, extended the glittering train of vehicles. The three broad, open gateways of the Barrière proved insufficient channels; and far as you could see, along the Avenue de l'Impératrice, stood three seemingly endless rows of carriages, closely crowded, unable to advance, waiting for the Barrière de l'Etoile to discharge its surplus living waters. Detachments of the mounted city guard, and long lines of police,

regulated the flow; while at the Barrière an extra force of custom-house officers fulfilled the necessary formality of casting an eye of inspection into each vehicle as it passed, to see that nothing was smuggled.

Just below the Barrière, as I was moving with the stream of pedestrians, I met Herbert. He turned and took my arm. As he did so, I noticed that he lifted his bran-new Parisian hat towards heaven, saluting with a lofty flourish one of the carriages that passed the gate.

It was a dashy barouche, drawn by a glossy-black span, and occupied by two ladies and a lapdog. A driver on the box, and a footman perched behind, both in livery,—long coats, white gloves, and gold bands on their hats,—completed the establishment. The ladies sat facing each other, and their mingled, effervescing skirts and flounces filled the cup of the vehicle quite to over-foaming, like a Rochelle powder, nearly drowning the brave spaniel, whose sturdy little nose was elevated, for air, just above the surge.

Both ladies recognized my friend, and she who sat, or rather reclined, (for such a luxurious, languishing attitude can hardly be called a sitting posture,) fairy-like, in the hinder part of the shell, bestowed upon him a very gracious, condescending smile. She was a most imposing creature,—in freshness of complexion, in physical development, and, above all, in amplitude and magnificence of attire, a full-blown rose of a woman,—aged, I should say, about forty.

“Don’t you know that turn-out?” said Herbert, as the shallop with its lovely freight floated on in the current.

“I am not so fortunate,” I replied.

“Good gracious! miserable man! Where do you live? In what obscure society have you buried yourself? Not to know MADAM WALDOBOROUGH’S CARRIAGE!”

This was spoken in a tone of humorous extravagance

which piqued my curiosity. Behind the ostentatious deference with which he had raised his hat to the sky, beneath the respectful awe with which he spoke the lady's name, I detected irony and a spirit of mischief.

"Who is Madam Waldborough? and what about her carriage?"

"Who is Madam Waldborough?" echoed Herbert, with mock astonishment; "that an American, six months in Paris, should ask that question! An American woman, and a woman of fortune, sir; and, which is more, of fashion; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina or elsewhere;—one that occupies a position, go to! and receives on Thursday evenings, go to! and that hath ambassadors at her table, and everything handsome about her! And as for her carriage," he continued, coming down from his Dogberrian strain of eloquence, "it is the very identical carriage which I didn't ride in once!"

"How was that?"

"I'll tell you; for it was a curious adventure, and as it was a very useful lesson to me, so you may take warning by my experience, and, if ever she invites you to ride with her, as she did me, beware! beware! her flashing eyes, her floating hair!—do not accept, or, before accepting, take Iago's advice, and put money in your purse; **PUT MONEY IN YOUR PURSE!** I'll tell you why.

"But, in the first place, I must explain how I came to be without money in mine, so soon after arriving in Paris, where so much of the article is necessary. My woes all arise from vanity. That is the rock, that is the quicksand, that is the maelstrom. I presume you don't know anybody else who is afflicted with that complaint? If you do, I'll but teach you how to tell my story, and that will cure him; or, at least, it ought to.

"You see, in crossing over to Liverpool in the steamer,

I became acquainted with a charming young lady, who proved to be a second-cousin of my father's. She belongs to the aristocratic branch of our family. Every family tree has an aristocratic branch, or bough, or little twig at least, I believe. She was a Todworth; and having always heard my other relations mention with immense pride and respect the Todworths,—as if it was one of the solid satisfactions of life to be able to speak of 'my uncle Todworth,' or 'my cousins the Todworths,'—I was prepared to appreciate my extreme good fortune. She was a bride, setting out on her wedding tour. She had married a sallow, bilious, perfumed, very disagreeable fellow,—except that he too was an aristocrat, and a millionaire besides, which made him very agreeable; at least, I thought so. That was before I rode in Madam Waldborough's carriage: since which era in my life I have slightly changed my habits of thinking on these subjects.

"Well, the fair bride was most gratifyingly affable, and cousined me to my heart's content. Her husband was no less friendly: they not only petted me, but I think they really liked me; and by the time we reached London I was on as affectionately familiar terms with them as a younger brother could have been. If I had been a Todworth, they couldn't have made more of me. They insisted on my going to the same hotel with them, and taking a room adjoining their suite. This was a happiness to which I had but one objection,—my limited pecuniary resources. My family are neither aristocrats nor millionaires; and economy required that I should place myself in humble and inexpensive lodgings for the two or three weeks I was to spend in London. But vanity! vanity! I was actually ashamed, sir, to do the honest and true thing,—afraid of disgracing my branch of the family in the eyes of the Todworth branch, and of losing

the fine friends I had made, by confessing my poverty. The bride, I confess, was a delightful companion; but I know other ladies just as interesting, although they do not happen to be Todworths. For her sake, personally, I should never have thought of committing the folly; and still less, I assure you, for that piece of perfumed and yellow-complexioned politeness, her husband. It was pride, sir, pride that ruined me. They went to Cox's Hotel, in Jermyn Street; and I, simpleton as I was, went with them,—for that was before I rode in Madam Waldborough's carriage.

“Cox's, I fancy, is the crack hotel of London. Lady Byron boarded there; the author of ‘Childe Harold’ himself used to stop there; Tom Moore wrote a few of his last songs and drank a good many of his last bottles of wine there; my Lords Tom, Dick, and Harry,—the Duke of Dash, Sir Edward Splash, and Viscount Flash,—these and other notables always honor Cox's when they go to town. So *we* honored Cox's. And a very quiet, orderly, well-kept tavern we found it. I think Mr. Cox must have a good housekeeper. He has been fortunate in securing a very excellent cook. I should judge that he had engaged some of the finest gentlemen in England to act as waiters. Their manners would do credit to any potentate in Europe: there is that calm self-possession about them, that serious dignity of deportment, sustained by a secure sense of the mighty importance of their mission to the world, which strikes a beholder with awe. I was made to feel very inferior in their presence. We dined at a private table, and these ministers of state waited upon us. They brought us the morning paper on a silver salver; they presented it as if it had been a mission from a king to a king. Whenever we went out or came in, there stood two of those magnates, in white waistcoats and white gloves, to open the

folding-doors for us, with stately mien. You would have said it was the Lord High Chamberlain and his deputy, and that I was at least Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James. I tried to receive these overpowering attentions with an air of easy indifference, like one who had been all his life accustomed to that sort of thing, you know; but I was oppressed with a terrible sense of being out of my place. I couldn't help feeling that these serene and lofty highnesses knew perfectly well that I was a green Yankee boy, with less than fifty pounds in my pocket; and I fancied that, behind the mask of gravity each imperturbable countenance wore, there was always lurking a smile of contempt.

"But this was not the worst of it. I suffered from another cause. If noblemen were my attendants, I must expect to maintain noblemen. All that ceremony and deportment must go into the bill. With this view of the case, I could not look at their white kids without feeling sick at heart; white waistcoats became a terror; the sight of an august neckcloth, bowing its solemn attentions to me, depressed my very soul. The folding-doors, on golden hinges turning,—figuratively, at least, if not literally, like those of Milton's heaven,—grated as horrible discords on my secret ear as the gates of Milton's other place. It was my gold that helped to make those hinges. And this I endured merely for the sake of enjoying the society, not of my dear newly-found cousins, but of two phantoms, intangible, unsatisfactory, unreal, that hovered over their heads,—the phantom of wealth and the still more empty phantom of social position. But all this, understand, was *before* I rode in Madam Waldborough's carriage.

"Well, I saw London in company with my aristocratic relatives, and paid a good deal more for the show, and really profited less by it, than if I had gone about the

business in my own deliberate and humble way. Everything was, of course, done in the most lordly and costly manner known. Instead of walking to this place or that, or taking an omnibus or a cab, we rolled magnificently in our carriage. I suppose the happy bridegroom would willingly have defrayed all these expenses, if I had wished him to do so; but pride prompted me to pay my share. So it happened that, during nine days in London, I spent as much as would have lasted me as many weeks, if I had been as wise as I was vain,—that is, if I had ridden in Madam Waldborough's carriage *before* I went to England.

“When I saw how things were going, bankruptcy staring me in the face, ruin yawning at my feet, I was suddenly seized with an irresistible desire to go on to Paris. I had a French fever of the most violent character. I declared myself sick of the soot and smoke and uproar of the great Babel,—I even spoke slightly of Cox's Hotel, as if I had been used to better things,—and called for my bill. Heavens and earth, how I trembled! Did ever a condemned wretch feel as faint at the sight of the priest coming to bid him prepare for the gallows, as I did at the sight of one of those sublime functionaries bringing me my doom on a silver salver? Every pore opened; a clammy perspiration broke out all over me; I reached forth a shaking hand, and thanked his highness with a ghastly smile.

“A few figures told my fate. The convict who hears his death-sentence may still hope for a reprieve; but figures are inexorable, figures cannot lie. My bill at Cox's was in pounds, shillings, and pence, amounting to just eleven dollars a day. Eleven times nine are ninety-nine. It was so near a round hundred, it seemed a bitter mockery not to say a hundred, and have done with it,

instead of scrupulously stopping to consider a single paltry dollar. I was reminded of the boy whose father bragged of killing nine hundred and ninety-nine pigeons at one shot. Somebody asked why he didn't say a thousand. 'Thunder!' says the boy, 'do you suppose my father would lie just for one pigeon?' I told the story, to show my cousins how coolly I received the bill, and paid it,—coined my heart and dropped my blood for drachmas, rather than appear mean in presence of my relatives, although I knew that a portion of the charge was for the bridal arrangements for which the bridegroom alone was responsible.

"This drained my purse so nearly dry that I had only just money enough left to take me to Paris, and pay for a week's lodging or so in advance. They urged me to remain and go to Scotland with them; but I tore myself away, and fled to France. I would not permit them to accompany me to the railroad station, and see me off; for I was unwilling that they should know I was going to economize my finances by purchasing a second-class ticket. From the life I had been leading at Cox's to a second-class passage to Paris was that step from the sublime to the ridiculous which I did not wish to be seen taking. I think I'd have thrown myself into the Thames before I would thus have exposed myself; for, as I tell you, I had not yet been honored with a seat in Madam Waldborough's carriage.

"It is certainly a grand thing to keep grand company; but if ever I felt a sense of relief, it was when I found myself free from my cousins, emancipated from the fearful bondage of keeping up such expensive appearances; when I found myself seated on the hard, cushionless bench of the second-class car, and nibbled my crackers at my leisure, unoppressed by the awful presence of those grandees

in white waistcoats, and by the more awful presence of a condemning conscience within myself.

"I nibbled my crackers, and they tasted sweeter than Cox's best dinners; I nibbled, and contemplated my late experiences; nibbled, and was almost persuaded to be a Christian,—that is, to forswear thenceforth and forever all company which I could not afford to keep, all appearances which were not honest, all foolish pride, and silly ambition, and moral cowardice;—as I did after I had ridden in a certain carriage I have mentioned, and which I am coming to now as fast as possible.

"I had lost nearly all my money and a good share of my self-respect by the course I had taken, and I could think of only one substantial advantage which I had gained. That was a note of introduction from my lovely cousin to Madame Waldborough. That would be of inestimable value to me in Paris. It would give me access to the best society, and secure to me, a stranger, many privileges which could not otherwise be obtained. 'Perhaps, after all,' thought I, as I read over the flattering contents of the unsealed note,—'perhaps, after all, I shall find this worth quite as much as it has cost me.' O, had I foreseen that it was actually destined to procure me an invitation to ride out with Madam Waldborough herself, shouldn't I have been elated?

"I reached Paris, took a cheap lodging, and waited for the arrival of my uncle's goods destined for the Great Exhibition,—for to look after them, (I could speak French, you know,) and to assist in having them properly placed, was the main business that had brought me here. I also waited anxiously for my uncle and a fresh supply of funds. In the meantime I delivered my letters of introduction, and made a few acquaintances. Twice I called at Madam Waldborough's hotel, but did not see

her; she was out. So at least the servants said, but I suspect they lied; for, the second time I was told so, I noticed, O, the most splendid turn-out!—the same you just saw pass—waiting in the carriage-way before her door, with the driver on the box, and the footman holding open the silver-handle and escutcheoned panel that served as a door to the barouche, as if expecting some grand personage to get in.

“‘Some distinguished visitor, perhaps,’ thought I; ‘or, it may be, Madam Waldborough herself; instead of being out, she is just going out, and in five minutes the servant’s lie will be a truth.’” Sure enough, before I left the street—for I may as well confess that curiosity caused me to linger a little—my lady herself appeared in all her glory, and bounced into the barouche with a vigor that made it rock quite unromantically; for she is not frail, she is not a butterfly, as you perceived. I recognized her from a description I had received from my cousin the bride. She was accompanied by that meager, smart little sprite of a French girl, whom Madam always takes with her,—to talk French with, and to be waited upon by her, she says; but rather, I believe, by way of a contrast to set off her own brilliant complexion and imperial proportions. It is Juno and Arachne. The divine orbs of the goddess turned haughtily upon me, but did not see me,—looked through and beyond me, as if I had been nothing but gossamer, feathers, air; and the little black, bead-like eyes of the insect pierced me maliciously an instant, as the barouche dashed past, and disappeared in the Rue de Rivoli. I was humiliated; I felt that I was recognized,—known as the rash youth who had just called at the Hôtel de Waldborough, been told that Madam was out, and had stopped outside to catch the hotel in a lie. It is very singular—how do you explain it?—that it should have

seemed to me the circumstance was something, not for Madam, but for me to be ashamed of! I don't believe that the color of her peachy cheeks was heightened the shadow of a shade; but as for me, I blushed to the tips of my ears.

"You may believe that I did not go away in such a cheerful frame of mind as might have encouraged me to repeat my call in a hurry. I just coldly enclosed to her my cousins' letter of introduction, along with my address; and said to myself, "Now, she'll know what a deuce of a fellow she has slighted: she'll know she has put an affront upon a connection of the Todworths!" I was very silly, you see, for I had not yet—but I am coming to that part of my story.

"Well, returning to my lodgings a few days afterwards, I found a note which had been left for me by a liveried footman,—Madam Waldborough's footman, O heaven! I was thrown into great trepidation by the stupendous event, and eagerly inquired if Madam herself was in her carriage, and was immensely relieved to learn she was not; for, unspeakably gratifying as such condescension, such an Olympian compliment, would have been under other circumstances, I should have felt it more than offset by the mortification of knowing that she knew, that her own eyes had beheld, the very humble quarter in which a lack of means had compelled me to locate myself.

"I turned from that frightful possibility to the note itself. It was everything I could have asked. It was ambrosia, it was nectar. I had done a big thing when I fired the Todworth gun: it had brought the enemy to terms. My cousin was complimented, and I was welcomed to Paris, and—THE HÔTEL WALDOBOROUGH!

"'Why have you not called to see me?' the note inquired, with charming innocence. 'I shall be at home to-

morrow morning at two o'clock; cannot you give me the pleasure of greeting so near a relative of my dear, delightful Louise?"

"Of course, I would afford her that pleasure! 'O, what a thing it is,' I said to myself, 'to be a third cousin to a Todworth!' But the two o'clock in the morning,—how should I manage that? I had not supposed that fashionable people in Paris got up so early, much less received visitors at that wonderful hour. But, on reflection, I concluded that two in the morning meant two in the afternoon; for I had heard that the great folks commenced their day at about that time.

"At two o'clock, accordingly, the next afternoon,—excuse me, O ye fashionable ones! I mean the next morning,—I sallied forth from my little barren room in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, and proceeded to Madam's ancient palace in the Rue St. Martin, dressed in my best, and palpitating with a sense of the honor I was doing myself. This time the *concierge* smiled encouragingly, and ascertained for me that Madam *was* at home. I ascended the polished marble staircase to a saloon on the first floor, where I was requested to have the *obligeance d'attendre un petit moment*, until Madam should be informed of my arrival.

"It was a very large, and, I must admit, a very respectable saloon, although not exactly what I had expected to see at the very summit of the social Olympus. I dropped into a fauteuil near a center-table, on which there was a fantastical silver-wrought card-basket. What struck me particularly about the basket was a well-known little Todworth envelope, superscribed in the delicate handwriting of my aristocratic cousin,—my letter of introduction, in fact,—displayed upon the very top of the pile of billets and cards. My own card I did not see; but in looking

for it I discovered some curious specimens of foreign orthography,—one dainty little note to '*Madame Val-tobureau*'; another laboriously addressed to '*M. et Mme. Fean Val-d'eau-Berot*'; and still a third, in which the name was conscientiously and industriously written out, '*Ouâldôbeurreaux*.' This last, as an instance of spelling an English word *à la Française*, I thought a remarkable success, and very creditable to people who speak of *Lor Berong*, meaning Lord Byron, (*Be-wrong* is good!) and talk glibly about *Frongclang*, and *Vashangtong*, meaning the great philosopher, and the Father of his Country.

"I was trying to amuse myself with these orthographical curiosities, yet waiting anxiously all the while for the appearance of that illustrious ornament of her sex, to whom they were addressed; and the servant's '*petit moment*' had become a good *petit quart d'heure*, when the drawing-room door opened, and in glided, not the Goddess, but the Spider.

"She had come to beg Monsieur (that was me) to have the bounty to excuse Madam (that was the Walldoborough), who had caused herself to be waited for, and who, I was assured, would give herself '*le plaisir de me voir dans un tout petit moment*.' So saying, with a smile, she seated herself; and, discovering that I was an American, began to talk bad English to me. I may say execrable English; for it is a habit your Frenchwoman often has, to abandon her own facile and fluent vernacular, which she speaks so charmingly, in order to show off a wretched smattering she may have acquired of your language,—from politeness, possibly, but I rather think from vanity. In the meantime Arachne busied her long agile fingers with some very appropriate embroidery; and busied her mind, too, I couldn't help thinking, weaving some intricate web of mischief,—for her eyes sparkled

as they looked at me with a certain gleeful, malicious expression,—seeming to say, ‘You have walked into my parlor, Mr. Fly, and I am sure to entangle you!’ which made me feel uncomfortable.

“The ‘*tout petit moment*’ had become another good quarter of an hour, when the door again opened, and Madam—Madam herself—the Waldoborough appeared! Did you ever see flounces? did you ever witness expansion? have your eyes ever beheld the—so to speak—new-risen sun trailing clouds of glory over the threshold of the dawn? You should have seen Madam enter that room; you should have seen the effulgence of the greeting smile she gave me; then you wouldn’t wonder that I was dazzled.

“She filled and overflowed with her magnificence the most royal fauteuil in the saloon, and talked to me of my Todworth cousin, and of my Todworth cousin’s husband, and of London, and America,—occasionally turning aside to show off her bad French by speaking to the Spider, until another quarter of an hour had elapsed. Then Paris was mentioned; one of us happened to speak of the Gobelins,—I cannot now recall which it was first uttered that fatal word to me, the direful spring of woes unnumbered! Had I visited the Gobelins? I had not, but I anticipated having that pleasure soon.

“‘Long as I have lived in Paris, I have never yet been to the Gobelins!’ says Mrs. Waldoborough. ‘*Mademoiselle*’ (that was Arachne) ‘*m’accuse toujours d’avoir tort, et me dit que je dois y aller, n’est ce pas, Mademoiselle?*’

“‘*Certainement!*’ says Mademoiselle, emphatically; and in return for Madam’s ill-spoken French, she added in English, of even worse quality, that the Gobelins’ manufacture of tapisserie and carpet, was the place the most curious and interressante which one could go see in Paris.

“‘*C’est ce qu’elle dit toujours,*’ says the Waldoborough.

'But I make great allowances for her opinions, since she is an enthusiast with regard to everything that pertains to weaving.

"'Very natural that she should be, being a Spider,' I thought, but did not say so.

"'However,' Madam continued, 'I should like extremely well to go there, if I could ever get the time. *Quand aurai-je le tems, Mademoiselle?*'

"'I sink zis af'noon is more time zan you have anozer day, Madame,' says the Spider.

So the net was completed, and I was caught thus: Mrs. Waldoborough, with an hospitable glance at me, referred the proposition; and I said, if she would like to go that day, she must not let me hinder her, and offered to take my leave; and Arachne said, 'Monsieur perhaps he like go too?' And as Madam suggested ordering the carriage for the purpose, of course I jumped at the chance. To ride in that carriage! with the Waldoborough herself! with the driver before and the footman behind, in livery! O ye gods!

"I was abandoned to intoxicating dreams of ambition, whilst Madam went to prepare herself, and Mademoiselle to order the carriage. It was not long before I heard a vehicle enter the court-yard, turn, and stop in the carriage-way. I tried to catch a glimpse of it from the window, but saw it only in imagination,—that barouche of barouches, which is Waldoborough's! I imagined myself seated luxuriously in that shell, with Madam by my side, rolling through the streets of Paris in even greater state than I had rolled through London with my Todworth cousin. I was impatient to be experiencing the new sensation. The moments dragged: five, ten, fifteen minutes at least elapsed, and all the while the carriage and I were waiting. Then appeared—who do you suppose? The

Spider, dressed for an excursion. 'So she is going too!' thought I, not very well pleased. She had in her arms—what do you suppose? A confounded little lapdog,—the spaniel you saw just above the crinoline.

"'Monsieur,' says she, 'I desire make you know the King François.' I hate lapdogs; but, in order 'to be civil, I offered to pat his majesty on the head. That, however, did not seem to be court-etiquette; and I got snapped at by the little despot. 'Our compagnon of voyage,' says Mademoiselle, pacifying him with caresses.

"'So, he is going too?' thought I,—so unreasonable as to feel a little dissatisfied; as if I had a right to say, who should or who should not ride in Madam Waldborough's carriage.

"Mademoiselle sat with her hat on, and held the pup; and I sat with my hat in my hand, and held my peace; and she talked bad English to me, and good French to the dog, for maybe, ten minutes longer, when the Waldborough swept in, arrayed for the occasion, and said, '*Maintenant nous irons.*' That was the signal for descending: as we did so, Madam casually remarked, that something was the matter with one of the Waldborough horses, but that she had not thought it worth the while to give up our visit to the Gobelins on that account, since a *coupé* would answer our purpose;—and the *coupés* in that quarter were really very respectable!

"This considerate remark was as a feather-bed to break the frightful fall before me. You think I tumbled down the Waldborough stairs? Worse than that: I dropped headlong, precipitately, from the heights of fairy dreams to low actuality; all the way down, down, down, from the Waldborough barouche to a hired coach, a *voiture de remise*, that stood in its place at the door!

"Mademoiselle suggested that it would be quite as

well to go in a *coupé*,' says Mrs. Waldoborough, as she got in.

"‘O certainly,’ I replied, with preternatural cheerfulness. But I could have killed the Spider for I suspected this was a part of the plot she had been weaving to entangle me.

"It was a vehicle with two horses and seats for four; one driver in a red face,—the common livery of your Paris hackman; but no footman, no footman, no footman!" Hubert repeated, with a groan. "Not so much as a little tiger clinging to the straps behind! I comforted myself, however, with the reflection that beggars must not be choosers; that, if I rode with Madam, I must accept her style of turn-out; and that if I was a good boy, and went in the *coupé* this time, I might go in the barouche the next.

"Madam occupied the back seat—the seat of honor in a coach—with whom, do you suppose? Me? No, sir! With the Spider? Not even with the Spider! With the lapdog, sir! And I was forced to content myself with a seat by Arachne's side, facing the royal pair.

"‘*Aux Gobelins*,’ says Mrs. Waldoborough, to the driver, ‘*mais allez par l’Hôtel de Ville, le pont Louis Philippe, et l’église de Notre Dame,—n’est-ce pas?*’ referring the question to me.

"I said, ‘As you please.’ And the red-faced driver said, ‘*Bien, Madame!*’ as he shut us into the coach. And off we went by the Hôtel de Ville, the Pont Louis Philippe, and Notre Dame, accordingly.

"We stopped a few minutes to look at the Cathedral front; then rattled on, up the Quai and across the Pont de l’Archevêché, and through the crooked, countless streets until we reached the Gobelins; and I must confess I did not yet experience any of the sublime emotions I had

counted upon in riding with the distinguished Madam Waldborough.

"You have been to the Gobelins? If you haven't, you must go there,—not with two ladies and a lapdog, as I did, but independently, and you will find the visit well worth the trouble. The establishment derives its name from an obscure wool-dyer of the fifteenth century, Jean Gobelin, whose little work-shop has grown to be one of the most extensive and magnificent carpet and tapestry manufactories in the world.

"We found liveried attendants stationed at every door and turning-point, to direct the crowds of visitors and to keep out dogs. No dog could be admitted except in arms. I suggested that King Francis should be left in the coach; upon which Mrs. Waldborough asked, reproachfully, 'Could I be so cruel?' and the Spider looked at me as if I had been an American savage. To atone for my inhumanity, I offered to carry the cur; he was put into my arms at once; and so it happened that I walked through that wonderful series of rooms, hung with tapestries of the richest description, of the times of Francis I., Louis XIV., and so forth, with a detested lapdog in my hands. However, I showed my heroism by enduring my fate without a murmur, and quoting Tennyson for the gratification of Mrs. Waldborough, who was reminded of the corridors of 'The Palace of Art.'

"Some were hung with arras green and blue,
 Showing a gaudy summer-morn,
 Where with puffed cheek the belted hunter blew
 His wreathed bugle-horn."

"One showed an iron coast, and angry waves.
 You seemed to hear them climb and fall,
 And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves,
 Beneath the windy wall."

“ Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasped,
From of her shoulder backward borne:
From one hand drooped a crocus: one hand grasped
The mild bull's golden horn.”

And so forth, and so on. I continued my citations in order to keep Madam's mouth shut; for she annoyed me exceedingly by telling everybody she had occasion to speak with who she was.

“ *Je suis Madame Waldoborough; et je désire savoir*’ this thing, or that,—whatever she wished to inquire about; as if all the world knew of her fame, and she had only to state, ‘I am that distinguished personage,’ in order to command the utmost deference and respect.

“ From the show-rooms we passed on to the work-rooms, where we found the patient weavers sitting or standing at the back side of their pieces, with their baskets of many-colored spools at their sides, and the paintings they were copying behind them, slowly building up their imitative fabrics, loop after loop, and stitch after stitch, by hand. Madam told the workmen who she was, and learned that one had been at work six months on his picture; it was a female figure kneeling to a colossal pair of legs, destined to support a warrior, whose upper proportions waited to be drawn out of the spool-baskets. Another had been a year at work on a headless Virgin with a babe in her arms, finished only to the eyes. Sometimes ten, or even twenty years, are expended by one man upon a single piece of tapestry; but the patience of the workmen is not more wonderful than the art with which they select and blend their colors, passing from the softest to the most brilliant shades, without fault, as the work they are copying requires.

“ From the tapestry-weaving we passed on to the carpet-weaving rooms, where the workmen have the right side

of their fabric before them, and the designs to be copied over their heads. Some of the patterns were of the most gorgeous description,—vines, scrolls, flowers, birds, lions, men; and the way they passed from the reflecting brain through the fingers of the weaver into the woollen texture was marvellous to behold. I could have spent some hours in the establishment pleasantly enough, watching the operatives, but for that terrible annoyance, the dog in my arms. I could not put him down, and I could not ask the ladies to take him. The Spider was in her element; she forgot everything but the toil of her fellow-spiders, and it was almost impossible to get her away from any piece she once became interested in. Madam, busy in telling who she was and asking questions, gave me little attention; so that I found myself more in the position of a lackey than a companion. I had regretted that her footman did not accompany us; but what need was there of a footman as long as she had me?

“In half an hour I had become weary of the lapdog and the Gobelins, and wished to get away. But no,—Madam must tell more people who she was, and make further inquiries; and as for Arachne, I believe she would have remained there until this time. Another half-hour, and another, and still the good part of another, exhausted the strength of my arms and the endurance of my soul, until at last Mrs. Waldoborough said, ‘*Eh bien, nous avons tout vu, n'est-ce pas? Allons donc!*’ And we allonged.

“We found our *coupé* waiting for us, and I thrust his majesty King Francis into it rather unceremoniously. Now you must know that all this time Mrs. Waldoborough had not the remotest idea but that she was treating me with all due civility. She is one of your thoroughly egotistical, self-absorbed women, accustomed to receiving homage, who appear to consider that to breathe in their presence and

attend upon them is sufficient honor and happiness for anybody.

“‘Never mind,’ thought I, ‘she’ll invite me to dinner, and maybe I shall meet an ambassador!’

“Arrived at the Hôtel Waldborough, accordingly, I stepped out of the *coupé*, and helped out the ladies and the lapdog, and was going in with them, as a matter of course. But the Spider said, ‘Do not give yourself ze pain, Monsieur!’ and relieved me of King Francis. And Madam said, ‘Shall I order the driver to be paid? or will you retain the *coupé*? You will want it to take you home. Well, good day,’—offering me two fingers to shake. ‘I am very happy to have met you; and I hope I shall see you at my next reception. Thursday evening, remember; I receive Thursday evenings. *Cocher, vous emporterez ce monsieur chez lui, comprenez?*’

“‘*Bien, Madame!*’ says the *cocher*.

“‘*Bon jour, Monsieur!*’ says Arachne, gayly, tripping up the stairs with the king in her arms.

“I was stunned. For a minute I did not know very well what I was about; indeed, I should have done very differently if I had had my wits about me. I stepped back into the *coupé*,—weary, disheartened, hungry; my dinner hour was past long ago; it was now approaching Madam’s dinner hour, and I was sent away fasting. What was worse, the *coupé* was left for me to pay for. It was three hours since it had been ordered; price, two francs an hour; total, six francs. I had given the driver my address, and we were clattering away towards the Rue de Vieux Augustins, when I remembered, with a sinking of the heart I trust you may never experience, that I had not six francs in the world,—at least in this part of the world,—thanks to my Todworth cousin; that I had, in fact, only fifteen paltry sous in my pocket!

"Here was a scrape! I had ridden in Madam Waldoborough's carriage with a vengeance! Six francs to pay! and how was I ever to pay it? '*Cocher! cocher!*' I cried out, despairingly, '*attendez!*'"

"'*Qu'est-il?*' says the *cocher*, stopping promptly.

"Struck with the appalling thought that every additional rod we traveled involved an increase of expense, my first impulse was to jump out and dismiss him. But then came the more frightful nightmare fancy, that it was not possible to dismiss him unless I could pay him! I must keep him with me until I could devise some means of raising the six francs, which an hour later would be eight francs, and an hour later ten francs, and so forth. Every moment that I delayed payment swelled the debt, like a ruinous rate of interest, and diminished the possibility of ever being able to pay him at all. And of course I could not keep him with me forever,—go about the world henceforth in a hired coach, with a driver and span of horses impossible to get rid of.

"'*Que veut Monsieur?*' says the driver, looking over at me with his red face, and waiting for my orders.

"That recalled me from my hideous revery. I knew I might as well be traveling as standing still, since he was to be paid by the hour; so I said, 'Drive on, drive faster!'

"I had one hope,—that on reaching my lodgings I might prevail upon the *concierge* to pay for the coach. I stepped out with alacrity, said gayly to my coachman, '*Combien est-ce que je vous dois?*' and put my hand in among my fifteen sous with an air of confidence.

"The driver looked at his watch, and said, with business-like exactness, '*Six francs vingt-cinq centimes, Monsieur. Vingt-cinq centimes!* My debt had increased five cents whilst I had been thinking about it! '*Avec quelque-chose*

pour la boisson,' he added with a persuasive smile. With a trifle besides for drink-money,—for that every French driver expects.

"Then I appeared to discover, to my surprise, that I had not the change; so I cried out to the old woman in the porter's lodge, 'Give this man five francs for me, will you?' 'Five francs!' echoed the ogress with astonishment; '*Monsieur, je n'ai pas le sou!*'

"I might have known it; of course she wouldn't have a sou for a poor devil like me; but the reply fell upon my heart like a death sentence.

"I then proposed to call at the driver's stand and pay him in a day or two, if he would trust me. He smiled and shook his head.

"'Very well,' said I, stepping back into the coach, 'drive to number five, Cité Odiot.' I had an acquaintance there, of whom I thought I might possibly borrow. The coachman drove away cheerfully, seeming to be perfectly well satisfied with the state of things: he was master of the situation,—he was having employment, his pay was going on, and he could hold me in pledge for the money. We reached the Cité Odiot: I ran in at number five, and upstairs to my friend's room. It was locked; he was away from home.

"I had but one other acquaintance in Paris on whom I could venture to call for a loan of a few francs; and he lived far away, across the Seine, in the Rue Racine. There seemed to be no alternative; so away we posted, carrying my ever-increasing debt, dragging at each remove a lengthening chain. We reached the Rue Racine; I found my friend; I wrung his hand. 'For Heaven's sake,' said I, 'help me to get rid of this Old Man of the Sea,—this elephant won in a raffle!'

"I explained. He laughed. 'What a funny adven-

ture!' says he. 'And how curious that at this time, of all others, I haven't ten sous in the world! But I'll tell you what I can do,' says he.

" 'For mercy's sake, what?'

" 'I can get you out of the building by a private passage, take you through into the Rue de la Harpe, and let you escape. Your coachman will remain waiting for you at the door until you have traversed half Paris. That will be a capital point to the joke,—a splendid *finale* for your little comedy!'

"I confess to you that, perplexed and desperate as I was, I felt for an instant tempted to accept this infamous suggestion. Not that I would willingly have wronged the coachman; but since there was no hope of doing him justice, why not do the best thing for myself? If I could not save my honor, I might at least save my person. And I own that the picture of him which presented itself to my mind, waiting at the door so complacently, so stolidly, intent only on sticking by me at the rate of two francs an hour until paid off,—without feeling a shadow of sympathy for my distress, but secretly laughing at it, doubtless,—that provoked me; and I was pleased to think of him waiting there still, after I should have escaped, until at last his beaming red face would suddenly grow purple with wrath, and his placidity change to consternation, on discovering that he had been outwitted. But I knew too well what he would do. He would report me to the police! Worse than that, he would report me to Madam Waldborough!

"Already I fancied him, with his whip under his arm, smilingly taking off his hat, and extending his hand to the amazed and indignant lady, with a polite request that she would pay for that *coupé*! What *coupé*? And he would tell his story, and the Goddess would be thunder-

struck; and the eyes of the Spider would sparkle wickedly; and I should be damned forever!

“Then I could see the Parisian detectives—the best in the world—going to take down from the lady's lips a minute description of the adventurer, the swindler, who had imposed upon them, and attempted to cheat a poor hack-driver out of his hard-earned wages! Then would appear the reports in the newspapers,—how a well-dressed young man, an American, Monsieur X., (or perhaps my name would be given,) had been the means of enlivening the fashionable circles of Paris with a choice bit of scandal, by inviting a very distinguished lady, also an American, (whose Thursday evening receptions we well know, attended by some of the most illustrious French and foreign residents in the metropolis,) to accompany him on a tour of inspection to the Gobelins, and had afterwards been guilty of the unexampled baseness of leaving the *coupé* he had employed standing, unpaid, at the door of a certain house in the Rue Racine, whilst he escaped by a private passage into the Rue de la Harpe, and so forth, and so forth. I saw it all. I blushed, I shuddered at the fancied ignominy of the exposure.

“‘No,’ said I; ‘’tis impossible! If you can't help me to the money, I must try—but where, how can I hope to raise eight francs, (for it is four hours by this time, to say nothing of the drink-money!)—how can I ever hope to raise that sum in Paris?’

“‘You can pawn your watch,’ says my false friend, rubbing his hands, and smiling, as if he really enjoyed the comicality of the thing.

“But I had already eaten my watch, as the French say: it had been a week at the Mont de Piété.

“‘Your coat then,’ says my counselor, with good-mannered unconcern,

“‘And go in my shirt-sleeves?’ for I had placed my trunk and its contents in the charge of my landlord, as security for the payment of my board and room-rent.

“‘In that case, I don’t see what you will do, unless you take my original advice, and dodge the fellow.’

“I left my fair-weather acquaintance in disgust, and went off, literally staggering under the load, the ever-increasing load, the Pelion upon Ossa, of francs, francs, francs,—despair, despair, despair.

“‘*Eh bien?*’ says the driver, interrogatively, as I went out to him.

“‘*Pas de chance!*’ And I ordered him to drive back to the Cité Odiot.

“‘*Bien!*’ says he, polite as ever, cheery as ever; and away we went again, back across the Seine, up the Champs Elysées, into the Rue de l’Oratoire, to the Cité,—my stomach faint, my head aching, my thoughts whirling, and the carriage wheels rattling, clattering, chattering all the way, ‘Two francs an hour and drink-money! Two francs an hour and drink-money!’

“Once more I tried my luck at number five, and was filled with exasperation and dismay to find that my friend had been home, and gone off again in great haste, with a portmanteau in his hand.

“Where had he gone? Nobody knew; but he had given his key to the house-servant, saying he would be absent several days.

“‘*Pensez-vous qu’il est allé à Londres?*’ I hurriedly inquired.

“‘*Monsieur, je n’en sais rien,*’ was the calm, decisive response.

“I knew he often went to London; and now my only hope was to catch him at one of the railway stations. But by which route would he be like to go? I thought of only

one, that by way of Calais, by which I had come, and I ordered my coachman to drive with all speed to the Northern Railway Station. He looked a little glum at this, and his '*Bien!*' sounded a good deal like the 'bang' of the coach-door, as he shut it rather sharply in my face.

"Again we were off, my head hotter than ever, my feet like ice, and the coach-wheels saying vivaciously, as before, 'Two francs an hour, and drink-money! Two francs an hour, and drink-money!'—I was terribly afraid we should be too late; but on arriving at the station, I found there was no train at all. One had left in the afternoon, and another would leave late in the evening. Then I happened to think there were other routes to London, by the way of Dieppe and Havre. My friend might have gone by one of those! Yes, there was a train at about that time, my driver somewhat sullenly informed me,—for he was fast losing his cheerfulness: perhaps it was his supper-time, or perhaps he was in a hurry for his drink-money. Did he know where the stations were? Know? of course he did! There was but one terminus for both routes; that was in the Rue St. Lazare. Could he reach it before the train started? Possibly; but his horses were jaded; they needed feeding. And why didn't I tell him before that I wished to stop there? for we had come through the Rue St. Lazare, and actually passed the railway station there, on our way from the Cité Odiot! That was vexing to think of, but there was no help for it; so back we flew on our course, to catch, if possible, the train, and my friend, who I was certain was going in it.

"We reached the Lazarus Street Station; and I, all in a frenzy of apprehension, rushed in, to experience one of those fearful trials of temper to which nervous men—especially nervous Americans in Paris—are sometimes sub-

ject. The train was about starting; but, owing to the strict regulations which are everywhere enforced on French railways, I could not even force myself into the passenger-room,—much less get through the gate, and past the guard, to the platform where the cars were standing. Nobody could enter there without a ticket. My friend was going, and I could not rush in and catch him, and borrow my—ten francs, I suppose, by that time, because I had not a ticket, nor money to buy a ticket! I laugh now at the image of myself, as I must have appeared then,—frantically explaining what I could of the circumstances to any of the officials who would hear me,—pouring forth torrents of broken and hardly intelligible French, now shrieking to make myself understood, and now groaning with despair,—questioning, cursing, imploring,—and receiving the invariable, the inexorable reply, always polite, but always firm,—

“‘ON NE PASSE PAS, MONSIEUR.’

“Absolutely no admittance! And while I was convulsing myself in vain, the train started! It was off,—my friend was gone, and I was ruined forever!

“When the worst has happened, and we feel that it is so, and our own efforts are no longer of any avail, then we become calm: the heart accepts the fate it knows to be inevitable. The bankrupt, after all his anxious nights and terrible days of struggle, is almost happy at last, when all is over. Even the convict sleeps soundly on the night preceding his execution. Just so I recovered my self-possession and equanimity after the train had departed.

“I went back to my hackman. His serenity had vanished as mine had arrived; and the fury that possessed me seemed to pass over and take up its abode with him.

“‘Will you pay me?’ he demanded, fiercely.

“‘My friend,’ said I, ‘it is impossible.’ And I re-

peated my proposition to call and settle with him in a day or two.

“‘And you will not pay me now?’ he vociferated.

“‘My friend, I cannot.’

“‘Then I know what I shall do!’ turning away with a gesture of rage.

“‘I have done what I could, now you shall try what you can,’ I answered, mildly.

“‘*Ecoutez donc!*’ he hissed, turning once more upon me. ‘I go to Madam. I demand my pay of her. What do you say to that?’

“A few minutes before I should have been overwhelmed by the suggestion. I was not pleased with it now. No man who has enjoyed the society of ladies, and fancied that he appeared smart in their presence, fancies the idea of being utterly shamed and humiliated in their eyes. I ought to have had the courage to say to Mrs. Waldborough, when she had the coolness to send me off with the *coupé*, instead of my dinner: ‘Excuse me, Madam, I have not the money to pay this man!’

“It would have been bitter, that confession; but better one pill at the beginning of a malady than a whole boxful afterwards. Better truth, anyhow, though it kills you, than a precarious existence on false appearances. I had, by my own folly, through toadyism in the first place and moral cowardice afterwards, placed myself in an embarrassing and ludicrous position; and I must take the consequences.

“‘Very well,’ said I, ‘if you are absolutely bent on having your money to-night, I suppose that is the best thing you can do. But say to Madam that I expect my uncle by the next steamer; that I wished you to wait till his arrival for your pay; and that you not only refused, but put me to a great deal of trouble. It is nothing ex-

traordinary,' I continued, in the hope so to soften him, 'for gay young men, Americans, to be without money for a few days in Paris, expecting remittances from home; and you fellows ought to be more accommodating.'

"'True! true!' says the driver, turning again to go. 'But I must have my pay all the same. I shall tell Madam what you say.'

"He was going. And now happened one of those wonderful things which sometimes occur in real life, but which, in novels, we pronounce improbable. Whilst we were speaking a train arrived; and I noticed a little withered old man,—a little smirking mummy of a man,—with a face all wrinkles and smiles, coming out of the build-
ing with his coat on his arm. I noticed him, because he was so ancient and dried up, and yet so happy, whilst I was so young and fresh, and yet so miserable. And I was wondering at his self-satisfaction, when I saw—what think you?—something fall to the ground from the waist-pocket of the coat he carried on his arm! It was—will you believe it?—a pocket-book!—a fat pocket-book, a respectable, well-worn pocket-book!—the pocket-book of a millionaire, by Jove! I pounced upon it, like an eagle upon a rabbit. He was passing on when I ran after him, politely called his attention, and surprised him with a presentation of what he supposed was all the time conveyed safely in his coat.

"'Is it possible!' said he, in very poor French, which betrayed him to be a foreigner like myself. 'You are very kind,—very honest,—very obliging, very obliging indeed!'

"If thanks and smiles would answer my purpose, I had them in profusion. He looked to see that the pocket-book had not been opened, and thanked me again and again. He seemed very anxious to do the polite thing,

yet still more anxious to be passing on. But I would not let him pass on; I held him with my glittering eye.

“‘Ah!’ said he, ‘perhaps you won’t feel yourself injured by the offer,’—for he saw that I was well dressed, and probably hesitated on that account to reward me,—‘perhaps you will take something for your honesty, for your trouble.’ And putting his hand in his pantaloons pocket, he took it out again, with the palm covered with glittering gold pieces.

“‘Sir,’ said I, ‘I am ashamed to accept anything for so trifling a service; but I owe this man here,—how much is it now?’

“‘Ten francs and a half,’ says the driver, whom I had stopped just in time.

“‘Ten Francs and a half,’ I repeated.

“‘*Mais n’oubliez pas la boisson,*’ he added, his persuasive smile returning.

“‘With something for his dram,’ I continued: ‘which if you will have the kindness to pay him, and at the same time give me your address, I will see that the money is returned to you without fail in a day or two.’

“The smiling little man paid the money on the spot; saying it was of no consequence, and neglecting to give me his address. And he went his way well satisfied, and the driver went his, also well satisfied; and I went mine, infinitely better satisfied, I imagine, than either of them.

“Well, I had got rid of Madam Waldborough’s carriage, and learned a lesson which, I think, will last me the rest of my life. If ever again I run after great folks, or place myself in a false position through folly or cowardice, may the Fates confound me! But I must haste and tell you the curious *dénouement* of the affair.

“I was not so anxious to cultivate Madam’s acquaintance *after* riding in her carriage, you may well believe.

For months I did not see her. At last my Todworth cousin and her yellow-complexioned husband came to town, and I went with my uncle to call upon them at Meurice's Hotel. They were delighted to see me, and fondly pressed me to come and take a room adjoining their suite, as I did at Cox's. A card was brought in. My cousin smiled, and directed that the visitor should be admitted. There was a rustle,—a volume of flounces came sweeping in,—a well-remembered voice cried, 'My dear Louise!'—and my Todworth cousin was clasped in the buxom embrace of Madam Waldoborough.

"But what did I behold? Following in Madam's wake, like a skiff towed at the stern of a rushing side-wheel steamer, a dapper little old man, a withered little old man, a gayly smiling little old man, whose countenance was somehow strangely familiar to me. I considered him a moment, and the scene in the Rue St. Lazare, with the *coupé* driver and the man with the pocket-book, flashed across my mind. This was the man! I remembered him well; but he had evidently forgotten me.

"Madam released Louise from her divine large arms, and greeted the yellow-complexioned one. Then she was introduced to my uncle. Then the bride said, 'You know my cousin Herbert, I believe?'

"'Ah, yes!' says the Waldoborough, who had glanced at me curiously, but doubtfully, 'I recognize him now!' giving me a smile and two fingers. 'I thought I had seen him somewhere. You have been to one or two of my receptions, haven't you?'

"'I have not yet had that pleasure,' said I.

"'Ah, I remember now! You called one morning, didn't you? And we went somewhere together,—where did we go?—or was it some other gentleman?'

"I said I thought it must have been some other gentle-

man; for indeed I could hardly believe now that I was that fool.

“ ‘Very likely,’ said she; ‘for I see so many,—my receptions, you know, Louise, are always so crowded! But, dear me, what am I thinking of? Where are you, my love?’ and the steamer brought the skiff alongside.

“ ‘Louise, and gentlemen,’ then said my lady, with a magnificent courtesy, the very wind of which I feared would blow him away,—but he advanced triumphantly, bowing and smiling extravagantly,—‘allow me the happiness of presenting to you Mr. John Waldborough, my husband.’

“How I refrained from shrieking and throwing myself on the floor, I never well knew; for I declare to you, I was never so caught by surprise and tickled through and through by any *dénouement* or situation, in or off the stage! To think that pigmy, that wart, that little grimacing monkey of a man, parchment-faced, antique,—a mere money-bag on two sticks,—should be the husband of the great and glorious Madam Waldborough! His wondrous self-satisfaction was accounted for. Moreover, I saw that Heaven’s justice was done: Madam’s husband had paid for Madam’s carriage!”

Here Herbert concluded his story. And it was time; for the day had closed, as we walked up and down, and the sudden November night had come on. Gas-light had replaced the light of the sun throughout the streets of the city. The brilliant cressets of the Place de la Concorde flamed like a constellation; and the Avenue des Champs Elysées, with its rows of lamps, and the throngs of carriages, each bearing now its lighted lantern, moving along that far-extending slope, looked like a new Milky Way, fenced with lustrous stars, and swarming with meteoric fire-flies.

PENDLAM: A MODERN REFORMER.

PENDLAM: A MODERN REFORMER.

My theater-going friend pulled up suddenly in his ambling discourse concerning the merits of the last actress, dropped his voice to a whisper, touched my arm, and pointed with his cane.

“Look! the Reverend John Henry Pendlam!”

“Coming out of a bar-room! Ho, ho! Sir Reverend!”

I spoke gayly, but with an indefinably serious sentiment at heart. I was interested in this John Henry Pendlam; not particularly on account of the reputation for eloquence and zeal which he had so early and rapidly achieved, but his approaching marriage with my friend's second cousin, Susan D——, (whom I had myself even barely escaped marrying,) quickened a personal curiosity regarding my successor.

“He is on no base errand,” replied Horatio. “He goes about carrying the Gospel into these dens. The papers you see in his hand are tracts. Shall I introduce you?”

Before I could fairly answer, No, (for I felt a repugnance to making the acquaintance of any man who was to marry Susan,) Pendlam, standing a moment in the gas-light before the door of the saloon, observed my friend, and advanced quickly.

“Too late to escape!” cried the young clergyman, seizing Horatio by the collar. “I have you, truant!” And he drew a tract upon him, like a revolver.

"I surrender!" said Horatio. "If it's you, don't shoot; I'll come down, as the treed coon said to the hunter."

"Don't think to disarm me by a pleasantry," replied Pendlam, brandishing his spiritual weapon. "This is my sermon on the theater, which you engaged to hear me preach; I have had it printed for you."

"Really," said Horatio, with a humorous smile, "I had forgotten my promise. Besides, I was engaged,—let me see, it was two Sundays ago, wasn't it?—yes, I was engaged to dine with Miss Kellerton."

"The actress! On Sunday!" said Pendlam, with a shocked expression. "But you might have heard me in the morning."

"In the morning we rode together," laughed Horatio.

I knew all this was a fiction on the part of my friend, designed to mystify the minister. I said nothing, to avoid an introduction; I had stepped aside, and now stood, amused and observant, under the street lamp. Pendlam especially I studied, with one eye (figuratively speaking) on him, and the other on Susan. I compared him with myself, and had no doubt but she was weak enough to consider him the handsomer man of the two. He was of medium height, slightly built, of a nervous temperament, with bright, quick-glancing eyes, and vehement gestures. The chief characteristic of the man seemed intensity. It manifested itself in his eager movements, in his emphasis and tones of voice, in his swiftly changing expression, in his wild hair, in his neckerchief, which seemed to have been tied with a jerk, and in his dress throughout, which was evidently that of a man who had things of vaster importance to think of.

He was whirling Horatio away in a torrent of eloquence, poured out against the sins of the age, and mainly

against the theater, which he denounced as the citadel of dissipation and all immoralities; and my poor friend, who had opened the gates of this flood by his indiscreet pleasantries, was vainly endeavoring to escape and rejoin me, when I observed a person come out of the saloon, and gradually draw near, until he stood within a few feet of the zealous reformer. A group watched him from the door. Before I suspected his object, he threw out the coils of a concealed whip, and springing upon Pendlam from behind, dealt him furious successive blows over the shoulders and head. I ran to the rescue. But already Horatio had seized the whip.

"Good for evil," cried Pendlam, as I was on the point of throttling the assailant. "My friend, how have I injured you?"

"Interfering with my business! getting away my custom! insulting folks with your cursed tracts!" frothed the angry man. "I swore to cowhide you, and I've done it!"

"If that is the case, I have no complaint to make," said Pendlam. "You can go on with your cowhiding."

"You've had enough for once!" growled the other, rolling up the lash.

"But if I deserve whipping for doing my duty, I deserve a good deal more," cried Pendlam. "And if you are to be my castigator for each offense, you will find yourself pretty well employed. It would be less trouble, I should think, to do a little more, while you have your hand in. Meanwhile, take this tract upon the sin of Anger, carry it home with you, and read it carefully at your leisure."

Muttering threats, the man returned to the saloon, amid the laughs and acclamations of his constituents. Pendlam followed impulsively, and left the tract within. He then returned to us. Up to this time, he had appeared

exalted and firm; but now there came a reaction; his voice forsook him, he trembled violently, and we were obliged to give him the support of our arms. As we conducted him away, his condition might have been taken for that of many others who get into difficulty in bar-rooms. Arrived at his boarding-house, he thanked us with pathetic earnestness, and urged us to go in.

"On one condition," said Horatio,—“that you say no more about the theaters.”

Pendlam smiled faintly. “I should think I might refrain from that and kindred topics, at least until my shoulders have done smarting! But I assure you, my zeal will only be quickened by the occurrence of this night. The first horsewhipping is a great event. I now know what it is to be a martyr!”

We went in and conversed. My repugnance to forming a friendship with the man who was to marry Susan had vanished. I found him rather too zealous,—almost fanatical; but we forgive everything in a man who shows generosity of heart, and sincere aspirations. Horatio took a paper from his pocket and read for the twentieth time a certain criticism upon Miss Kellerton's acting; occasionally looking up, to listen to some remark from either Pendlam or myself,—then returning to his favorite article.

I had the honor of differing, on many essential points, with my new clerical acquaintance; and we were soon on excellent terms of courteous dispute. I assumed the philosopher, and expressed candidly my conviction that his intellect had early projected itself into doctrines which would prove too confined for its future growth. I remember distinctly his reply.

“On the contrary, it is you,” he said, “who, I perceive, will some day come over upon the very ground I now occupy. Our modern ways of thinking have become

too free and lax. We cannot draw the rein and tighten the girth."

There was a charming sparkle in his blue eyes as he spoke. I gave him my hand, and we parted. As we walked away together, Horatio asked how I liked him.

"He is in earnest, and that is everything. But mark me, he is not the man for Susan."

"Your jealousy!" said Horatio.

"Not a bit! I see a discrepancy."

"Where?"

"In my mind's eye, Horatio."

I concluded that silence was discretion, and refused to answer more questions. Horatio looked at his watch.

"We have just time to see Miss Kellerton in the last act of 'The Stranger.' She is great! You should see her, when she turns and embraces the children; it's a scene of overwhelming pathos! Come!"

"With Pendlam's printed sermon in your pocket?"

Horatio laughed. "We will read it during the dance!"

But I declined; and he went alone into the theater.

Not long after, I received a certain wedding card, and, in consequence, made a certain call. Susan was all blushes and smiles at sight of me; but I was cool and circumspect.

"We are friends, are we not?" I said. "We once thought we were more than that; but we became older and wiser. We agreed to disagree, very properly. It did not break our hearts; and that shows that it is better as it is."

"Perhaps," murmured Susan.

"Let us be quite frank with each other; that is the best way, Susan. We are good friends?"

"Oh, yes!" said Susan.

"Thank you, dear Susan,—if I may still call you so, in the sense of friendship. I know your husband, and love him. I congratulate you on having so noble a companion."

Susan sighed, and concealed a tear. Just then Pendlam entered. He seemed abstracted, and took a quick turn across the room; then gave me a surprised look, a pleased smile, and a cordial grasp of the hand. The next hour I was oblivious of all external things, in the delightful excitement of our conversation. I even forgot Susan. Poor Susan! the trouble was, she was not intellectual; not at all imaginative; but a very plain, matter-of-fact person, with deep affections, and paramount instincts. During that memorable hour, she spoke not one word. When at length I observed her consciously, she was gazing at us with a look of weariness and vacancy.

"Is it not so?" cried Pendlam.

He appealed to her. She smiled sweetly, and said with simplicity that she scarcely understood anything that had been said.

I could see that Pendlam was a little shocked. From clear, joyous heights of poetic discourse, we looked down, and saw how far off below was her beingless mind. To the vision we then enjoyed, there was something thick and earthy in her expression. It was the first time Pendlam had observed it; I had seen it before. And even as before, I looked back, with wonder at myself, to the earlier period when I deemed her beauty peerless.

Both Pendlam and I were chilled. The fine tension of the spiritual chords relaxed, and gave forth heavier music. Susan failing to ascend to us, we came down to her. She now made haste to atone for her long silence by talking freely of the pretty new church, and the people she saw out Sunday; and she seemed proud and happy when she brought out her wedding gifts, and I praised them.

It was several weeks before I again saw Pendlam. I went with Horatio to hear him preach. The sermon surprised me. Many of the thoughts which I had advanced

in our private conversations, and which he had opposed, were reproduced, but very slightly modified, in his discourse.

"Pendlam is enlarging," whispered Horatio. "The very things you said to him the first time you met!"

I was gratified by the fact, and gratified that Horatio observed it; regarding it as evidence of Pendlam's emancipation from his chains.

The services over, the young clergyman made his way to us through the crowd.

"I have so much wished to see you!" he exclaimed, grasping my hand. "You were a little astonished at my sermon."

"And a good deal pleased," I added.

Pendlam's delicate and changing features colored finely.

"You think I have altered my views, I see by your smile. Not at all, except that I have gone farther."

"I am glad you have gone farther," I answered.

"But in the same direction, I assure you!" said Pendlam, quickly. "Step by step, step by step."

"You were on your way back to Paul and the Fathers."

"Yes; and on my arrival among them, I found myself one of the Fathers! It was a necessary experience. As Paul spoke by authority, so I, when I stand where Paul stood, also speak by authority. We must first be obedient before we can be free. You see where I am," said Pendlam.

Here a young woman came forward, and, with tears in her eyes, thanked her pastor for the glorious truths he had that day preached.

"They are not my truths; they are the Lord's; I am but his mouthpiece," answered Pendlam, well pleased.

A gray-haired deacon now approached.—"On the hull," said he, "I liked your sarmon tolerable well, Brother

Pendlam; but it warn't one o' your best; and if anybody else had preached it, I should have thought it contained a little dangerous doctrine."

Pendlam blushed. This compliment did not please him quite so well. But before he could shape a reply, quite an old woman seized his hand and kissed it.

"God bless you for those words! They have done my soul good, sir!"

Her gratitude and piety were quite affecting. Tears gushed into Pendlam's eyes. The deacon turned away with a smirk and an ominous shake of the head.

Horatio had found Susan. Pendlam took my arm, and we walked out of the church. The crowd pressed on before us; and as we reached the vestibule, we overheard suppressed voices discussing the merits of the sermon.

"It was full of beautiful truth!" said a sweet young girl's voice.

"The most eloquent discourse I ever heard!" added a young man with a singing-book under his arm.

"For my part," remarked a portly and well-dressed pillar of the church, "I was a good deal surprised. Rather too wild and flowery. Must have a bad tendency."

"What we want is sound doctrine," observed another prosperous pillar. "Better let such abstract subjects alone."

"Dangerous doctrine! dangerous doctrine!" chimed in the gray-haired deacon.

On reaching the open air, I observed that Pendlam was quite tremulous and flushed.

"You see," he said with a smile, "what it is to be a minister."

We went home to his house. Horatio had arrived before us, in company with Susan and her mother. The latter was looking very uncomfortable at seeing me, I thought,

for she had hated me cordially since my affair with her daughter.

"I declare, John Henry," she said, in her energetic way, "I hope you never will preach another such sermon as long as I live! I couldn't make neither head nor tail to it." And she gathered up her Sunday things, which she had taken off in the parlor, with an air of offended piety that occasioned a general smile. Pendlam smiled with the rest.

"Well, Horatio, you next,—what did you think of my sermon?"

"I liked it."

"Good! but give your reason."

"Because you said nothing about the theater. I was mortally afraid you would; for, d'ye see, you had a distinguished theatrical personage in your audience."

"Indeed! I was not aware; who?"

"Miss Kellerton herself!"

"Is it possible?" Pendlam looked surprised, Susan interested, Mrs. D—— (with her Sunday things on her arm) amazed.

"She told me she was going to hear you, to show you that she could be quite as tolerant as yourself. She expects you to return the compliment, and go to her benefit."

Poor Pendlam hardly knew what to say in his confusion. Susan spoke up,—

"Why didn't you point her out to me? I have such a curiosity to see her."

"It was to her I took off my hat, coming away from the church door."

"To her!" broke forth Mrs. D——, "to an actress! Horatio, I'm ashamed of you. You wouldn't have caught me walking with you, if I had known!" She shook her Sunday things indignantly; and there was another general

smile, as she took these representatives of her piety abruptly out of the room.

"All this is very interesting," said Pendlam, recovering his equanimity. "I wonder what sort of a sermon I shall preach next Sabbath?"

We were invited to stay to luncheon. Horatio consented; but I declined, and took my leave, much to the gratification of Susan's mother, no doubt.

Some months passed before I again saw Pendlam. Our next meeting was in the street. I observed him coming towards me with the peculiarly abstracted and intense expression which his face assumed under excitement.

"What now?" I asked.

"A little difficulty with my people," he said, with a forced smile. "I have just come from a church meeting; it was terribly hot there!"

"No serious trouble, I hope?"

"Oh, no,—only, you will hardly be surprised to hear, my preaching has been somewhat too liberal for them."

"Why, sir," I cried, "if I remember right, you were for restoring the more rigorous and stringent forms of religion; drawing the rein and tightening the girth."

"Most certainly! and do you not see? Step by step I worked back to the primitive and central principle, the soul of all religion. You know what that is. It is Love! This I have preached," said Pendlam, his features suffused, his eyes glistening bright; "and this I shall continue to preach, while life lasts. Persecution cannot influence me. I know my duty, and I shall perform it, at all risks. You see where I am," added Pendlam.

I was thrilled to admiration by his enthusiasm and heroic resolution. At the same time I saw him in that transitional state which is so full of peril to persons of certain temperaments, escaping into too sudden freedom

and light from the walls of a narrow and gloomy belief; and I could not but smile, with mingled amusement and commiseration, at his singular step-by-step processes.

It was during the following autumn that Horatio and I one day looked in upon a reform meeting, held at the Melodeon. The audience was thin, the speakers numerous. The platform was crowded with male and female reformers, among whom I recognized our clerical friend Pendlam. A celebrated female orator sat down, and Pendlam stood up. The audience cheered a little; the platform cheered a good deal. He at first stammered and hesitated, not from want of thoughts, but from their pressure and multitude. They soon fused, however, and poured forth streams of fire, rather largely mixed with smoke.

"There is no other religion but Love," declared the speaker. "And where Love is, there is Religion; in the Mohammedan, in the Mormon, in the savage,—I care not for names. And where Love is not, there Religion is not, though her image be preserved and clothed in all Christian forms. Theology and sects fall away from it; it is alone vital; it is eternal, it is unitary, it is God. Here I proclaim it to the world; here I announce to you and to all where I stand."

This speech was reported along with others in the morning papers. It was not long before Pendlam had more church business to perplex him; and he soon withdrew from the pastorate of his troublesome flock. A number of these went with him; there was a schism in the church; and the following spring, a new society was formed, which gave Pendlam a call.

I also gave him a call, at his house. Changes had taken place since my last visit. I was shocked at Susan's altered appearance. She had had an infant, and untold trouble along with it. The bloom of the bride was gone,

and the finer permeating beauty of the happy mother had failed to replace it. Mrs. D—— was with her. This excellent lady received me with surprising politeness, and brought out the little Pendlam for my inspection.

“Is it possible, Susan, that this living, breathing, dimpled little wonder is yours?”

“I suppose it is,” said the blushing Susan.

“Where is its father?” I inquired, for John Henry had not yet appeared.

“It hasn’t got any father!” ejaculated Mrs. D——, with grim sarcasm. “A man can’t be a reform-preacher, and a father too. His sermons, lectures, and conventions are of too much importance for him even to think of his wife and child.”

I looked to see poor Susan writhe with pain under these harsh words. But she merely heaved a sigh, and let fall a tear on the babe, which she had taken from its grandmother’s arms.

“I will speak to Mr. Pendlam,” she said, as she hastily left the room.

“I am glad you have come,” said Mrs. D——, bitterly, seating herself on the sofa. “I am glad to see any person enter this house, who isn’t all eaten up with the evils of society. I have heard about the evils of society till I’m heartily sick of them. People that come to see Pendlam don’t generally talk about anything else. It’s the ruin of him, as I tell Susan; I never in this world can be reconciled to his leaving his church.”

Mrs. D—— became confidential, and abused her daughter’s husband in a style which did not argue much for the peace of his household during that energetic lady’s visits. Her indignation against him had quite swallowed up her old cherished resentment against myself. She soon went so far as to insinuate a regret that Susan had not married a

man of solid sense and some mental ballast, (meaning me,) instead of a hot-headed reformer.

Susan re-entered. "Mr. Pendlam is very busy; but he will come down presently."

She sighed, and took a seat. Mrs. D——continued her abuse of her son-in-law, in her daughter's presence,—which I thought in very bad taste, to say the least. Susan uttered not one word in her husband's defense, but simply sat and sighed. I defended and praised him; for which act of friendship I earned not one look of gratitude from her, and only contempt and sneers from her mother.

I was glad when Pendlam appeared. He was looking care-worn and toil-worn; his expression had grown more intense than ever. His face lighted up a little at sight of me; but it was some minutes before his mind seemed capable of extricating itself from its abstraction, and meeting me upon social grounds.

"You will excuse me. I am heartily rejoiced to see you. I was hard at work. Just pass your hand over my forehead; it will relieve the pressure upon my brain. My mission is now fully revealed to me; everything is reform, reform. I have been led here step by step. Your magnetism is very soothing. The old crumbling walls of creeds and conventionalities are to be swept away, and their foundations subjected to the plow and the harrow. I am in the harness. I have no motive for concealment; I tell you frankly where I stand," said Pendlam.

Another long sigh from Susan. Mrs. D——tossed her contemptuous chin, and expressed scorn in divers significant ways.

"I should want to conceal a little, if I was in your place," she remarked, cuttingly.

"Truth is truth; it can harm only those who are in error," said Pendlam.

"It certainly hasn't done you a very great amount of good." Another toss of the contemptuous chin.

"On the contrary, it has done me incalculable good," answered the son-in-law, with a smile.

"Oh! you consider it good, then, to be cut off from the church,—to give up a good situation and sure salary,—to lose the respect of everybody whose respect is worth having!"

"If I have done all this for the truth's sake, it is good,"—the reformer's face kindled with enthusiasm,—
"and I for one find it good."

"Perhaps you do, but I know who don't. I believe reform, like charity, begins at home. You talk of your duty to humanity; I believe the first duty is to one's own family. I don't think much of that man's mission to the world, who forgets his own wife and child."

Horatio had previously told me, what I could hardly believe, that Mrs. D—— was accustomed to abuse her son-in-law in this way, in the presence of strangers. Susan did nothing but sigh. Pendlam smiled, as if he was used to it.

"I need a little such invective occasionally, to refresh my zeal," he said, with provoking meekness. "It shows me where I am. It assures me that I am fighting the good fight. I do not blame my good mother; she is worldly-minded, and sees things from her standpoint. Neither she nor Susan can perceive anything but loss and disgrace, in the change from the handsome, fashionable church, where I used to preach, to the naked hall where our new society holds its meetings. Very natural for people upon their plane. But I view things from another standpoint, to which I have been led step by step; and I have simply to be true to my revealed mission."

"Mission! revealed! step by step! planes and stand-

points!" exclaimed Mrs. D——, rising in great disgust. "For my part, I believe in common sense; I don't know any other plane or standpoint, and I don't believe Providence ever intended we should have any other. There, you have my opinion!" And with a violent gesture, as if throwing her opinion from her, and shutting our little party into the room with that formidable object, she swept out, slammed the door after her, and rustled remorselessly upstairs.

"Persons upon her plane are very much to be pitied," observed Pendlam, quietly.

Susan began to cry, and the scene became so painful to me, that I made haste to shake hands with the ill-mated couple, say a few soothing words, and take leave of them. From that time, I saw Pendlam occasionally, but avoided the house. It was a peculiarity of his impressible nature, to imbibe, unconsciously to himself, the sentiments of powerful persons with whom he came in contact, retain and revolve them in his intellect, until they reappeared as his own original convictions. He now went with reformers, and carried with him their atmosphere. To hear him talk, you would have thought universal reorganization at hand. I said I avoided the house; but one day Horatio came to me with a doleful face, backing a petition that I would go and talk with Susan.

"There has been an explosion! The old woman is gone; she has declared open, internecine war against Pendlam."

"I thought she had declared that some time ago, good Horatio!"

"Ah, but now she is trying to get his wife away from him! She has sent plenipotentiaries, with threats and entreaties, and they have frightened Susan out of her poor little wits. Go and reassure her."

"Horatio, I am not certain what would be best. They never belonged together. But at your request, I will go and see what I can do."

I went. Susan received me with an effort at a smile, which was a failure, and at my inquiry for Pendlam, burst into tears.

"He is not dead, I hope."

"No," sobbed Susan.

"Nor in jail?"

"No." Another sob.

"Nor in any serious trouble?"

"Trouble enough, Heaven knows! Mother has gone. I don't know what to do. All the nice people we used to visit with have turned against us."

"But our happiness does not depend upon nice people, you know, dear Susan."

"But he is getting into the strangest ways! Shabby folks, with long beards, come to see him. He has left off family devotions."

Susan was weeping; when, at a quick step in the hall, she took alarm, and hurried from the room, just in time to hide her tears from her husband.

"Alone?" said Pendlam.

"No; Susan has just left me."

"I am glad you have come. I have thought for several days that I required your magnetism. Everything with me now is magnetism. My nature demands a certain magnetism, as the appetite demands a certain quality of food. There are coarse magnetisms, and fine magnetisms; yours is peculiarly agreeable to me. Some repel me, and some attract irresistibly. I have only to follow my impressions, to get what is necessary for me. That's where I am," said Pendlam.

He urged me to stay and dine; and as I desired an

opportunity to converse further with Susan, I consented. I was surprised to see a dish of roast meat come upon the table—Pendlam having, for the past year, preached vegetarianism. But he assured me that he had not changed his theory of dietetics.

“There are times, however, when we require the magnetisms of certain animal foods. To-day I perceived that my system demanded the magnetism of lamb. If your constitution is wanting in the lamb element, you will find this tender.”

Pendlam, I should observe, had neglected to say grace.

“Your theory of magnetisms,” said I, “would seem a very convenient one. To-morrow, for example, you can require the magnetism of roast beef. The next day, the magnetisms of turtle-soup and venison will be found agreeable. The magnetisms of some birds are said to be excellent. And I have no doubt but in time you will arrive at the discovery, that the magnetism of a certain distilled beverage, called brandy, stimulates digestion.”

Pendlam laughed and blushed.

“I have not forgotten that for three good years of my life I waged war against King Alcohol. (Will you try a bit of the lamb?) But I do not push my principles over the verge of prejudice, as those do who condemn the grape.”

“Condemn the grape?” I repeated

“The juice of the grape, which is the same thing. Where this can be obtained pure, it will be found highly beneficial to persons on a certain plane. The grape magnetism is eminently spiritualizing.”

So saying, to my utter astonishment, Pendlam uncorked a small bottle, which I had supposed to contain pepper-sauce, and commenced pouring out WINE.

“This will answer in lieu of grace,” I suggested,

"The act of prayer," said Pendlam, "has indisputable uses. It opens the avenues to an influx of spiritual magnetisms. But where the mind is kept in the receptive condition without the aid of the external form of prayer, this becomes like a scaffolding after the house is built. Step by step, I have been led to this high spiritual plane."

Susan, as of old, sat and sighed.

Pendlam found my magnetism so attractive, that it was impossible for me to obtain a minute's conversation with Susan alone. I departed, wearied and disheartened with her sad, despairing face haunting me.

I had little further personal knowledge of Pendlam's career, until Horatio came for me, one evening, to attend a meeting of the Disciples of Freedom.

We found the Melodeon crowded by one of those stifling audiences for which no ventilation seems availing. A portion had come to be interested, a portion to be amused. To the former, the object of the meeting was wise and great; to the latter, it was ridiculous enough to be worth an evening's senseless laughter. For my own part, only the strong desire I felt to observe the characteristics of a new sect daily increasing in numbers and influence could induce me to undergo the exhaustion of sitting an hour in such an assembly.

We took seats in an obscure corner, and looked around. Here were curious, lank stalks of humanity, which seemed to have been raked from unheard-of, outlandish stubbles. Occasionally, in beautiful relief out of these, a clear, full-berried stem of ripened grain lifted its gracious head. It was a strange mixture; a strange power, indeed, that had swept together such promising wheat and such refuse chaff and straw in one incongruous mass.

We turned our eyes to the platform. There sat Pendlam, with other prominent Disciples. A young man was speak-

ing wise and beautiful words. From the well of a deep and sincere soul he drew needed counsel for the perishing multitude; said what he seemed impelled to say, and sat down. He was followed by a sallow-visaged, black-bearded speaker, who poured forth abundant venomous froth of denunciation. He had caught enough of the phraseology of the more philosophical Disciples, to impress the earnest ignorant with some show of profundity. I was glad when his stream dried up. Pendlam next arose and read a paper upon "Magnetisms and Organizations." After him, came forward a gentleman with a model, illustrating the design of a dwelling-house for the Associated Disciples. He showed, entirely to the satisfaction of himself at least, that society should be reduced to a mechanism, and mankind to pivots and wheels. This was the dawn of the millennial era. The world was to be saved by organization. First, an association; then an association of associations, which should spread over the United States, abolish taxes, banks, slavery, and private property, elect its president, annex South America, the British and Russian possessions, and eventually Europe, Africa, and Asia. The model dwelling-house was likened to a manger, in which Christ was to be born, at his second coming. The speaker ended by introducing the "Practical Organizer of the Initial Association of Free Disciples."

Horatio and myself had already remarked upon the platform an individual whose features seemed somehow familiar to us. He was rather stoutly built, full-faced, of a sanguine complexion and temperament. His mouth indicated both sensuality and decision of character. His forehead was prominent and low, his eye keen, his neck thick and muscular. We were not surprised to see him arise and step forward as the Practical Organizer of the Initial Association of Free Disciples.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I am no orator. I am a business man. I am not here to make a speech, but to tell you about the practical part of this Association.

At the first words he spoke, a flood of recollection rushed over me. For a moment my breath was quite taken away.

"I know him!" "I remember him!" Horatio and I whispered almost simultaneously.

His voice was unmistakable. He was the fellow who had flogged Pendlam four years before.

Extremes had met. The temperance missionary and the infuriate liquor-dealer stood upon the same platform.

Soon after, we took our leave. We walked up and down in the fresh air. How sweet, how cool it seemed, after an hour spent amid the heated breaths of the packed audience!

I had parted from my friend, and was returning home, when I met two persons walking arm in arm. I heard one of them say,—

"I find that no great work can be accomplished, without due regard paid to magnetisms; and in organization, we must take care that they are harmoniously distributed. I find that I now assume relations with every individual according to these subtile laws. You see where I am," said Pendlam.

For Pendlam was the speaker. His companion was the Practical Organizer of the Initial Association of Free Disciples.

I went home, filled with a multitude of reflections. Strong interest led me soon after to pay a visit to Pendlam's house. As I went in, I met a man coming out. He had a stout frame, keen eye, sensual mouth, sanguine complexion, muscular neck.

"Susan," said I, "who is that man?"

"One of my husband's friends," answered Susan, in some confusion.

"And yours?"—eyeing her closely.

"O, he comes frequently to the house; I see him occasionally."

"'Tis he who gave Pendlam that bottle of wine?"

"I believe so."

"And that flogging, Susan!"

"Oh, they have made that up," said Susan, innocently.

"If they are satisfied, I have nothing to say. Are you happy, Susan?" for a change had come over her, which I did not readily understand.

"Oh, dear!" said Susan, "we have had so much trouble!" She began to give way to her emotions. "We have lost all our old friends. Mother never comes near us now. Sometimes I don't know what we shall do. Tell me what you think of it;—is Henry so much out of the way as people think? He certainly knows more than anybody else, and I don't see how he can be wrong." She ended with a sob.

"You are aware," I answered, "that Pendlam and I partly agree in everything, and wholly agree in nothing. He is right, and he is wrong. He takes hold of what is a truth, but detaches it from universal truth, and so it becomes an error." I saw she did not comprehend. "But never despair," I added. "The future depends upon you."

"What can I do?" she pleaded.

"Remain firm in principle, dear Susan. Whatever happens, stand true to him and to yourself. Do that, and all will be well."

The crying of her child, which was sick, called her away. I sought Pendlam's study. I found him busily writing. He was pale and thin, and there was a wild brightness in his eye which did not please me.

"You, of all men!" he exclaimed. "Sit down." He closed the door, with an air of mystery. "I was just writing to you."

"To me? Then I have saved you the trouble of employing a messenger."

"Susan would be mortified and incensed, if she knew what I am about to say. But truth is truth. She is perishing; I see new evidence of it every day. It is for want of magnetisms. I have little to give her, and what I have is not such as she requires. Do not be astonished when I tell you I have discovered that there do not exist between us the requisite affinities."

I smiled; for Pendlam was continually announcing discoveries of facts I had discovered long before.

"You see where I am," said Pendlam. "I am compelled to go to other women for the magnetisms I need; she must receive what she requires from other men."

"That is interesting," I replied. "What is the peculiar process of imparting these magnetisms?"

"Sometimes by conversation,—sometimes by the contact of hands,—perhaps by a kiss; no rule is laid down; the process must depend upon the kind of magnetism to be imparted."

"Very naturally. But what have I to do with all this?"

"I will tell you. I was not Susan's first choice; but you were. That fact is very significant; it shows an affinity. And what I desire is, that——"

"My dear John Henry," I interrupted, "allow me to say that you are quite mistaken. If I know anything of affinities, there is none between Susan and myself; no more, I judge, than there is between you and the gentleman I met going out, as I was coming in."

"Oh,—Clodman! You saw him?" cried Pendlam.

"Yes, and remember distinctly seeing him at least twice before; once as the Practical Organizer of the Initial Association of Free Disciples, and once as the self-appointed castigator of unfortunate temperance missionaries."

"You are pleased to be sarcastic," said Pendlam, mildly. "He is a very useful man to us. I welcome his visits to my house; for I consider his magnetism highly beneficial to Susan."

"Then, by all the gods at once, you wrong me!" I said. "If that man's magnetism is what she needs, to suppose that mine is, also, is an insult. I lose patience with you, O most free Disciple!"

"I see," replied Pendlam, with a smile, "you have not yet reached the plane of perfect freedom. I cannot argue with you; but when you have had certain necessary experiences, and arrived at my standpoint, you will see as I do."

He conducted me to the door, rather coolly. I stopped a moment to speak to Susan.

"For the love of Heaven," I said, "remember what I told you. You don't know how much depends upon you!"

Susan stared. I left her staring.

About this time Miss Kellerton returned, and played a brilliant engagement. I accompanied Horatio one evening to witness her fourth appearance in a new play, which had taken the theatrical portion of the city by storm. The play-house was packed from top to bottom. We had our seats in the orchestra, where we enjoyed a view of both actors and audience, and a cool breeze from behind the scenes. For criticisms of the performance, I must refer the reader to the newspapers of the period. Horatio cheered like a madman. He was quite beside himself with

enthusiasm, especially at the close of the third act. He was clapping furiously, and looking about upon the audience to see who else was cheering, when he suddenly stopped, his hands asunder, his countenance transfixed with an alarming expression. I thought he had clapped himself into a fit.

"Horatio!" I cried,—“Horatio! what's the matter?”

“Look! look!”

“Where?”

“Yonder! by the pillar!” I now thought (his head being turned) that perchance he beheld a ghost. “Don't you see?—Pendlam!”

It was true;—there sat the reformer, out-cheering Horatio himself! By his side was Susan, looking brighter and happier than I had seen her for months. By *her* side sat——

“That rascal Clodman!” hissed Horatio, through his teeth.

Miss Kellerton came before the curtain. A vast tumult of applause burst forth and died away. Pendlam cheered after all the rest had ceased. Then he and Clodman conferred,—the face of the latter so near Susan's, as he leaned before her, that Horatio swore he kissed her. Both Pendlam and Susan were beaming with smiles.

“This recreation will do them good,” I whispered.

“That Clodman is a villain!” muttered Horatio. “Ask Miss Kellerton; she knows him. But, villainy aside, what a stupendous joke it is to see Pendlam here!”

Horatio arose, flushed and excited.

“Where are you going?” I demanded.

“I'll tell you soon. Let me pass.”

He left the theater. I did not see him again until the play was over. He made his way to the orchestra box where I sat, in time to applaud Miss Kellerton's final

appearance before the curtain. Then he grasped my arm.

"Come with me; they are going!"

He indicated Pendlam's party. We passed up the aisle, reached the hall, and waited for them at the foot of the stairs. Presently they appeared. Clodman was praising the performance; Susan expressed her delight; Pendlam said something about miscellaneous magnetisms. They had reached the foot of the stairs, when Horatio sprang upon them like a brigand, and seized John Henry's collar.

"Ha! Horatio!" gasped Pendlam, a good deal startled.

"Too late to escape!" And Horatio drew a tract upon him, like a revolver. "Here is something, sir, which I think will suit your case," leveling it at Pendlam's throat.

"Ha!" stammered Pendlam, reading the title. "'The Theater a Stronghold of Vice; a Sermon, by——'"

"By the Reverend John Henry Pendlam," roared out Horatio. "Pendlam, the distinguished temperance-preacher!"

A lurid smile played over the grim features of the Practical Organizer.

"Pendlam has outgrown his former opinions," he said, with a look of hate at Horatio.

"Not precisely," said Pendlam. "I have simply enlarged them, or rather added to them. I preach temperance the same; but every man must be his own master. The voices of the theater appear just as hideous to me as ever; but the theater itself may be redeemed, and made an instrument of salvation. As the patronage of bad people rendered it what it has been, so the patronage of the good is required to make it what it should be. The divine magnetism of a few spiritual persons in the

audience must necessarily affect, not only the remainder of the audience, but also the actors. In our new Association——”

“Come!” growled the Practical Organizer, turning away, with Susan leaning confidently on his arm; “shall we go?”

“Excuse me. I will give you my ideas of a spiritual drama another time. I’ll take this sermon. I shall read with interest what I had to say on the subject before my mind had attained its present plane. Good night! You see where I am,” added Pendlam.

Thenceforward the Pendlams were frequent visitors at the theaters. When John Henry was too much occupied to attend, Clodman had the gallantry to escort Susan. This was considered exceedingly kind in Clodman; he not only treated Susan to delightful dramatic performances, but at the same time imparted to her his valuable magnetism.

One Sabbath evening Horatio came suddenly upon me in the street, and pulled me breathlessly around a corner.

“Wait till I can speak; the miracle of miracles! I have been to—to call on HER; and who do you suppose had been dining with her?”

I named successively several noted actress-hunters and snobs, whose names disgusted Horatio. “Who then?” I asked.

“Pendlam! Pendlam! Pendlam!” ejaculated Horatio. “He wanted to consult HER upon the subject of creating a Divine Drama, or some such nonsense.”

“Possibly a new Divine Comedy,” I suggested.

“She made him stay and dine on Sunday! And will you believe it?—he finds her magnetic impartations, as he calls them, highly agreeable and advantageous to his constitution! Bless him! he isn’t the first man who has

found them agreeable, if not so advantageous. But she gave him a dose!"

"Of what?"

"Of bitter truth about Clodman. She knows him for a villain, and told him so. I was there, and glad to hear it. But I was enraged. I could have wrung John Henry Pendlam's neck for him, when he said, with his quiet, charitable, mild, incredulous smile, that he was already aware there existed in the community *a good deal of prejudice* against Clodman!"

Matters were now progressing rapidly to a crisis. One day during the ensuing summer, I asked Horatio the usual question, "Where is Pendlam now?"—referring, as John Henry himself would have said, not to locality, but condition.

"That is impossible to say," replied Horatio, "for I have not seen him since yesterday. Then he was situated opposite a bottle of pale sherry, which that rascal Clodman had just brought to the house. They were drinking, and talking over the Organization of Free Disciples. Several wealthy men have become interested in the enterprise, and large amounts have been subscribed. Pendlam is writing a work on the subject."

"And Susan?"

"Her child is sick, and claims all her attention. They are trying to cure it with magnetisms. Clodman is day and night at the house; his magnetism being considered indispensable for the restoration of the child."

A month later, Horatio brought me word that the child was dead.

Another month, and I learned that Susan had been sent to some celebrated Western Magnetic Springs for her health.

"How did she go?"

Horatio hesitated. "I am sorry to say she has gone with that rascal Clodman, who is traveling on business for the Association. Pendlam remains at home, hard at work on his book. I will now add what I did not wish you to know," said Horatio. "For some months Pendlam's family subsisted almost entirely upon funds advanced him by that rascal Clodman. They talk of his wonderful generosity! But the villain has a wife of his own, and a couple of young children, who are left to suffer for want of the actual necessities of life. Pendlam has given up preaching, you know, in order to devote himself entirely to the Association."

"Horatio, I am afraid that all is lost. I did hope better things of Susan. Wretched, wretched girl!"

Tears came into Horatio's eyes. "How could the damnable thing ever happen?" he exclaimed, passionately. "She was a true, honest girl; and Pendlam is not a bad man."

"He is a man," I said, "who verily thinketh no evil. He has imagination, intellect, spirituality; but he wants balance. From the first, I saw that his powers needed centralizing. He had no hold upon integral truth, but snatched here a fragment and there a fragment. Always distrust that man, Horatio, that talks forever of planes, and standpoints, and step-by-step processes, and deems it necessary to inform you each day where he stands."

"I do not know what could have saved him!" sighed Horatio.

"I know what could; an entire and absorbing love. His wife should have been one towards whom all his thoughts and sympathies would have been drawn. Such a love would have given him concentration, poise, unity. But, on the other hand, his heart had no anchor, and

his intellect was left adrift. He has pursued truth, forgetting that truth is a tree, one and mighty, but with innumerable branches; and that it is unsafe to risk the weight of one's salvation upon a single bough. Susan had no part in his life; she was left with that hungry, yearning heart, until the sympathy even of a Clodman seemed food to her perishing nature. Pity her, Horatio, but do not condemn."

The Initial Association failed. Clodman did not return; and it was found that he had appropriated to his private use the funds of the Association. Behind him he had left a distressed family, and many creditors. Where was Susan?

I now thought it time to hunt up Pendlam. After no little search, I was sent to an obscure lodging. I opened the door pointed out to me, and entered an extraordinary chamber. The sides were covered with strange diagrams, grotesque drawings, lettered inscriptions. Some were sketched rudely upon the plastering with colored chalk; others were designed upon paper, and pasted on the wall. In the center of the room sat an indescribable human figure, with its face buried in its hands. It wore an anomalous garment, slashed with various colors, like a harlequin's coat. Upon one shoulder was sewed the semblance of a door cut out of blue cloth; on the other, a crescent cut out of green. Upon the head was set a tinsel crown, amid tangles of disordered hair. Above was a huge brass key, suspended by a tow string from the ceiling. Table and floor were littered with manuscripts and papers; under the former I observed an empty bottle.

I spoke. The figure started, and looked up. In the sallow cheeks, untrimmed beard, sunken and encircled

eyes, I recognized Pendlam. A quick flush spread over his haggard features, and he made a snatch at his tinsel crown.

"Do not be disturbed," I entreated.

He smiled, but with an air of embarrassment; and leaving the tinsel upon his uncombed head, pointed to the wall.

"You see where I am," said Pendlam.

"I see, yet do *not* see."

"I have reached the plane of symbols. You are aware that there is something in symbols?"

"A great deal! a great deal!" I said, from a sorrowful heart, as I glanced around me.

Pendlam, who had spoken doubtingly, seemed encouraged.

"Symbols are the highest expression of spiritual thought. Both words and pictures are used. They are the language of the spirit, which only the same spirit can understand. Look here, and you will see some symbols of a very astonishing character."

"Astonishing," said I, "is a mild word!"

"And what is equally astonishing," added the eager reformer, "is the manner in which they are produced. The hand is moved to write or draw them spontaneously. The symbol comes first, the interpretation afterwards. Here is a vulture soaring away with a lamb. It has a meaning."

"A deep meaning!" I added. "We have known such a vulture!"

"Here," he cried,—too excited to heed any words but his own,—“are swine feeding upon golden fruit.”

"Oh, the swine! Oh, the precious, wasted, golden fruit!"

"Here is one in words; it reads, *Beware of falling from*

a balloon. It requires a peculiar experience," added Pendlam, with a smile, "to enable one to understand that beautiful symbol."

"Perhaps I have not had the requisite experience; but"—I laid my hand on Pendlam's shoulder—"I know a man who has fallen from several balloons."

"Here is one," said Pendlam, turning to the table, "which I have just drawn. I was trying to get at its meaning when you came in." He showed me a sketch consisting of a number of zigzag lines, joined one to another, and tending towards a circle.

"My dear John Henry," said I, "any person who has watched your course for the last four or five years will readily see the meaning of that symbol. It is a map of your voyage of discoveries."

"Such tacking and shifting?" queried Pendlam, with a smile commiserating my ignorance.

"Just such tacking and shifting. If you had possessed a good compass, it would have shown you."

Pendlam caught at the word compass. "It is singular;—you must have some spiritual perception;—it was written through my hand nine days ago, *Purchase a compass*. Here is the writing; I placed it upon the wall as a symbol; and I have intended buying a compass as soon as I could get the means."

"Ah, John Henry," said I, "there is more in your symbols than you suppose. You want no purchasable compass."

Pendlam rewarded my simplicity with another pitying smile.

"Here," said he, "you who know so much of symbols, explain this. *Avoid the shores of Old Spain*. I have not yet penetrated its meaning."

"Leave it," I replied, "with the unexplained Pytha-

gorean symbol touching abstinence from beans. Perhaps future events will reveal it."

Pendlam smiled as before. But was I not right? Did not lamentable events in the not far-off future give to the symbol a melancholy significance?

"Come," I said, "leave these abstruse studies; take off that symbolic coat, that tinsel crown; wash, comb your hair, and walk with me."

"I should enjoy a walk," replied Pendlam; "but I am directed to retain these symbols upon my person, and you would hardly wish me to appear in the street with them."

"Directed!—by what authority?"

"By the Spirit. Some beautiful use is to be fulfilled. I see where you are," added Pendlam;—"from your standpoint it must look absurd enough."

I sat down, and endeavored to reason with him. But I found it impossible for a person upon my plane to reach with any argument a person upon his. In vain I recapitulated his successive trials and failures.

"It is true," he confessed, "I have been called to pass through some strange experiences. But all were necessary steps; and I have now reached a standpoint from which I can look back and see in its disputable place every grade of the progressive ascent. There has been only apparent failure. Our attempted Association was a necessary foreshadowing of what remains to be unfolded; a prophetic symbol. We have all been taught great lessons."

"And the vulture and the lamb!" I said, sternly; "where are they?"

"I perceive," answered Pendlam, charitably, "you do not understand."

"It is you," I cried, "who have failed to understand

your own symbols. To use plain language, then, where is Susan? She is the lamb that was entrusted to your keeping, and that you suffered the obscene bird to carry away!"

"You are pleased to employ harsh terms," said Pendlam, meekly. "Susan has done well; she has followed her attractions, and that is obedience to the Spirit. Perfect freedom is essential to progression. Consequently, above a certain plane, monogamy, which has undeniable primitive uses, ceases to exist. The laws of chemical affinity teach this by analogy. When the mutual impartations which result from the conjunction of positive and negative have blended in a state of equilibrium, there is consequent repulsion, and the law of harmonies ordains new combinations. You see where I am," said Pendlam.

Disheartened and sorrowful, I set out to go. At the door I turned back.

"Can I do anything for you, John Henry?"

"Not unless"—Pendlam hesitated a moment—"if you have a dollar to spare?"

I gave him a bank-bill. As he leaned forward to receive it, he struck his head against the suspended key.

"Another symbol," I said. "*Break not your brains upon the key of brass.*"

He scratched his head, rearranged his tinsel, and smiling, advanced to show me the stairs. I looked back once: there crowned he stood, in his symbolic coat, with the green crescent and blue door on the shoulders; and as a gust from the stairway blew open the garment, I beheld a great yellow heart on his breast. That picture remained impressed upon my vision. In the street, I recalled the room, the drawings, the inscriptions,—all so tragical and saddening! I had not proceeded far, when, moved by greater compassion, I turned and retraced my steps. At

the door of the house, I saw the servant girl who had admitted me coming out with a bottle, and thought it the same I had seen lying empty under Pendlam's table. I followed her into a grocery on the corner. She called for gin, and paid for it out of my bank-bill.

I now changed my mind, and went to consult Horatio. It was concluded that Pendlam's old habits of thought and associations ought to be entirely broken up. Deserted, destitute, dependent, he condescended, after long holding out against us, to listen to what we proposed. Hearing of a vacancy in a newspaper office in a western city, we had procured for him the situation. Not without a struggle, he consented to accept it, abandoned his darling reformatory projects, and set out for his new sphere.

His position was that of subordinate writer; and for a time he maintained it with considerable ability. But he grew restless under restraint; and at length, taking advantage of the managing editor's absence, he published articles on prohibited subjects, which lost the paper half its subscribers, and him his situation. When next heard of, he was gaining a meager subsistence by writing theatrical puffs,—employment for which he was indebted to the kindness of a certain influential actress named Kellerton.

In the meantime Susan returned from her unhappy wanderings; and her mother's family, seizing upon her like wolves, hid her from the world in their den. And I was pleased not long after to read that an individual named Clodman, a noted swindler, had recently been shot in a street-fight in St. Louis, by a husband whose domestic peace he had disturbed.

The last word of all, that ends this strange, eventful, and, alas! too true history, remains to be said.

For some months, we had heard nothing of Pendlam.

But last week I received a bundle of Roman Catholic publications, one of which contained an article proclaiming a miraculous conversion of the distinguished reformer, and thereby greatly glorifying Catholicism.

The same mail brought me a letter from the convert.

"At last," he wrote, "I have found peace in the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church. All my previous experiences were necessary to lead me where I am. This is the divine association I was so long seeking elsewhere in vain; I find in its forms the true symbols of a universal religion; and I now perceive that the seeming errors, in which I was for a time permitted to stray, were wisely designed to convince me of the sublime truth, that celibacy is the single condition befitting a holy apostolic teacher."

Amid the flood of reflections that rushed upon me, arose prominent the image of poor Pendlam's unexplained symbol: "*Avoid the shores of old Spain.*" Had it not now received its interpretation? The tossed voyager, failing to make the continent of truth, but beating hither and thither amid the reefs and breakers of dangerous coasts, mistaking many islands for the main, and drifting on unknown seas, had at last steered straight to the old Catholic shores, from which the great discoverers had sailed so many years before.

ANDY'S ADVENTURES;

OR, THE WORLD BEWITCHED.

ANDY'S ADVENTURES;

OR, THE WORLD BEWITCHED.

ANDY'S folks had gone to town, and left him at home to take care of the house, watch the garden, and amuse himself.

Andy had a new bow and arrow, and he thought it would be great sport to have nothing to do all the afternoon but to shoot at the robins and woodpeckers.

So, as soon as the wagon was out of sight, and the gate shut, he ran into the orchard, and began the fun. He kept near enough to the house to see if anybody came to the door, and near enough to the garden to see if the pigs got into it; and whenever he saw a bird, he sent an arrow after it. But the robins soon found out what he wanted, and flew away when they saw him coming. Their beautiful red breasts would have been capital marks, if they had only waited for him to get a good shot. The wrens were not afraid, but they were so small he could not hit them. And the swallows kept flying about so, twittering and darting here and there, that he knew he would have to practice a long time before he could take them on the wing. The yellow-birds and blue-birds were so shy, that he could hardly see one in sight of the house. So there was no game left but the woodpeckers.

But woodpeckers are cunning fellows. They run up the trees, and stick in their bills, and hop about, and fly from one tree to another so fast, that it takes a pretty smart boy to hit one. They were tame enough, and would

sometimes let Andy come quite near; they would stop pecking a moment, and hold up their red heads to take a good look at him; then they would begin to drum again in the merriest way, making little holes in the old peach-trees, which began to look like wooden soldiers that had gone through the wars and been shot in hundreds of places. But the instant Andy drew the bowstring and took aim, they knew well enough what it meant: and it was provoking to see them dodge around on the bark and get out of sight just in time to let the arrow whiz by them. Then they would go to pecking and drumming again so near, that he wished a dozen times that he had some kind of an arrow that would shoot around a tree and hit on the other side.

At length Andy grew tired of this fun; and he had lost his arrow so many times in the grass, and had to hunt for it, that he got vexed, and thought it would be much better sport to go and shoot a chicken.

Now he did not mean to kill a chicken, and he did not really think he would be able to hit one. But often we do things more easily when we are not trying very hard, than when we are too anxious. So it happened with Andy. He tried his luck on the speckled top-knot, which everybody considered the handsomest chick that had been hatched that summer. He drew his bow, let go the string, and the speckled top-knot keeled over. He ran up to it, very proud, at first, of his good shot, but frightened enough when he found that the chicken only just kicked a little, and then lay quite still.

Andy turned it over, and tried to stand it upon its legs, and thought what he should tell his parents.

"I'll say a hawk flew down and killed it! But I shot at the hawk, and he let it drop, just as he was flying away with it."

This was the story he made up, as he took poor top-knot and laid it down by the well-curb.

He was still wishing to shoot something that was alive, and, seeing the cat creeping along on the fence watching for a mouse, he concluded to try his luck with her. So he drew up, aimed, and fired. Puss was so intent on watching the mouse that she paid no attention at all to the arrow, which struck the rail a little behind her, and glanced off towards the house. Andy heard a sound like shattered glass, and, running up, saw to his dismay that he had broken a window.

Now he had been told never to shoot his arrow towards the house; and how to conceal the accident and avoid punishment he couldn't at first imagine. The glass lay scattered on the pantry shelf, and the hole in the pane was large enough to put his hand through.

"I'll say Joe Beals came and wanted my bow, and because I wouldn't let him have it, he threw a stone at me, and broke the window."

And having made up this story, he searched for such a stone as Joe would be apt to throw, and, having found one, placed it on the pantry floor, to appear as if it had fallen there after passing through the glass.

These accidents made him dislike his bow, and he hung it up in the woodshed. Then he made a lasso of a string, and caught the cat by throwing the noose over her head. But Puss did not like the sport as well as he did, and gave him such a scratch that he was glad to let her run off with the lasso. Then he thought he would plague the old sow by getting one of her little pink-white pigs; but the instant he had caught it up in his arms, it began to squeal; and the mother, hearing it, ran after him with such a frightful noise, throwing up her great, savage tusks at him, that he dropped it, and ran for his life. She stopped

to smell of Piggy, and see if it was hurt; and so he got away, though he was terribly frightened.

Then Andy thought of his toy ship; and having stopped the holes in the sink, and pumped it full of water, he called it his ocean, and launched the "Sea-bird." With a pair of bellows he made wind, and with a dipper he made waves; and by placing a kettle bottom upwards in the middle of the sink he made an island; and the good ship pitched, and tossed, and rolled in a very exciting manner. At length he resolved to have a shipwreck. This he managed, not by putting the ship on a rock, but by putting a rock on the ship. He used for the purpose the stone Joe Beals did not throw through the pantry window, and the "Sea-bird" went down, with all her crew on board. He then opened the holes in the sink, and the tide, going out, left the vessel on her beam-ends, stranded.

It would have been well for Andy if he had been contented with such innocent pastimes, without doing mischief to the cat, or chickens, or pigs, or trying to shoot the pretty birds that fly about the orchards, singing so sweetly, and eating the worms that destroy the trees.

But nothing satisfied him; and to have some better fun than any yet, he determined to stand in the door and scream, "Fire!" He could not imagine greater sport than to see the neighbors come running to put out the fire, and then laugh at them for being duped. He did not consider that they would have to leave their work, and run a long distance, till they were quite out of breath; or that his laughter would be a very mean and foolish return for the good-will they would show in hastening to save his father's house; or that, in case the house should really take fire some day, and he should call for help, people might think it another silly trick, and stay away.

He stood in the door, filled his lungs with a long

breath, opened his mouth as wide as he could, and screamed,—“Fire! fire! fire!”

Three times. He thought it so funny, that he had to stop and laugh. Then he took another breath, and screamed again, louder than before,—“Fire! fire! fire! fire! fire!”

Five times; and he heard the echoes away off among the hills; and, looking across the lot, he saw old Mother Quirk hobbling on her crutch.

Old Mother Quirk was just about the queerest woman in the world. She had a nose as crooked as a horn, and almost as long. It crooked down to meet her chin, and her chin crooked up to meet her nose. And some people said she could hold the end of a thread between them, when she wished to twist a cord with both hands,—although I doubt it. Her face was so full of wrinkles, that the smallest spot you could think of had at least twenty in it. Her eyes were as black as charcoal, and as bright as diamonds. She was very old; and her back was bent like a bow; and her hair was perfectly white, and as long and fine as the finest kind of flax; and she was so lame that she could never walk without her crutch.

She was a good woman though, people said, and knew almost everything. She could tell when it would rain to-morrow, and when it would be fair. She would shut her eyes, and tell you all about your friends at a distance; describe them as plainly as if she saw them, and inform you if anything pleasant or unpleasant had happened to them. She knew more about curing the sick than the doctors did; and once when Andy had hurt his foot by jumping upon a sharp stub, and it was so sore for a week that he could not step, and it had been poulticed and plastered till it was as white and soft as cheese-curd, Mother Quirk had cured it in three days, by putting on to

it a bit of dried beef's gall, which drew out a sliver that the doctors had never thought of. She was always ready to help people who were in trouble; and now, when Andy screamed fire, she was the first to come hobbling on her crutch.

"Wnat is burning, Andy?" she cried, as she came through the gate. "Where is the fire?"

"In the bottom of the well!" replied Andy, laughing till his side ached. "O, ho, ho! why don't you bring some water in a thimble, and put the well out? O, ho, ho! Mother Quirk!"

There was fire in the old woman's eyes just then, if not in the well. It flashed out of them like two little streams of lightning out of two little jet-black clouds. She lifted her crutch, and I am not sure but she would have struck Andy with it, if she had not been too lame to catch him.

"Put the well out, ho, ho, ho!" laughed Andy, hopping away.

"I would put you in, if I could get hold of you!" said Mother Quirk, shaking her crutch at him. "You wouldn't be dancing around so on that foot of yours, if I hadn't cured it for you, and this is the thanks I get for it."

That made Andy feel rather ashamed; for he began to see how ungrateful it was in him to play the old woman such a trick.

"It isn't the first time you've made me run for nothing, with my poor old crutch," she went on, as he stopped laughing. "The other day you told me your mother was sick abed, and wanted to see me; and I left everything and hobbled over here; and didn't I find her ironing clothes in the kitchen, as well a woman as she ever was in her life, you little rogue!"

Andy laughed again at the recollection. "You was

smoking your pipe," said he, "with your old black cat in your lap, and 'twas fun to see you jump up and catch your crutch!"

"Fun to you! but do you think of my poor old bones? I'm almost a hundred years old," said Mother Quirk; and shall I tell you what I've learnt all this time? I've learnt that the meanest thing in the world is to treat ill those who treat you kindly; and that the worse thing is lying."

Andy was sobered again, and the old woman continued:—

"What if everybody and everything should lie? What if we could never know when to believe what our friends and neighbors tell us? What if my crutch should lie, and, when I lean on it, break and let me fall?"

"I think it would be fun?" said Andy.

"And what if the ground you stand on should not be the ground it appears to be, but a great pit, and should let you fall into it when you think you are walking on the grass? Suppose that everything was a lie, that nothing was what it pretends to be, that the whole world should trick and cheat us?" cried the old woman, raising her voice.

"I should like to see the sport!" said Andy, giggling again.

"Should you?" almost shrieked the old woman, with a terrible look.

"Yes!" and Andy grinned at a safe distance.

"Then try it!" exclaimed Mother Quirk.

And holding her crutch under her shoulder, she brought her hands together with a loud slap. Although Andy was at least three yards off, it seemed to him exactly as if she had boxed his ear. He was almost knocked down, and his head hummed like a bee-hive; but he could not, to

save his life, tell which ear had been boxed, nor which he ought to rub. For a minute, he kept whirling around, as dizzy as a top. Then a voice cried, "Catch that rabbit!"

In an instant Andy stopped turning, and saw sitting on the grass right before him the most beautiful white rabbit, with the softest fur and the longest ears that ever were.

"O Bunny!" cried Andy, delighted; and he stepped forward to smooth the lovely creature with his hand.

He had scarcely touched it, when it gave a little hop, and sat down again, just out of his reach.

"Bunny, Bunny! poor Bun!" cried Andy, coaxingly, creeping after it, as eager to catch it as ever a cat was to put her paw on a mouse. "I won't hurt you! Poor, poor Bunny!"

But the rabbit watched him with its mild, timid eyes, and gave two leaps, as light as a feather, and as noiseless, and sat down again by the garden fence. Andy crept up, still coaxing, and promising not to hurt it; and when he had got quite near, he spread out both hands, gave a spring like a cat, and caught a whole handful of grass right where the pretty creature had sat that very instant; but it was gone, and, looking over the fence, he saw it hopping away across the garden, from cabbage to cabbage, from hill to hill of the potatoes, in the airiest and most graceful manner, but not half as fast as a boy could run. So Andy resolved to chase it; and getting over the fence, he hurried across the garden, and came up to it just as it was perched for a moment like a bird on the top of a slender weed, which did not bend in the least beneath its weight. Andy grasped eagerly with both hands, and caught the weed between them; but away went the rabbit over the next fence, and across a large sunny pasture,

making wonderful leaps, so long and light and high that sometimes it seemed to sail in the air on wings.

Andy ran after it, wild with excitement. Now it slipped through his fingers just as he pounced upon it, and tumbled headlong into a bunch of thistles. Now it floated in the air quite above his head, while he reached up and jumped, and ran on tiptoe after it, until he hit his foot against a stone, which he was looking too high to see, and nearly broke his shin in falling. Then it skipped along close upon the ground, stopping when he stopped, and seeming to invite him to come and catch it, but darting away again the moment he thought he had it fairly in his hands.

At last it squatted down against a stump, in a large, hilly field full of stumps and stones and plowed ground, where Andy had never been before.

Almost crying, he was so vexed and tired and far from home, he came up to the stump. Bunny did not stir, but only winked a little, and pricked up its pretty ears.

"Now I'll have you!" And Andy sprang upon it, catching it with both hands. "I've got you! I've got you! I've got you!" he cried, in high glee. "Now, my pretty, naughty—ho!" said Andy, with the greatest amazement.

For lo! on opening his hands, he found that the thing he had given such a chase, and caught at last, was nothing but a little ball of thistle-down, which had been blown before him by the wind!

There he held it, and rubbed his eyes as he looked at it, and wondered; then he began to remember what Mother Quirk had said to him; and he would have given a good deal just then to have been back again at the well, as he was before the angry old woman boxed his ear. He was afraid she had bewitched him.

He looked at the thistle-down again and again, and turned it over, and picked it to pieces a little, then brushed it off from his hand, when, O wonderful! it immediately changed to a dove, and flew into the sky! But he found that he had pulled out some of its feathers, and still held one beautiful long white quill in his fingers.

Now he was sorry he had not kept it. And he would have got up and run after it again; but just then, happening to look where he had thrown the feathers down by the stump, he saw one of the strangest sights in the world.

A little bit of a fellow, not so large as the end of his thumb, opened a little bit of a door in the side of the stump, walked out, and looked around as if he had heard a noise about his house, and wished to see what had happened.

"Tom Thumb!" exclaimed Andy, in the greatest surprise and delight.

He had lately read the history of that famous little dwarf; and he had often thought he would give all his playthings just to make his acquaintance.

"Tom Thumb! Tom Thumb! how do you do?" he said.

But as Tom walked about, and paid no attention to him, he thought perhaps he had not addressed him respectfully enough. So he said,—"I beg your pardon, Mr. Thumb! I hope you are pretty well, Mr. Thumb."

At that the little gentleman took off his hat, and made the politest little bow imaginable.

"My name is Andy. I have read about you. Come, let's be friends."

Mr. Thumb made some reply, but in such a very small voice that Andy could not understand a word.

"Speak again, Mr. Thumb, if you please."

And Andy put his head down to hear. But Tom ap-

peared to be afraid; and, opening the little door again, he stepped back into the stump.

"Hello! come out again!" cried Andy. "Won't you? Then I'll find you!"

And with the dove's quill he forced the door of Tom Thumb's house, and penetrated the entry. At that he heard a confused murmuring and muttering and shouting; and, pulling away the feather, he saw rush out after it a dozen little fellows, all as angry as they could be.

"Excuse me, gentlemen!" said Andy, as soon as he had recovered from his astonishment. "I didn't mean any harm. Did I hurt anybody?"

They did not answer, but kept running to and fro, and talking among themselves, and darting in and out of the door, as if to see what damage had been done.

Andy watched them with the greatest interest. They were all dressed in the gayest style, and very much alike. They had on black velvet caps, striped with gold, and with long plumes that waved over their heads. They wore the handsomest little tunics, of stuff as much finer than silk as silk is finer than the bark of a tree. They had on beautiful bright yellow scarfs, and their tunics were bordered with fringes of the richest orange-color, and their trousers were all of dark velvet and cloth of gold. They dangled the neatest little swords at their sides, in golden scabbards; and three or four of them clapped their hands furiously on the hilts; and one, seeing the feather which Andy pushed at them, drew out the finest little black steel blade, not near so large as a needle, threw himself into a noble fencing attitude, and made an impetuous lunge, thrusting and brandishing his weapon in the bravest manner.

Andy laughed gleefully, but stopped laughing, to wonder, when he saw another of the little warriors shake out

the folds of a marvellous little cloak that covered his back, and, spreading it on the air, sail aloft with all his flashing colors, sword and plumes. He came straight to Andy's ear; and said something in a voice of thunder, and even made a cut or two at the boy's hair; then darted away out of sight.

By this time the little doorway in the stump was crowded with these strange little people. Some hurried to and fro, muttering and shaking their cloaks, some sailed aloft, and others passed in and out of the door,—all very much excited. Andy also noted several new-comers, who seemed quite surprised, on arriving, to find the little community in such confusion. The most of them brought some kind of plunder,—tiny bags of gold, armfuls of a minute kind of yellow-ripe grain, silks and satins of the fine quality mentioned,—which they hasted to hide away in their dwelling.

But what astonished Andy most of anything was the appearance of a wonderful little lady, who walked out among the warriors like a queen. She was extremely small-waisted, although otherwise very portly. She wore hoops of the most extraordinary extension, which made her appear three or four times as large as the largest of her subjects. She walked with a haughty air, fanning herself with a little gossamer fan, while her servants went backwards before her, spreading down the cunningest little carpets for her to tread upon. She was magnificently attired; her dress, of the costliest materials, the most gorgeous pattern, and the widest dimensions, was covered all over with the most splendid little fringes and flounces which it is possible to conceive. Her countenance, although very beautiful, was angry, and full of scorn, and she appeared scolding violently, as she strode to and fro on the royal carpets.

Andy was almost beside himself with delight and amazement, as he watched these proceedings. At length he said, —“These are not Tom Thumb’s people, but a nation of fairies! O what a lucky boy I am!”

For it is not every boy, you know, that has the good fortune to discover these rare little people. They are in fact so seldom seen, that it is now generally believed that no such beings exist except in story-books. Andy had read about them with a great deal of interest; and although he had never been quite convinced that what was said of them was really true, he could now no longer have a doubt on the subject. He had not only discovered the home of the fairies, but he had seen the fairy queen.

And as Andy was a selfish boy, who wished to possess every strange or pretty thing he saw, he felt an ardent desire to seize and carry away the beautiful and scornful little being, who walked up and down on the carpets, scolding, and fanning herself with the gossamer fan.

“I will put her under a tumbler,” he said, “and keep her there until I can have a glass cage made for her. And I will make all the little fairy people come and be my servants, as they will have to if I carry off their queen. And I will show her to everybody who comes. And everybody will wonder so! O what a lucky boy I am!”

So saying, he formed his plan for capturing Her Majesty. Being anxious to take her alive, and carry her off without doing her any personal harm, he resolved to put her into his hat and tie his handkerchief over it. Having got everything in readiness, he stooped down very carefully, and extended his hand. Nobody seemed to be frightened; and the next moment the fairy queen was fast between his thumb and finger.

“Ha, ha!” cried Andy; “the first time trying! Hurrah!” And he lifted her up to put her into his hat,

But instantly the tiny creature began to struggle with all her might, and rustle her silks, and—queen as she was—scratch and bite in the sharpest manner. And at the same time the bravest little warriors flew to the rescue; shrewdly darting at Andy's face, as if they knew where to strike; and suddenly, while he was laughing at their rage, he got a thrust in his forehead, and another in his neck, and a third under his sleeve, where a courageous little soldier had rushed in and resolutely driven in his rapier up to the hilt! Andy, who had no idea such little weapons could hurt so, was terrified, and began to scream with pain. And now, strange to see! the fairies were no longer fairies, but a nest of bumblebees; it was the queen-bee he held in his fingers; and two of them had left their stings sticking in his wounds!

Andy dropped the queen-bee, left his hat and handkerchief by the stump, and began to run, screaming and brushing away the bees, that still followed him, buzzing in his hair, and stinging him where they could. He did not stop until he had run half across the fallow, and the last of the angry swarm that pursued him had ceased buzzing about his ears.

"Oh! oh! oh!" he sobbed, with grief, and disappointment, and the pain of the stings. "I didn't know they were bumblebees! And I've lost my hat! And I don't know where I am! Oh! oh! oh!" And he sat down on a stone, and cried.

"Whoa! hush, haw!" said a loud voice.

And looking up through his tears, he saw an old farmer coming, with a long whip in his hand, driving a yoke of oxen. Andy stopped weeping to ask where he was, and the way home.

"About a peck and a half a day," replied the farmer.

Andy did not know what to make of this answer. So he

said again,—“Can you tell me where my father and mother live?”

“One in one stall, and the other in the other. Hush, haw!” cried the farmer

“I’ve got lost, and I wish you’d help me,” said Andy.

“Star and stripe,” replied the farmer.

“How far is it to my father’s?” the poor boy then asked.

“Well, about ninety dollars, with the yoke,” said the farmer. “Whoa, back!”

At this Andy felt so vexed, and weary, and bewildered, that he could not help sobbing aloud.

“What!” said the farmer, angrily; “making fun of me?” And he drew up his whip to strike.

“O, I wasn’t making fun!” said Andy, frightened.

“You stopped me, and asked how much corn I feed my oxen; and I told you. Then where I feed them; and I told you that. Then their names; and I said, Star and Stripe. Then what I would sell them for; and I gave a civil answer. And now you’re laughing at me!” said the farmer, raising his whip again.

Then Andy perceived that, whenever he said anything, he seemed to say something else, and that his weeping appeared to be laughter, and that, if he stayed there a moment longer, he would surely get a whipping. So he started to run, with the owner of the oxen shouting at his heels.

“There! take that for being saucy to an old man!” cried the farmer, fetching him a couple of sharp cuts across the back. Then he returned to his oxen, and drove them away; while Andy got off from the fallow as soon as he could, weeping as if his heart would break.

Seeing not far off a beautiful field of clover, the boy thought he would go and lie down in it, and rest.

He had never seen such clover in his life. It was all

in bloom with blue and red and white flowers, which seemed to glow and sparkle like stars among the green leaves. How it waved and rippled and flashed in the sunshine, when the wind blew! Andy almost forgot his grief; and surely he had quite forgotten that nothing was now any longer what it appeared, when he waded knee-deep through the delicious clover, and laid himself down in it. No sooner had he done so than he saw that what he had mistaken for a field was a large pond, and he had plunged into it all over like a duck.

Strangling and gasping for breath, and drenched from head to foot, Andy scrambled out of the water as fast as he could. His hair was wet; and little streams ran into his eyes and down his cheeks. His ears rang with the water that had got into them. He was so frightened that he hardly knew what had happened. And in this condition he sat down on the shore to let his clothes drip, and to empty the water out of his shoes.

Having thought it all over, Andy resolved to make a new start, and not be deceived by anything again. Finding his coat very wet, he concluded to wring it out, and hang it somewhere to dry. He saw a log and a large wood-pile nearby; and he was going boldly to spread his coat on them in a good sunny place, when he happened to think that these also might be cheats, and that it would be wise to test them before going too near.

He took up a pebble, and threw it. He hit the end of the log, which immediately changed into a head with a hat on it; and the log jumped up, and strode fiercely towards him, on two as good legs as ever he saw.

"What are you stoning me for?" cried the log, with a terrible look.

"O Mr. Log! I didn't mean to! I didn't know it would hurt you!" said Andy, clasping his hands.

"I'll teach you to throw stones and call names!" growled the log,—no, not the log, but the teamster, whom Andy had mistaken for a log as he lay on the roadside by his wagon. And he gave two or three extra stripes to the boy's trousers with his long whiplash. "I didn't mean to! I didn't know it would hurt you!" he said, mockingly, as he went back to his team; while Andy rubbed his legs, and shrieked.

Now, when wagon and driver were gone, and the lad saw that there was neither log nor wood-pile anywhere by the road, he became more and more alarmed about himself. Everything was a lie, then; and, the best he could do, he could not help being deceived and injured. Bitterly he regretted using old Mother Quirk so ill; and he said to himself that he would never tell another lie in his life, if he could now only get safely home, and find things what they appeared to be.

Being very tired, he looked about for a stick to walk with. He thought, too, something of the kind would be useful to feel with, and test the truth of things. Soon he saw a very pretty stick lying in the sun. It was not quite straight; but it had as handsome little wavy curves as if it had been carved. It was beautifully tapered; and as he came quite near it, he saw that it was painted with the most wonderful colors,—glossy black, bright green spots, and silver rings. It appeared to be a cane, which probably some very rich man had lost. Its carved handle was of gold, set round with precious stones, in the midst of which were two very bright, glittering diamonds.

"Such a cane is worth picking up!" said Andy, highly pleased. "I hope the owner won't come to claim it." And he stooped down to take hold of the stick. But he had scarcely touched it, when it began to move and squirm, and coil up under his hand. He sprang back just in time,

to save his parents the grief of a funeral; for what he had mistaken for a cane was a living serpent of the most venomous kind; and it raised its angry crest, darted out its forked tongue, and struck at him with its hooked fangs, making his blood curdle and his flesh creep, as he ran screaming away.

Andy reached a wall—or what seemed a wall—and scrambled upon it, putting one leg over it, and looking back; when the stones began to sway and swell under him; and the whole wall rose up with such a tremendous lurch, that he was nearly thrown head foremost to the ground. And he now perceived that, instead of climbing a wall, he had mounted a horse that lay dozing in the field. Before he could get off, the horse began to walk away. In vain Andy cried “Whoa!” and gently pulled his mane. The horse seemed to understand “Whoa!” to mean “Go along!” and he began to trot. Pulling his mane had the effect of pricking him with a goad; and he commenced to prance. Then Andy gently patted him; but he might as well have struck him with a whip. The animal began to gallop! And when Andy, to avoid being flung off, clung to him with his feet, it was as if there had been sharp spurs in his heels, and the animal began to run!

Across the fields; faster and faster and faster; wildly snorting; measuring the ground with fearfully long leaps, and making it thunder under his hoofs; clearing fences and ditches, and heaps of brush and logs, as if he had wings; away—away—away!—through thickets, through brier-lots, through gardens, and orchards, and farm-yards; with Andy hugging his neck in terror extreme, thrusting into his ribs the heels that seemed to have spurs on them; the wild steed scudded and plunged.

Andy clung as long as he could. The terrible bounces almost hurled him off; the wind almost blew him off;

the thickets, and briers, and boughs of trees almost scratched him off. Everywhere along his track people came out to stare, and to stop the horse. Men lallooed and shook their hats; boys screamed and shook their bats; women "shooed" and shook their aprons; all contributing to frighten him the more.

And now Andy felt his breath partly jolted out of him, and partly sucked out by the wind. And for a moment he scarcely knew anything, except that he was losing his hold, slipping, sliding,—a hairy surface passing rudely from under him,—and the ground suddenly flying up, with a stunning flap and slap, into his face.

In a little while a young lad, considerably resembling Andy, might have been seen sitting on the grass of a field, rubbing his shoulder, with a jarred and joyless expression of countenance, which seemed hesitating between fright and tears,—between numbness and deadness of despair, and a returning sense of pain and grief. He saw a gay-looking horse frisking and kicking up along by the fence; felt in vain for his hat, but found a shock of wild hair instead; saw his torn trousers, wet not with water only, but also with blood from his scratched legs; arose slowly and sufferingly to his feet; looked imploringly about him; and began to snivel.

Not knowing what to do, he sat down again, and wept miserably, until he heard a sound of wheels, and a voice say, "Get up, Jerry!"

"That's our wagon—and father and mother!" exclaimed Andy, in great joy, springing up as quickly as his sore limbs would permit him. "Father! father!" and he ran towards the road.

The vehicle rattled on. His father either did not hear or did not heed him. He could not make his mother look up, scream as loud as he would. Jerry trotted soberly

on, as before. Only Brin the dog pricked up his ears, gave a surly bark, leaped the fence, and approached him shyly, bristling and growling.

"Brin! Brin! here, Brin!" said Andy, alarmed at the dog's extraordinary behavior.

"Gr-r-r-r-!" said Brin, with a snarl and a snap.

"O father! father!" shrieked Andy.

"Whoa!" said Mr. Mountford, stopping Jerry, and turning to look. "Come here, Brin!" And he whistled.

Brin, having paused to take a sagacious snuff of Andy, without appearing to recognize him, ran back to the road, the boy following him.

"What's the trouble?" said Mrs. Mountford. "What a strange-looking dog that is!"—fixing her eyes on Andy. "It looks to me like a mad dog, and I'm afraid Brin will get bit. Come here, Brin!"

Brin ran obediently under the wagon; and Andy, flinging up his arms, rushed towards his parents.

"O, it's me! it's me! Father! mother! it's me!"

"Get out, you whelp!" exclaimed Mr. Mountford, striking at him with his whip.

"Oh! oh!" shrieked Andy, hit in the face by his own father's lash!

"Ki-hi, then!" And Mr. Mountford drove on.

Andy still followed, running as fast as he could, wildly weeping and calling.

"What a hateful dog that is!" said Mrs. Mountford. "Give me the whip!" And as soon as Andy got near enough, she beat him mercilessly over the bare head.

Then Andy, exhausted, out of breath, his heart broken, fell down despairingly, with his face in the dust, while the vehicle passed over the hill out of sight. There he lay, sobbing in his misery, and moistening with a little trickling stream of tears the sand by the bridge of his

nose, when an old woman came hobbling that way on a crutch.

"What's this?" said she. Her back was curved like a bow but she bent it still more, stooping over to look at Andy.

The boy raised his head, brushed the adhering dirt from his nose, lifted his eyes, and recognized good old Mother Quirk. But he could not speak.

"I declare!" said she, "one would think it was Andy Mountford, if anybody ever saw Andy Mountford in such a plight as this!"

That encouraged the wretched boy to open his mouth, spit out the dirt that obstructed his speech, and in grievous accents pour forth the story of his woes.

"But how do I know this is true?" said Mother Quirk, putting up a pinch of snuff under her hooked nose.

"It is true, every word; as true as I am Andy!" wept the boy.

"But how do I know you are Andy? Folks and things lie so, in this world!" said Mother Quirk. "But never mind; I suppose it is fine sport; and if it is really you, Andy, I suppose I may as well leave you to enjoy it!"

She adjusted her crutch, and was hobbling away, when Andy, on his knees, called after her, making the most solemn promises of truthfulness in the future, if she would help him home.

"How do I know what to believe?" said the old woman, piercing him with her black, sparkling eyes. "You may be a reptile. I've known more than one that pretended to be human, and honest, and grateful, turn out a reptile at last. Everything is so deceitful, we never know what to depend upon."

She was passing on again; but Andy ran after her, and caught her gown, still pleading and weeping.

"Bless my heart! Is it really Andy?" said she, leaning on her crutch. "I've a good mind to trust you, and try you once!"

"Do, do! good Mother Quirk!"

"Well, come along; my house is close by; and there comes my black cat to meet me!"

Andy was overjoyed, and clung to her as if he was afraid she too would turn out a delusion,—a lie,—and work him some new mischief.

They passed a field, in which the old woman picked up a hat, which she placed on his head, and a handkerchief, which she told him to put into his pocket. "If you are Andy, they belong to you," she said, with a shrewd look out of her coal-black eyes.

They reached her cottage, where she washed him, combed his hair, took a few stitches in his clothes, and stroked his hurts with hands dipped in some exquisitely soothing ointment. Then they set out to return to his father's house.

She accompanied him as far as the well, where she gave him a sudden box on the ear, which set him whirling. The next he knew, he was getting up from the grass, like one awaking from a dream. He thought he had a glimpse of a crutch and a dark green gown vanishing behind the wood-shed, but could not be certain. He looked in vain upon his person for any evidence of rents and bruises, bee-stings or drenching. He was as good as new, to all appearance; and one who did not know the subtle power of old Mother Quirk would have said that he had merely fallen asleep on the door-yard turf, and had a dream.

"Andy!" cried a voice.

That was a reality, if anything was. His folks had returned, and it was his father calling him. "Andy! come and open the gate!"

He hastened to swing the old gate around on its hinges, while Brin ran up eagerly to caress him and leap upon his legs, and Jerry walked slowly through, drawing the family one-horse wagon.

"Have you been a good boy, Andy?" asked his mother, dismounting at the horse-block.

"Yes, ma'am. I mean," he added, fearing that was an untruth,— "I don't know,—I guess not very!"

"What! you haven't been doing any mischief, have you?" cried his father.

Andy remembered the stories he had made up about the hawk killing the chicken, and the Beals boy throwing a stone through the pantry window. But he also remembered his terrible adventure in a world of lies,—mishaps and horrors which were somehow dreadfully real to him, whether he had actually experienced them, or dreamed them, or been insane and imagined them. So he falteringly said, "I—I—killed the top-knot with my bow-and-arrow!"

There indeed lay the top-knot, stark dead by the curb. His parents looked at it regretfully; and his father said, "I am sorry! sorry! that nice chicken! But you didn't mean to, did you?"

"I didn't think I should hit it!" said Andy, hanging his head with contrition.

"Well, if it was an accident, let it pass," said his mother. "It isn't so bad as if you had told a lie about it. I'd rather have every chicken killed, than have my son tell a lie!" And she caressed him fondly.

"You haven't done anything else, I hope?" said Mr. Mountford.

"I—I—shot at the cat, and sent my arrow through the window!" Andy confessed.

"Haven't I told you not to shoot your arrow towards

the house?" cried his father, sternly. But, at a glance from Mrs. Mountford, he added, relentingly, "But as you have been so truthful as to own up to it, I'll forgive you this time. Nothing pleases me so much as to have my son tell the truth; for the worst thing is lying."

That was what Mother Quirk had said, and it reminded Andy of the false alarm which had brought her to the house. That was the hardest thing for him to confess! And it was the hardest thing for his parents to forgive.

"Poor old Mrs. Quirk, with her lame leg!" his mother reproachfully said. "How could you, Andy?"

"I didn't think,—I didn't know how bad it was!" he replied.

"What did she say to you? What did the poor woman do?"

"She scolded me, and boxed my ears, and made me crazy, I guess,—for such awful things have happened to me! I never can tell what I have been through—or dreamed I went through—till she brought me back! But I've made up my mind I never will tell another lie, or act a lie again, if you will forgive me this once!"

"I forgive you! we forgive you! my dear, dear boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Mountford, folding him in her arms, while Mr. Mountford smiled upon him, well pleased, and stroked his hair.

THE TURNING OF THE LEAF.



THE TURNING OF THE LEAF.

"Now that the war is over," said William, "I should like to know, for my part, what has been gained by all the fighting."

"Why," replied Susie, his sister, who liked to say witty things even on the most serious subjects, "Cousin Primly has got a commission, and Mr. Shoddy has got rich, and Tom Noddy has got a wooden leg, which they say he can skate and dance with, and the Rebels have got whipped! But, really," said she, "I should like to understand a great deal better than I do what the fighting was for, what brought it about, and all that; and I wish Uncle Rodman would tell us."

Thus appealed to, Uncle Rodman laid his newspaper on the table, placed his old silver-bowed spectacles upon it, crossed his legs, put his fingers together, looked contemplative, as if putting his thoughts together at the same time, and finally addressed the young folks of the household in this manner.

"I am very glad to hear you express a wish to know more about the conflict that is now closing. It has been the great event of this century, and you ought to have a clear general idea of its origin and results. You were quite young when it began, for that was four years ago; and it was not to be expected that you should then understand what so many grown people failed to appreciate. But you are older now, and the terrible meaning of the war is clearer to us all than it was then.

"In a word, children, slavery was the cause of the war; and God permitted the war in order that slavery might be destroyed."

"That's it, in a nutshell!" cried Susie.

"Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad," quoted William, from some book he had been studying.

"That is true," said Uncle Rodman; "and it would really seem that slavery had been made insane in order that it might rush to its own destruction. The rebellion was a stupendous piece of folly, as well as stupendous wickedness.

"Mr. Lincoln, and the people who elected him, had no wish to interfere with the 'peculiar institution,' as it was called, in the States where it existed four years ago. Unjust and unwise as it was to keep human beings in bondage, they did not feel that the law gave them any right to take the slaves away from their masters by force. Many of us would have been glad to convince the South that it would have been better for both slaves and masters—far better for the Slave States themselves, and for the whole country—that all men, women, and children should be free. But that was a truth which the South would not tolerate, and those who attempted to teach it there—even those who were suspected of believing it—met with the worst treatment; for even hanging was considered too good for an Abolitionist. Indeed, slaveholders and slave-hunters became so violent, unreasonable, and wicked in their opposition to all who thought slavery wrong, in their hatred of free institutions, and in their attempts to carry slavery into new States, and to catch their slaves wherever they could be found in the old Free States, that a few believed, with John Brown, that it was right to resist force with force, and go with arms to rescue the negroes from the hands of their masters.

“But the most the Northern people expected to do, when they made Abraham Lincoln President, was to keep slavery out of the new States that were coming into the Union. That the Southern leaders knew. But they could not submit to any such decrease of their power. Accustomed to ruling their slaves;—accustomed, too, for many years, to ruling the nation,—they had grown arrogant, conceited, overbearing; they would not abide by the decision of the ballot-box, which had made Mr. Lincoln President; so they determined to destroy the government they could not control. They seceded,—declared their States independent of the old Union, and formed a new ‘Confederacy,’ with slavery as its ‘corner-stone.’

“Even then we had no thought of making war upon them. The North would never have made war upon the South. We did not believe in war; but thought that all our troubles should be settled peaceably by the ballot-box, and according to the Constitution. But the rebel leaders, proud, ambitious, confident that they could override Northern freemen as they had so long overridden their black slaves, recklessly, and most foolishly indeed, made war against us. They seized forts, arsenals, and navy-yards, which belonged solely to the United States. Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, did not belong to South Carolina, but was the property of the United States government; this the rebels opened fire upon, on the 12th of April, 1861, and compelled its surrender. Major Anderson hauled down the stars and stripes, and marched out with his little garrison. The whole South was jubilant. They thought they had done a wonderful thing. They were going to have Washington then, and call the roll of their slaves in a very little while on Bunker Hill. Of course, the North could not resist them! Of course, we were too cowardly to fight Southern gentlemen! For they

had come to believe that the slave-owning classes were the only chivalrous and courageous people on this continent.

"I said, 'the whole South.' But, besides the leading rebels, and the ignorant masses, deceived and misled by them, there was a large class of loyal Unionists in the South, who loved the old government, and opposed secession. How many of these noble men and women suffered and died, or became fugitives from their homes, rather than join the rebel cause! If only for their sakes, it was our duty to preserve the dear old Union they loved, and not permit them to be made citizens of a new confederacy against their will. To this class belonged Andrew Johnson, our new President,—a Southern man, who stood up manfully for the nation in his own State of Tennessee; who knows all the perfidy, cruelty, and craft of the traitors, and will, I trust, know equally well how to deal with them.

"Well, the Rebels took up arms and attacked us; and there was nothing left for us to do, if we would preserve our rights, our self-respect, and the respect of the world, but to fight in self-defense. Everything was at stake,—our existence as a nation, freedom, and the brightest blessings of civilization; for the slave power that would have subjugated us belongs to the dark ages. Children, there are two principles at work in the world: one is that of liberty and love to all men; the other is that of force, and the tyranny of the strong over the weak. We have been struggling here in America to develop the first principle; and if now we had tamely surrendered to the slave-power, which represents the other principle, how terrible, how disgraceful it would have been!"

"For my part," cried William, "I am glad we didn't do anything so mean as to submit to the old traitors! Why, Susie, only think of it! the Rebels hated free schools,

—they wanted every man that works for a living kept ignorant, just like their slaves! They called us mud-sills, greasy mechanics, and all that, and said one Southern gentleman could whip five of us.”

“I am so glad we didn’t give up to them!” said Susie. “I feel just as I do when I have been reading a long, sad story, where there are bad men and women, and they have everything their own way at first, and you think nothing can stop them, and you are so angry with them, and so sorry for the good people they treat so; but by and by something happens, and it’s so nice to have them finally caught in their own trap and punished! It makes me feel glad clear through!”

“Well, it has turned out so with the Rebels. They have been caught in their own trap, most miserably. And slavery, for which they made the war, has been ground to dust between the two millstones. They have tried every means, and failed. They tried treason, they tried war, and at last they tried assassination, which is as much worse than open war as that is worse than peaceful measures in a bad cause. They failed in everything. Freedom has triumphed. The great evil of slavery has been swept away, and we have shown that a republican government, based upon the equal rights of all, is the best, the noblest, the strongest government in the world.”

“Oh, it seems to me that killing President Lincoln was the worst thing I ever heard or read of in any history!” exclaimed Susie.

“My dear, you are right,” said Uncle Rodman. “Even the assassination of a bad ruler is bad enough; but he was perhaps the most humane and forbearing ruler, as well as one of the kindest-hearted men, that ever lived.”

“What fools the Rebels were!” said William; “for everybody says he was their best friend.”

“I believe that, children; for it was not in his nature to hate anybody, or to be actuated by feelings of vengeance. But the rebellion has stood on its two legs of folly and crime from the first. It was a great folly and a great crime to make war upon the government, to begin with. It was a great folly and a great crime to attempt to cut off the head of the nation by murder, to end with. And what horrors of folly and crime have walked between!

“But the slave-power, that brought on the war, and shed the blood of our brothers, and starved them in loathsome prisons, and inspired the last unparalleled atrocity,—that power has been destroyed by its own mad ambition. Now we turn over a new leaf of history. Now we shall have peace founded on justice. So much we have gained; and is it not worth the cost? When I look at the future of America, I am dazzled by the glorious prospect. No more war; no more human bondage; liberty and love for all, a reality then; a great and powerful nation—the greatest and most powerful the world has ever known—setting aside forever the old barbarous rule of force, and living up to the golden rule of doing to others as we would be done by!

“A new page in human history indeed, that will be, children; and let us now begin and live worthy of that future. You, especially, who are young, belong to the new era of justice and human brotherhood; and O let the fact inspire you now and henceforth with high aspirations, noble motives, and all generous thoughts and hopes!”

So saying, Uncle Rodman put on his spectacles, and took up his newspaper again, while the children sat seriously pondering what he had said.

A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

ON a day of exceeding sultriness (it was the 4th of September), I left the dusty, stifled streets of Washington and went on board the excursion steamer Wawaset, bound for Mount Vernon.

Ten o'clock, the hour of starting, had nearly arrived. No breath of air was stirring. The sun beat down with torrid fervor upon the boat's awnings, which seemed scarce a protection against it, and upon the glassy water, which reflected it with equal intensity from below. Then suddenly the bell rang, the boat swung out in the river, the strong paddles rushed, and almost instantly a magical change took place. A delightful breeze appeared to have sprung up, increasing as the steamer's speed increased. I sat upon a stool by the wheel-house, drinking in all the deliciousness of that cooling motion through the air, and watching compassionately the schooners with heavy and languid sails lying becalmed in the channel,—indolent fellows drifting with the tide, and dependent on influences from without to push them,—while our steamer, with flashing wake, flag gayly flying, and decks swept by wholesome, animating winds, resembled one of your energetic, original men, cutting the sluggish current, and overcoming the sultriness and stagnation of life by a refreshing activity.

Our course was southward, leaving far on our right the Arlington estate embowered in foliage, on the Virginia shore, and on our left the Navy Yard and Arsenal, and

the Insane Asylum standing like a stern castle half hidden by trees on the high banks back from the river. As we departed from the wharves, a view of the city opened behind us, with its two prominent objects;—the unfinished Washington Monument, resembling in the distance a tall, square, pallid sail; and the many-pillared, beautiful Capitol, rising amid masses of foliage, with that marvellous bubble, its white and airy dome, soaring superbly in the sun.

Before us, straight in our course, was Alexandria, quaint old city, with its scanty fringe of straight, slender spars, and its few anchored ships suspended in a glassy atmosphere, as it seemed, where the river reflected the sky. We ran in to the wharf, and took on board a number of passengers; then steamed on again, down the wide Potomac, until, around a bend, high on a wooden shore, a dim red roof and a portico of slender white pillars appeared, visible through the trees. It was Mount Vernon, the home of Washington. The shores here, on both the Maryland and Virginia sides, are picturesquely hilly and green with groves. The river between flows considerably more than a mile wide,—a handsome sheet, reflecting the woods and the shining summer clouds sailing in the azure over them, although broad belts of river-grass, growing between the channel and the banks, like strips of inundated prairie, detract from its beauty.

As we drew near, the helmsman tolled the boat's bell slowly. "Before the war," said he, "no boat ever passed Mount Vernon without tolling its bell, if it had one. The war kind o' broke into that custom, as it did into most everything else; but it is coming up again now."

We did not make directly for the landing, but kept on down the channel, until we had left Mount Vernon half a mile away on our right. Then suddenly the steamer

changed her course, steering into the tract of river-grass, which waved and tossed heavily as the ripple from the bows shook it from its drowsy languor. The tide rises here some four feet. It was low tide then, and the circuit we had made was necessary to avoid grounding on the bar. We were entering shallow water. We touched, and drew hard for a few minutes over the yielding sand. The close grass seemed almost as serious an impediment as the bar itself. Down among its dark heaving masses we had occasional glimpses of the bottom, and saw hundreds of fishes darting away, and sometimes leaping sheer from the surface, in terror of the great, gliding, paddling monster, that was invading in that strange fashion their peaceful domain.

Drawing a well-defined line half a mile long through that submerged prairie, we reached the old wooden pier built out into it from the Mount Vernon shore. I did not land immediately, but remained on deck, watching the long line of pilgrims going up from the boat along the climbing path, and disappearing in the woods. There were perhaps a hundred and fifty in the procession, men and women and children, some carrying baskets, with intent to enjoy a nice little picnic under the old Washington trees. It was a pleasing sight, rendered interesting by the historical associations of the place, but slightly dashed with the ludicrous, it must be owned, by a solemn tipsy wight, bringing up the rear, singing, or rather bawling, the good old tune of Greenville, with maudlin nasal twang, and beating time with profound gravity and a big stick.

As the singer, as well as his time, was tediously slow, I passed him on the way, ascended the long slope through the grove, and found my procession halted under the trees on the edge of it. Facing them, with an old decayed orchard,

behind it, was a broad, low brick structure, with an arched entrance and an iron-grated gate. Two marble shafts flanked the approach to it on the right and left. Passing these, I paused, and read on a marble slab over the Gothic gateway the words:—

“WITHIN THIS ENCLOSURE REST THE REMAINS OF
GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.”

The throng of pilgrims, awed into silence, were beginning to draw back a little from the tomb. I approached, and leaning against the iron bars, looked through into the still, damp chamber. Within, a little to the right of the center of the vault, stands a massive and richly sculptured marble sarcophagus, bearing the name of “Washington.” By its side, of equal dimensions but of simpler style, is another, bearing the inscription, “Martha, the Consort of Washington.”

It is a retired spot, half inclosed by the trees of the grove on the south side,—cedars, sycamores, and black walnuts, heavily hung with vines, sheltering the entrance from the midday sun. Woodpeckers flitted and screamed from trunk to trunk of the ancient orchard beyond. Eager chickens were catching grasshoppers under the honey-locusts along by the old wooden fence. And, humming harmlessly in and out over the heads of the pilgrims, I noticed a colony of wasps, whose mud-built nests stuccoed profusely the yellowish ceiling of the vault.

Here rest the ashes of the great chieftain, and of Martha, his wife. I did not like the word “consort.” It is too fine a term for a tombstone. There is something lofty and romantic about it; but “wife” is simple, tender, near to the heart, steeped in the divine atmosphere of home,—

“A something not too bright and good
For human nature’s daily food.”

She was the *wife* of Washington,—a true, deep-hearted woman, the blessing and comfort, not of the Commander-in-Chief, not of the First President, but of the *man*. And Washington, the *man*, was not the cold, majestic, sculptured figure which has been placed on the pedestal of history. There was nothing marble about him but the artistic and spotless finish of his public career. Majestic he truly was, as simple greatness must be; and cold he seemed to many; nor was it fitting that the sacred chambers of that august nature should be thrown open to the vulgar gaze of the multitude. The world saw him through a veil of reserve, as habitual to him as the scepter of self-control. Yet beneath that veil throbbed a fiery spirit, which on a few rare occasions is known to have flamed forth into terrible wrath. Anecdotes recording those instances of volcanic eruption from the core of this serene and lofty character are refreshing and precious to us, as showing that the ice and snow were only on the summit, while beneath burned those fountains of glowing life which are reservoirs of power to the virtue and will that know how to control them.

Quitting the tomb, I walked along by the old board fence which bounds the corner of the orchard, and turned up the locust-shaded avenue leading to the mansion. On one side was a wooden shed, on the other an old-fashioned brick barn. Passing these, you seem to be entering a little village. The outhouses are numerous. I noticed the wash-house, the meat-house, and the kitchen, the butler's house and the gardener's house,—neat white buildings, ranged around the end of the lawn, among which the mansion stands the principal figure.

Looking in at the wash-house. I saw a pretty-looking colored girl industriously scrubbing over a tub. She told me that she was twenty years old, that her husband worked

on the place, and that a bright little fellow four years old, running around the door, handsome as polished bronze, was her son. She formerly belonged to John A. Washington, who made haste to carry her off to Richmond, with the money the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association had paid him, on the breaking out of the war. She was born on the place, but she had never worked for John A. Washington. "He kept me hired out; for I s'pose he could make more by me that way," she said. She laughed pleasantly as she spoke, and rubbed away at the wet clothes in the tub.

I looked at her, so intelligent and cheerful, a woman and a mother, though so young; and wondered at the man who could pretend to own such a creature, hire her out to other masters, and live upon her wages! I have heard people scoff at John A. Washington for selling the inherited bones of the great,—for surely the two hundred thousand dollars paid by the Ladies' Association for the Mount Vernon estate was not the price merely of that old mansion, those outhouses, since repaired, and two hundred acres of land,—but I do not scoff at him for that. Why should not one who dealt in living human flesh and blood also traffic a little in the ashes of the dead?

"After the war was over, the Ladies' Association sent for me from Richmond, and I work for them now," said the girl, merrily scrubbing.

"What wages do you get?"

"I gits seven dollars a month; and that's a good deal better'n no wages at all!"—laughing again with pleasure. "The sweat I drop into this yer tub is my own; but befo'e it belonged to John A. Washington." As I did not understand her at first, she added: "You know the Bible says every one must live by the sweat of his own eyebrow. But John A. Washington, he lived by the sweat of my eyebrow.

I alluz had a willin' mind to work, and I have now; but I don't work as I used to, for then it was work to-day and work to-morrow, and no stop."

Beside the kitchen was a well-house, where I stopped and drank a delicious draught out of an "old oaken bucket," or rather a new one, which came up brimming from its cold depths. This well was dug "in Gen'l Washington's time," the cook told me; and as I drank, and looked down, down, into the dark shaft at the faintly glimmering water,—for the well was deep,—I thought how often the old General had probably come up thither from the field, taken off his hat in the shade, and solaced his thirst with a drink from the dripping bucket.

Passing between the kitchen and the butler's house, you come upon a small plateau, a level green lawn, nearly surrounded by a circle of large shade-trees. The shape of this pleasant esplanade is oblong; at the farther end, away on the left, is the ancient entrance to the grounds; close by, on the right, at the end nearest the river, is the mansion.

Among the shade-trees, of which there is a great variety, I noticed a fine sugar-maple, said to be the only individual of the species in all that region. It was planted by General Washington, "who wished to see what trees would grow in that climate," the gardener told me. It has for neighbors, among many others, a tulip-tree, a Kentucky coffee-tree, and a magnolia set out by Washington's own hand. I looked at the last with peculiar interest, thinking it a type of our country, the perennial roots of which were about the same time laid carefully in the bosom of the eternal Mother, covered and nursed and watered by the same illustrious hands;—a little tree then, feeble, and by no means sure to live; but now I looked up thrilling with pride at the glory of its spreading branches,

its storm-defying tops, and its mighty trunk, which not even the axe of treason could sever.

I approached the mansion. It was needless to lift the great brass knocker, for the door was open. The house was full of guests, thronging the rooms and examining the relics, among which were conspicuous these:—hanging in a little brass-framed glass case in the hall, the key of the Bastile, presented to Washington by Lafayette; in the dining-hall, a very old-fashioned harpsichord, that had entirely lost its voice, but which is still cherished as a wedding-gift from Washington to his adopted daughter; in the same room, holsters and a part of the Commander-in-Chief's camp-equipage, very dilapidated; and, in a square bedroom upstairs, the bedstead on which Washington slept, and on which he died. There is no sight more touching than this bedstead, surrounded by its holy associations, to be seen at Mount Vernon.

From the house I went out on the side opposite that on which I had entered, and found myself standing under the portico we had seen when coming down the river. A noble portico, lofty as the eaves of the house, and extending the whole length of the mansion,—fifteen feet in width and ninety-six in length, says the guide-book. The square pillars supporting it are not so slender, either; but it was their height which made them appear so when we first saw them miles off up the Potomac.

What a portico for a statesman to walk under!—so lofty, so spacious, and affording such views of the river and its shores, and the sky over all! Once more I saw the venerable figure of him, the first in war and the first in peace, pacing to and fro on those pavements of flat stone, solitary, rapt in thought, glancing ever and anon up the Potomac towards the site of the now great capital bearing his name, contemplating the revolution accomplished, and

dreaming of his country's future. There was one great danger he feared,—the separation of the States. But well for him, O, well for the great-hearted and wise chieftain, that the appalling blackness of the storm destined so soon to deluge the land with blood for rain-drops was hidden from his eyes, or appeared far in the dim horizon no bigger than a man's hand!

Saved from the sordid hands of a degenerate posterity, saved from the desolation of unsparing civil war, Mount Vernon still remains to us, with its antique mansion and its delightful shades. I took all the more pleasure in the place, remembering how dear it was to its illustrious owner. There is no trait in Washington's character with which I sympathize so strongly as with his love for his home. True, that home was surrounded with all the comforts and elegances which fortune and taste could command. But had Mount Vernon been as humble as it was beautiful, Washington would have loved it scarcely less. It was dear to him, not as a fine estate, but as the home of his heart. A simply great and truly wise man, free from foolish vanity and ambition, he served his country with a willing spirit and an eye single to her glory; yet he knew well that happiness does not subsist upon worldly honors nor dwell in high places, but that her favorite haunt is by the pure waters of domestic tranquillity.

There came up a sudden thunder-shower while we were at the house. The dreadful peals rolled and rattled from wing to wing of the black cloud that overshadowed the river, and the rain fell in torrents. Umbrellas were scarce, and, I am sorry to say, the portico leaked badly. But the storm passed as suddenly as it came; the rifted clouds floated away with sun-lit edges glittering like silver fire, and all the wet leafage of the trees twinkled and laughed in the fresh golden light. I did not return to the

boat with the crowd, by the way we came, but descended the steep banks through the drenched woods, in front of the mansion, to the low sandy shore of the Potomac, thence walking along the water's edge, under the dripping boughs, to the steamer;—and so took my leave of Mount Vernon.

F. T. Trowbridge.



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

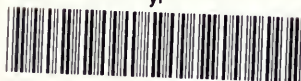
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

PS Trowbridge -
3097 Coupon bonds.
C83

UCLA-Young Research Library

PS3097 .C83

yr



L 009 609 751 4

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 001 221 026 6

PS
3097
C83

